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THE NEW YORKER

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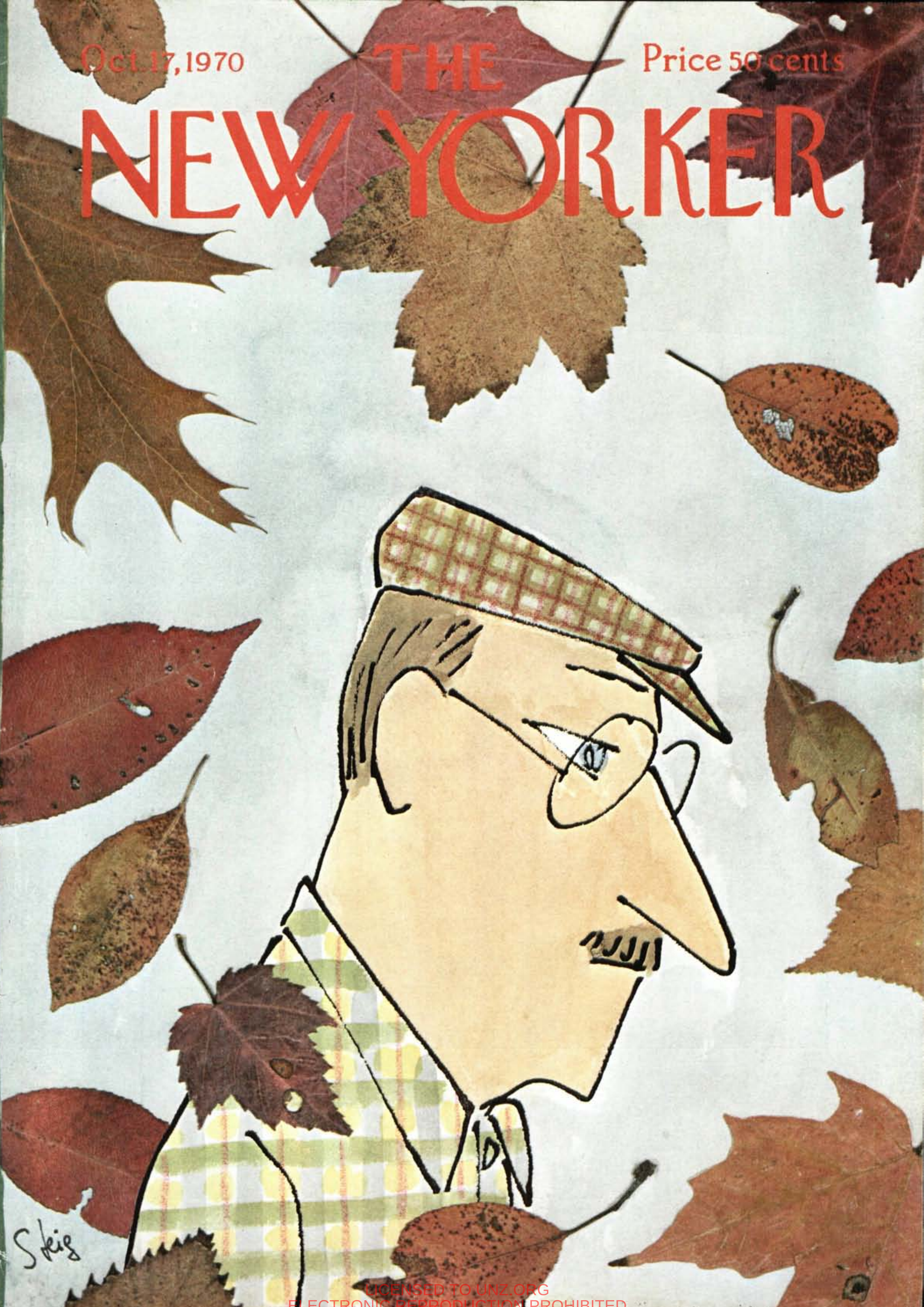

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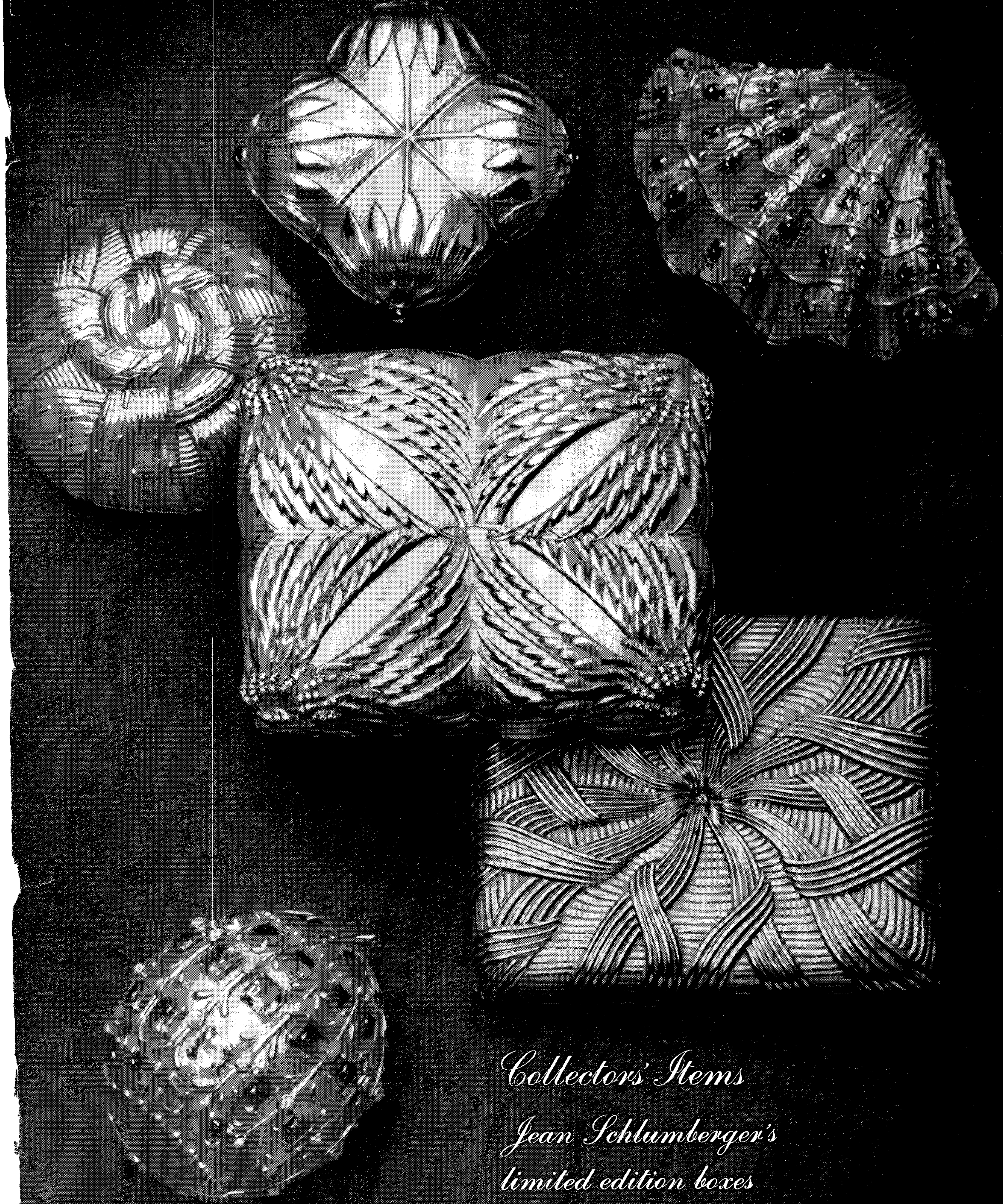

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

PLAYS

Alice in Wonderland—Alice's journey down the rabbit hole becomes an actual nightmare, here and now, with no Freudian implication overlooked and with many references to drugs. The result is a production that is often obscure and outrageous, but with a very funny Caterpillar scene and a truly mad Mad Tea Party. Cramped quarters and no reserved seats. (The Extension, 277 Park Ave. S., at 21st St. 254-5222. Thursdays through Sundays at 9.)

Les Blancs—James Earl Jones and Cameron Mitchell in a drama by Lorraine Hansberry, adapted by Robert Nemiroff. Directed by Sidney Walters. Previews through Wednesday matinée, Oct. 21 (nightly at 8; matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturday at 2:30). Opens officially on Wednesday evening, Oct. 21. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Opening-night curtain at 7:15; thereafter, Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Bob and Ray–The Two and Only—A couple of dozen very funny skits about the venal and foolish world of radio and TV. Directed by Joseph Hardy. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Boesman and Lena—Ruby Dee and Zakes Mokae are quite extraordinary as a pair of dispossessed "Cape Coloureds" on the run in this bleak and stirring play by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Child's Play—A just sufficiently scary thriller, about dark deeds at a boys' school. Written by Robert Marasco, directed by Joseph Hardy, and ably acted by Fritz Weaver, Pat Hingle, Ken Howard, Michael McGuire, and David Rounds. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Colette—Reopening of this dramatization of Colette's autobiographical writings after a summer vacation, with Fenella Fielding in the title role. Elinor Jones is the dramatist. Harvey Schmidt and Tom Jones have written a number of delightful songs, which are scattered throughout. Reopens Wednesday, Oct. 14. (Ellen Stewart, 240 E. 3rd St. 477-4400. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. There is a parking lot across the street from the theatre. A bus leaves the theatre after each performance and eventually winds up at Times Square.)

Conduct Unbecoming—A play by Barry England, imported from London, with Paul Jones, Jeremy Clyde, Michael Barrington, Donald Pickering, and Elizabeth Shepherd. Directed by Val May. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Dirtiest Show in Town—An inflated claim. "Most amateurish" might be closer. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds—What matters most in this domestic play is the character of its scornful, wisecracking, funny, and very touching heroine. She is given a fine performance by Sada Thompson, who gets much assistance from Pamela Payton-Wright, Swoosie Kurtz, and Judith Lowery. The dramatist is Paul Zindel. Melvin Bernhardt directed. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Happiness Cage—A science-fiction melodrama about a brain surgeon who completes an experiment to eliminate all human suffering, using three soldiers in a military hospital as guinea pigs. The play, though well done, is only sporadically interesting. (Public/Newman, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Happy Birthday, Wanda June—The return of Odysseus brought up to date, with the hero as murderous braggart. The play is usually comical when it tries to be comical and is always tiresome when it tries to be anything else. It often tries to be anything else. Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., is the dramatist. The acting, by and large, is quite good. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

My House Is Your House—A comedy by Lee Loeb and Sam Ross. Preview Wednesday, Oct. 14. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 15, at 7:15. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Steambath—Purgatory is a steam bath, and God is a Puerto Rican attendant there. This comedy, by Bruce Jay Friedman, is not entirely successful, but it is much funnier than many tidier shows. Hector Elizondo is delightful as God, and Conrad Bain and Anthony Perkins, who also directed, are very good, too. Splendid setting by David Mitchell. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sunday Dinner—A play by Joyce Carol Oates. Season subscribers only. Opens Friday, Oct. 16, and will run through Wednesday, Nov. 25. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

0393. Mondays at 7; Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Saturdays at 8; and Fridays at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Theatre on the Balustrade—Ladislav Fialka in a one-week engagement by this company from Prague. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 19-20, and Thursday and Friday, Oct. 22-23, at 8:30, and Saturday, Oct. 24, at 2:15 and 8:30.)

Trelawny of the "Wells"—A revival of the Arthur Wing Pinero comedy, and another offering of the New York Shakespeare Festival. (Public/Anspacher, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

What the Butler Saw—A devilishly wicked and devilishly funny farce, by the late Joe Orton, about a psychiatrist whose troubles begin when he tries to seduce a young applicant for the job of his secretary. The production, as directed by Joseph Hardy, is appropriately nutty and always clear. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**ADAPTATION** and **NEXT:** Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Wednesday and Thursday at 8:30; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 18.)... **BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** Kipp Osborne, Rosemary Murphy, and Kathleen Miller in a machine-made comedy that guarantees a laugh a minute, or maybe two minutes. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **FORTY CARATS:** Zsa Zsa Gabor and several other nice people in a comedy adapted from the French by Jay Allen and directed by Abe Burrows. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS:** A middle-aged man attempting his first extra-marital fling is the subject of Neil Simon's latest hit comedy. With James Coco, Rita Moreno, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **NO PLACE TO BE SOMEBODY:** Charles Gordone's play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Wednesday through Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 18.)

MUSICALS

Applause—A loud and joyous descendant of the old movie "All About Eve." Lauren Bacall is wonderful, and so are many of her associates, among them Len Cariou, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Company—Fine music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, a witty book by George Furth, and admirable singing, dancing, and acting by a cast that includes Larry Kert, Elaine Stritch, Susan Browning, Teri Ralston, and Pamela Myers. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Bat—The humor and good humor, the delightful score and dancing, and the intermingling of ritual with openness of feeling combine to make this musical from Japan one of the most original, charming shows in town. The troupe, which calls itself the Tokyo Kid Brothers, fortunately includes quite a number of Kid Sisters. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Last Sweet Days of Isaac—This buoyant musical, with a lively score by Nancy Ford and nimble words by Gretchen Cryer, tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounter with a couple of droll, pretty girls. The show loses a little steam in the second act, but it holds up quite well anyway. The performances—by Austin Pendleton as the hero, and a delightful rock group called the Zeitgeist—are just about perfect. Word Baker directed. Ed Wittstein designed the stylish setting. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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The Me Nobody Knows—A musical that is both bracing and sobering, and almost always beautiful. It is based on an anthology (same forgettable title) of the writings of children from the slums of this city. Gary William Friedman is the composer and arranger, and the young cast—black and white—performs to a fare-thee-well under the direction of Robert H. Livingston. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Purlie—An old-fashioned black musical, one cut above a minstrel show. With Melba Moore and Cleavon Little. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Rothschilds—A musical based on the Frederick Morton biography, with music by Jerry Bock, lyrics by Sheldon Harnick, a book by Sherman Yellen, and a cast that includes Paul Hecht, Leila Martin, Keene Curtis, Jill Clayburgh, and Hal Linden. Michael Kidd directed. Previews through Saturday, Oct. 17. Opens officially on Monday, Oct. 19. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE FANTASTICKS:** —Do you now? Buck Mulligan said in the same tone. Your reasons, pray? (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** —I fancy, Stephen said as he ate, it did not exist in or out of the Mabinogion. Mother Grogan was, one imagines, a kinswoman of Mary Ann. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Buck Mulligan's face smiled with delight. —Charming, he said in a finical sweet voice, showing his white teeth and blinking his eyes pleasantly. Do you think she was? Quite charming. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Oct. 18.)... **HAIR:** A host of hirsute young folk hellbent on knocking you for a psychedelic loop, and they do, they do. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Gideon Singer plays the title role; Jack Dabdoub substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara in an adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **1776:** A misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring William Daniels and Howard Da Silva as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Wednesday, Oct. 14, at 8: "Trinity," "Time Cycle" (première), and "Façade."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 15, at 8: "Olympics," "Time Cycle," and "Cakewalk." ... ¶ Friday, Oct. 16, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Confetti," and "Astarte."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 17, at 2:30; "Trinity," "William Tell Variations," and "Façade."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8: "Olympics," "Fanfarita," "The Still Point," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 18, at 2:30: "Petrouchka," "William Tell Variations," and "The Clowns." ... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 18, at 7:30: "Olympics," "Trinity," and "Pineapple Poll."... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 20, at 8: "Cello Concerto," "Solarwind," "Fanfarita," and "Pineapple Poll." ... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 21, at 8: "Olympics," "Time Cycle," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 22, at 8: "The Three-Cornered Hat," "Confetti," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 23, at 8: "Cello Concerto," "Confetti," "Secret Places," and "Cakewalk." ... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 24, at 2:30: "Olympics," "Fanfarita," and "Pineapple Poll."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Confetti," and "Astarte." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 8.)

Moiseyev Dance Company—Final performances of a two-week return engagement by a hundred and ten dancers from Moscow, plus a symphony orchestra. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 18.)

American Ballet Company—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Nov. 1—Wednesday, Oct. 21, at 7:30: "Harbinger," "A Poem Forgotten" (première), "Cortège Parisien" (première), and "Early Songs."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 22, at 8: "Meadowlark," "A Poem Forgotten," "Cortège Parisien," and "At Midnight."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 23, at 8: "Harbinger," an unnamed ballet (première), "The Maids," and "Early Songs."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 24, at 2: The new unnamed ballet, "Early Songs," and "Harbinger."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8: The new unnamed ballet, "The Consort" (première), "Intermezzo," and "At Midnight." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

Jeff Duncan—With his company, in two programs of his own works. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 16-17, at 8.)

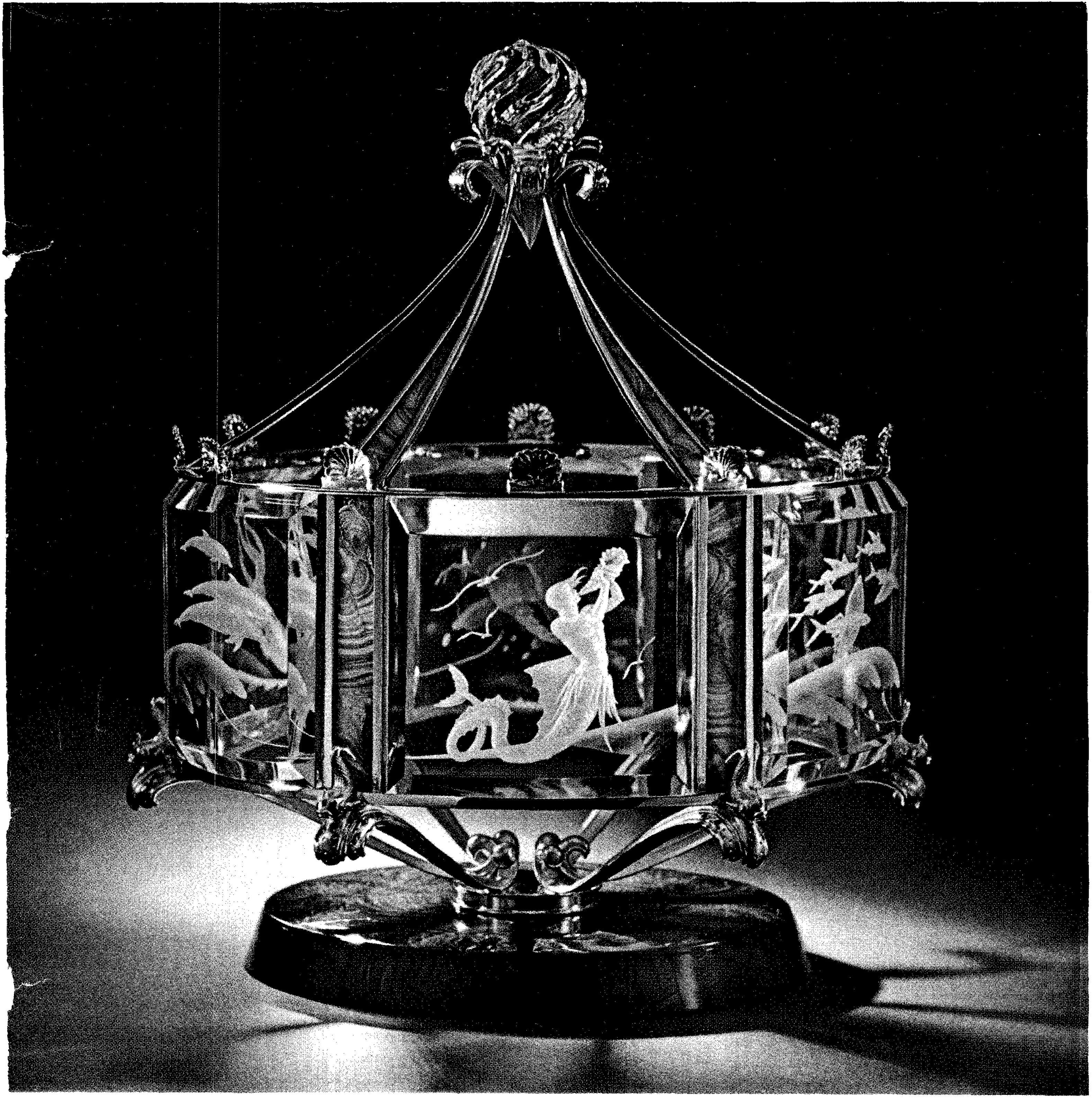
NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Ian and Sylvia do their fundamental folk stuff



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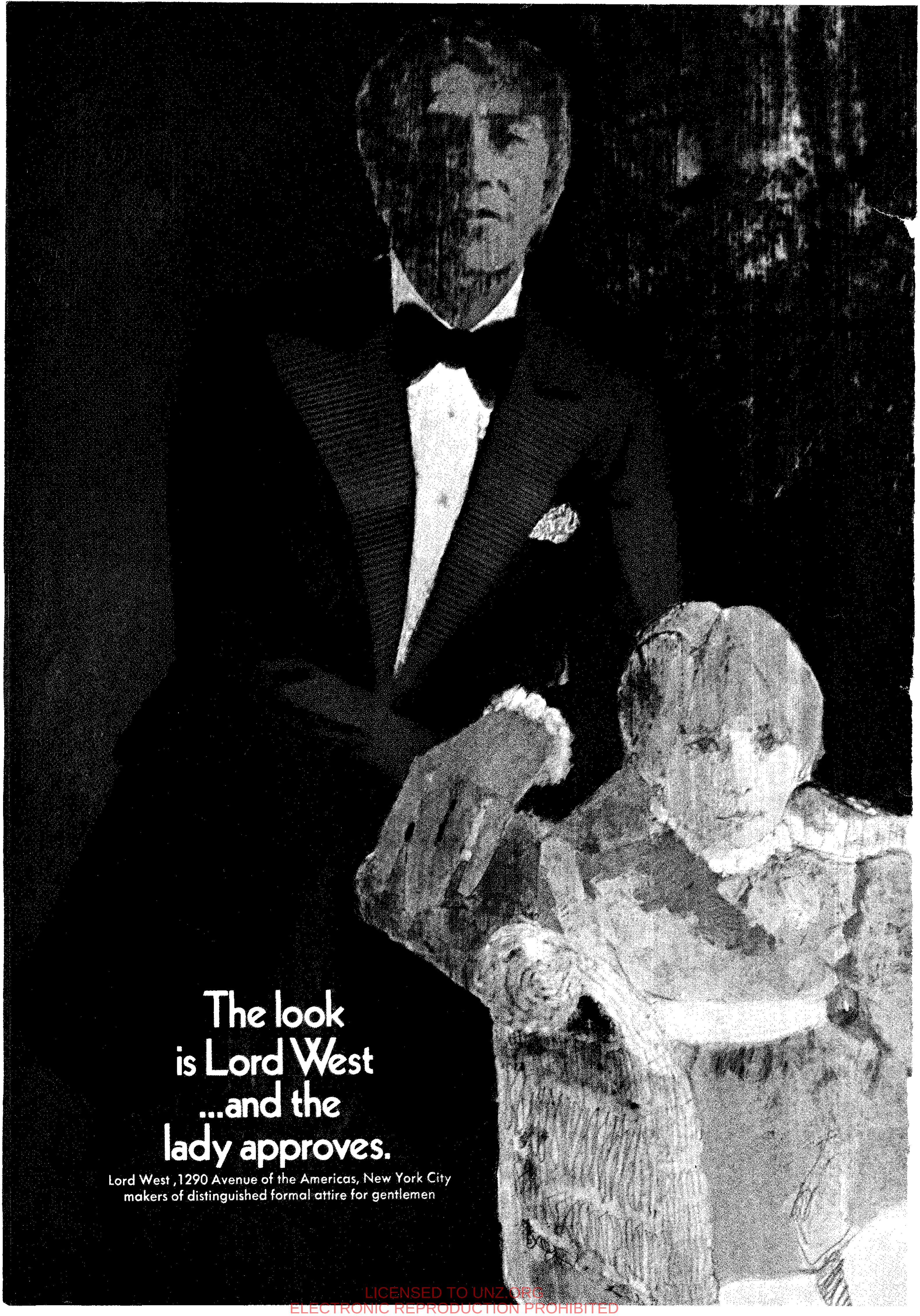
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—People who take their conversation seriously, along with their music and their meals, will find it congenial. From eleven to three, Charlie Brown, Tom McFall, and Tony Levin get together on guitar, piano, and bass—all electrified—except on Mondays, when author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bassist take over. Dinner is served until one.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—The eponymous axe is played here with an emphasis on melodics and virtuosity. (Individualists will be delighted—groupies will be disappointed.) The Skeeter Best duo performs until Wednesday, Oct. 21, when Kenny Burrell and Larry Ridley will come in. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three or four. Infra-Mason-Dixon dining.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—A quartet led by Jimmy Giuffre—with Ross Tompkins, Victor Sproles, and Mousey Alexander—is onstage nightly except Sundays, when Ray Nance substitutes for Giuffre. Fridays and Saturdays, cool-voiced singer Chris Connor joins in. Some light Italian dishes are available. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Tradition wanes, but this comfortable club continues to thrive, offering Dixieland played by a group that includes Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Claude Hopkins, Oliver Jackson, and Joe Muranyi. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A hot time *in the old banjo palace.* If the music doesn't zap you (and it may), you can contemplate an old fire engine, some stuffed specimens of *Ursus maritimus,* movies on the wall, and peanut shells on the floor. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Twang! went the banjo, six nights a week from nine to three or four. Everybody looked so jolly, wearing fake straw hats and frilly garters, that it seemed that all the happy, friendly folks would never leave, but they did. Closed Sundays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Good listening in an improbable part of town. (Taxis may be hard to find when you leave. Beware of cumulonimbus clouds.) Jazz most nights from nine until closing by the Lee Morgan quintet, which on Tuesday, Oct. 20, will give way to the Horace Silver quintet. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Beginning at about nine-thirty, the Mose Allison trio plays inventively, managing to score despite this club's policy of making everything—even jazz—sound as though it were being pushed through thousand-watt amps. On Mondays, when the regular performers are off, new talent is auditioned. Dining. . . . ¶ Downstairs: A rock policy continues, with dancing encouraged. Wednesday, Oct. 14, Billy Mitchell and the Munchkins; Thursday, Oct. 15, Mitchell and 10th Street; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 16-17, Children of God; Sunday, Oct. 18, Mitchell, 10th Street, and 7th Century; Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 20-21, Elvin Bishop and Glory River. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 22-24, Glory River. On Mondays, there are various Latin bands.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—The Elvin Jones quintet (with Thad Jones, Frank Foster, George Coleman, and Wilbur Little) is on the stand six nights a week. On Tuesday, Oct. 20, other performers will move in. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Music starts at nine-thirty, theoretically.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The location—somewhere west of Bora Bora—shouldn't deter you if walking is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz on piano and bass, from eight-thirty to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright Monday through Wednesday, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursday through Sunday.

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DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—*C'est quoi?* Well, it is a fairly informal room with a lot of arches, underneath which people shake or glide—now you see them, now you don't. The *discaire* switches from hot to cool without warning. Wear sensible shoes. Activity until three-thirty every night.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—The fascination with France continues, the setting being from that period when nothing—except maybe the furniture—seemed to go right. Pin-striped elegance, dining, and adequate dancing (from ten to three or four). Closed Sundays.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—Animal heads on the walls, and Anglo-Indian mementos all over the place. The *real* mood is oh-how-chic, and since chic is a social variable, the point remains moot. Dancing to 45s from nine-thirty until four. Reservations required for dining. No food Sundays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—The *doyenne* of New York discothèques, having been around practically as long as rock itself. The restrained recorded music—more Campbell than Cocker—runs from nine to three or four. On weekends, reservations are recommended. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Later at Act I, 1 Times Square. (695-1880)—From the fifteenth floor of the Allied Chemical Tower, patrons look out on midtown glitter—dancing, as it were, in a neon ionosphere. Live groups alternate with records. Supper. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (752-4365)—Again the heights, this time with a fine view of the Park, and with an interior graced with colored lights and wicker animals. Many well-chosen recordings. Dancing from ten every night. Reservations are recommended.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Carnarvon and Carter would have gasped, had they stumbled upon the pseudo-Egyptian luxuriousness of this restaurant. But this is 1970, and few gasps are heard—maybe partly because of the loudness of the records, which three times a night are interrupted by the Zaras, who energetically perform what might be called International Pop. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Basic rock, in a shiny room where nobody cares what you wear or how you move, the whole scene being a groovily appointed dancing-and-listening arena. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with the hearty sound of E Pluribus Unum. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Descend a flight and find a spot where every touch contributes to the coolness of the whole. Good sound, good dancing to persistently swinging records, large drinks, and a knowledgeable crowd. Reservations—for what they're worth—are suggested on weekends.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—One big happy family, and even slaphappy whenever the *schuhplatter* dancers strike out; that is, Bavaria in an outgoing, singing, beer-drinking, operetta state of body and mind. . . . ¶ Sundays and Mondays, though, the scene is not Bavarian but Bermudian, for then the Talbot Brothers, who have been crooning their sweet nothings for generations in their native (well, practically naïve) habitat, come north for reprises. Six to ten Sundays, seven to eleven Mondays. Dancing every evening.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—During dinner and supper, the floor of the Royal Box is occupied by Engelbert Humperdinck, a sound to be heard and a sight to be seen, and proof that the art of the Welsh bard has come a long, long way. He departs on Saturday, Oct. 17, but the establishment reopens on Tuesday, Oct. 20, to admit Raphael (passport name unknown), a singer from Spain. The orchestra of Lee Evans, keenly devoted to the welfare of all good dance music, will be staying on.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—A celebrated Freedom Rider (she has her native Cuba on her mind) is Olga Guillot, whose arias are equally passionate, equally overwhelming, equally full-bodied about more romantic topics. She and her co-worker, Miguelito Valdes, a vehement tenor, move out on Wednesday, Oct. 14, and next evening Los Chavales de España, Spain's largest standing (and singing) army, returns to its bivouac. No silent evenings, ever, on these premises.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Joan Rivers, a truly compulsive talker as well as a housekeeper who has some drastic fall housecleaning in project, checks out on Wednesday, Oct. 14. Next evening brings on Sammy Davis, Jr., that inexhaustible (though sometimes exhausting) gadabout. Twice a night, and thrice on Saturdays. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, after ten, the sound effects (both human and electronic) come by direct wire from Las Vegas. No quiet nights here, either.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—Gas Mask, which is onstage here, is quite capable of rolling its own, and of rocking it, too. Dancing whenever the Mask is doffed. Closed Sundays for ear therapy.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—*Forte* is the forte of Enzo Stuarti, the determined Italianate tenor who is in charge of the Persian Room during dinner and supper. In between, the bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte play on, play on. Closed Sundays. . . . **PLAZA 9 MUSIC HALL** (PL 9-3933):

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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The old Dick Powell-Ruby Keeler movie musicals, an art form so juvenile that it cannot be parodied, is paradoxically parodied, or pilloried, by "Dames at Sea," which is all in fun and by the ton. Carol Morley, Janie Sell, and Kurt Peterson lead the exemplary cast; Jim Wise, George Haimsohn, and Robin Miller are the justifiably proud perpetrators; Baldwin Bergersen is at the well-tempered entr'acte clavichord. Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, Sundays at three and seven-thirty. . . . ¶ A bowing acquaintance, busy plucking and bowing a modest fiddle, is on duty, seven to ten-thirty every night but Sunday, in the placid but noble Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ In the Palm Court, from four-thirty until six-thirty every afternoon, the same sort of musicale takes place, and it is repeated, every evening but Sunday, from nine to one. From Wednesdays through Saturdays, the nightingale is the violin of Gunnar Hansen, and a better man for the job would be hard to find.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Ten needlessly long years have elapsed since Jacqueline François last sang, and so well, in the Persian Room; now she is in sight again, not *sur les toits de Paris* but *sur le toit de New York*. She's on hand during dinner and supper. The enterprise is in session every night but Sunday, and dance music commences at eight.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—This season, the Maisonette is a houseboat on its serene way down the Danube to Vienna and its cuisine, but the dance music remains as American (the Bob Thomas band) and as Latin (the Peppi Morreale quartet) as ever. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ In La Boite, which is designed for sedentary diners, Ray Hartley, pride of Australian drawing-room pianists and a ranking pianist in this country, plays from seven-thirty until one-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, during dinner and supper, Shirley Bassey, another leading citizen of the Principality of Wales, is singing American, and with gusto. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

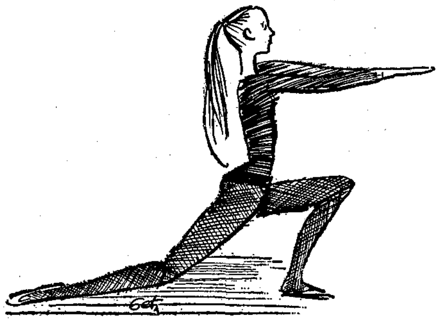
(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Those were the days, and Bobby Short, whose literate arias go back to the distant peacetime, pastime world, makes all that happy hedonism seem lush, lyric, and (as it truly was) laughable. This great retrospective is enhanced by his piano and his sidemen, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Closed Sundays. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S**, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): A tale of two cities (ours and Las Vegas) is narrated by Rodney Dangerfield, a spokesman who must be modelled on Damon Runyon and Paul Bunyan. The going can be rough, but it is certain to be funny. Other trappings, too, but no matter. Nourishment at all hours; closed Sundays. . . . **EL AVRAM**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Mediterranean (and subterranean) clearing house, predominantly Israeli because of Avram Grobard, player and joker, and song by Ron Eliran. Plenty of other music, and plenty of life. The dining is an *entente cordiale* between East and West. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Often standing room only, and no standing on ceremony, in this bar-and-grill. Piano is the accompaniment, from cocktail time on, and the best of this sound comes from Bubber Johnson, who is in action from nine-thirty until three, Tuesday through Saturday each week. . . . **CHEZ VITO**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The violinists who patrol the battlements seem never to be bowed down, except, of course, when Leyna Gabriele, daughter of the regiment, turns loose a foursome of choristers (herself included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like an old one. From dinner until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **DIONYSOS**, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god. He is celebrated not only by Olympian libations and cuisine but by an Athenian dance quartet intent indeed upon its happy work, not to mention liberal helpings of song. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA PAELLA**, 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Perhaps the northernmost Spanish trading post on this continent. A few Americanisms are evident (some of the customers, say), but the honorable chef has never set foot outside his native land, and the practically perpetual voice and guitar are completely Andalusian. No music Mondays, and no dancing ever. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who lives in, perches herself on top of a baby grand in the middle of the dinner hour (suppertime, too, on Fridays and Saturdays) and chirrups the Bal Tabarin songs she's so fond of. Mild dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Everybody gets into the act (usually Act I of "Tosca," or some such), and everybody means *every*body, right down to the busboys. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A day-by-day (or, rather, night-by-night) diary of restaurant life in Budapest. Béla Babai's orchestra adumbrates and Tibor Rakossy is lord of the manor and lord of the tenors. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **DELMONICO'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Early settler Ernie Warren is keeping fairly late hours with his dance band (until midnight, one, or two) in the local restaurant. He starts off at seven during the week, at eight on Fridays and Saturdays, and takes only Sundays and Mondays off.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the newest handiwork of Armando Mei, restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song that are nothing if not Roman. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Castles and kings, bishops and knights, but never a pawn. The principal knight-errant is George Cardini, who plies a violin. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano of Herman Arminski follows him wherever he goes. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Something sort of grandish. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one every evening. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Pomp and circumstantial evidence thereof—these are the characteristics of the bar-restaurant, in which there is a piano from five-thirty until a bit after midnight, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Royal maze, sumptuously appointed, especially by Rogelio Reguera, whose Spanish guitar is well versed, well voiced, in the classics. He performs from seven to twelve Mondays through Thursdays; from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The ambience a Londoner expects to find at the Connaught, the music (George Feyer's eclectic piano) the Central European expects to find at home. Mr. F. is present from eight-thirty until one-thirty, but never on Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ PIERRE**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000): Eureka, Europa! The old Viennese salon as before, with a dance trio setting to at half past eight during the week, at seven-thirty Sunday and Monday. Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty, who are given to food-of-love violin, piano, and concertina, are prevalent, too, but the only instrument they play on Sunday and Monday is hooky. They begin at five-thirty. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): One of the well-travelled roads to Rome. Among the strollers is the crew of itinerant minstrels led by Theo Fanidi. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, who has so many well-remembered tunes at his fingertips, keeps those fingertips on the piano in the bar from six until midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **WINE CELLAR**, 531 Hudson St., at Charles St. (242-6769): Another part of another forest, and a faraway one, but still of the original Village, villagey. On the lower deck, circumnavigating song and guitar, which go well with the local mulled wine, every night until around two; every night but Sunday, there is loose-limbed piano on the top deck.



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Josef Albers—Paintings, mostly from the sixties, in this artist's celebrated "Homage to the Square" series; through Oct. 31. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

Jack Brusca—Paintings with a three-dimensional effect, some with the aid of a light machine; through Nov. 7. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexander Calder—Recent gouaches, ranging in subject from flower pieces to abstractions, and mobiles, including some early ones; starting Tuesday, Oct. 20. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Doris Chase—Plastic, wood, and steel sculptures that move and invite participation by the spectator; through Thursday, Oct. 22. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Conlon and Vincent Longo—Very large Abstract paintings by the former and prints by the latter; starting Saturday, Oct. 17. (Palley, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Francis Cunningham—Carefully executed representational paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Don David—Abstract paintings; starting Tuesday, Oct. 20. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

Peter Forakis and Luis Camnitzer—Rope sculptures by the former and a single "environmental," "protest" piece, made of boxes and mirrors and words, by the latter; through Wednesday, Oct. 21. (Cooper, 100 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Thomas George—Abstract paintings; through Oct. 31. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Griefen—Romantic Abstract landscapes; through Thursday, Oct. 22. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

José Guerrero—Large paintings, plus gouaches, by this Abstractionist who works in strong colors; starting Saturday, Oct. 17. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.) . . . ¶ Smaller paintings; starting Saturday, Oct. 17. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

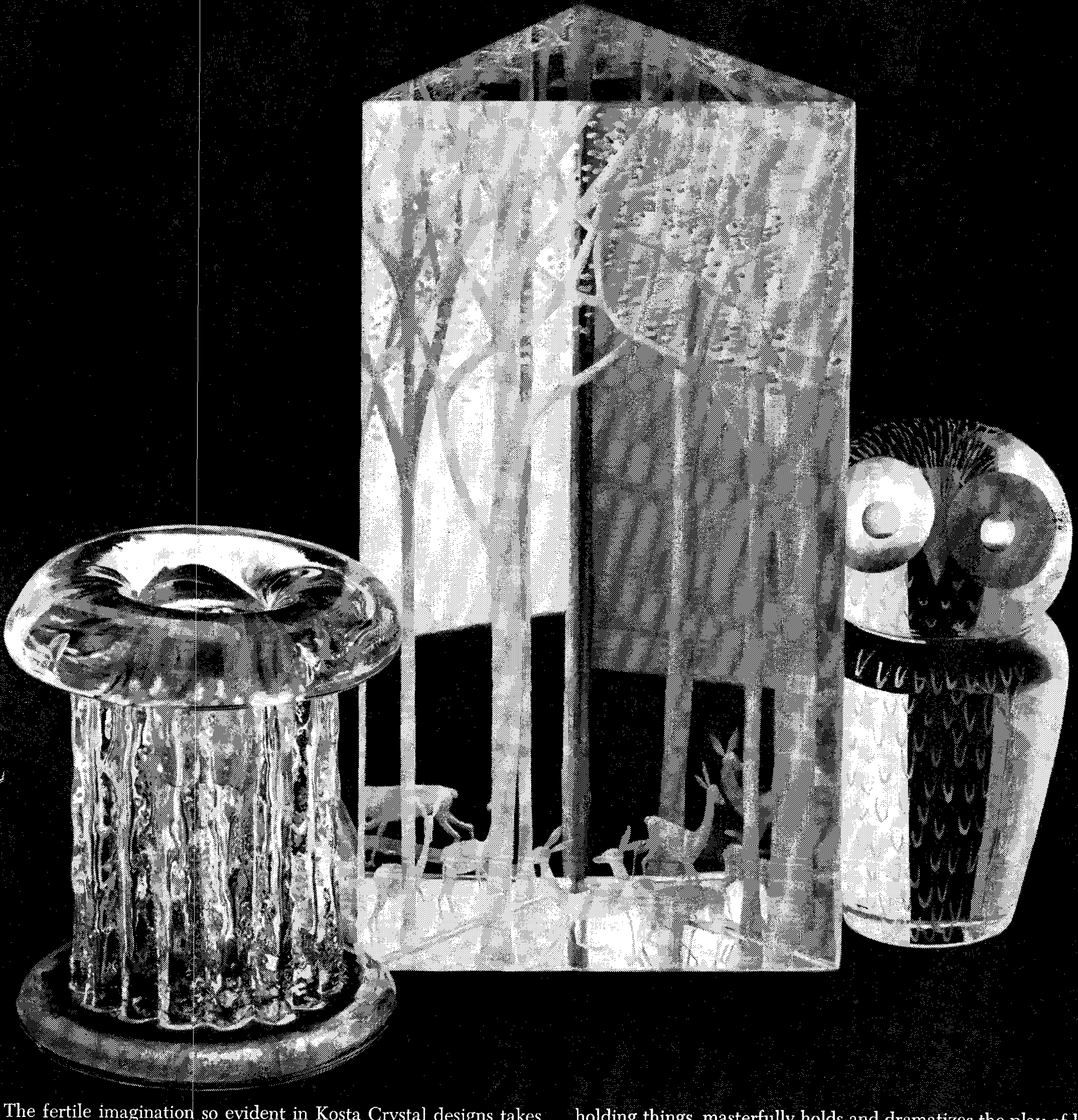
Philip Guston—Paintings with political subject matter, by a leading Abstract Expressionist; starting Saturday, Oct. 17. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Duayne Hatchett—Abstract sculptures in polished stainless steel or aluminum; through Nov. 5. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

Theo Hios—Oil paintings and prints on themes of nature's violence; starting Monday, Oct. 19. (New School, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 8; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 5.)

John Hoyland—Large Abstract paintings by a well-known Britisher; through Wednesday,

Kosta Artware.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Oct. 21. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Guén Inokuma—Abstract paintings on the theme of the city; through Nov. 14. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Alex Katz—New paintings by an artist known for his poster-like portraits of his friends; through Thursday, Oct. 22. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Felix Kelly—Historic mansions in imaginary landscapes by a British painter; through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tibbie Levy—Expressionist paintings of African subjects; starting Tuesday, Oct. 20. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

André Lhote (1885-1962)—Thirty-seven paintings from all phases of the career of this Paris artist-teacher; starting Tuesday, Oct. 20. (Selected Artists, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Richard Long—Two pieces, one in clay and the other in small sticks; through Oct. 29. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Iri and Toshi Maruki—Eight large panels depicting scenes in Hiroshima after the Bomb; starting Thursday, Oct. 15. (New School, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, 2 to 8.)

Alfred H. Maurer (1868-1932)—Gouaches and watercolors by a leading American artist of the early twentieth century; through Oct. 31. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)... ¶ Eighteen gouaches from the twenties and thirties; through Oct. 31. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Howard Mehring—Paintings by a member of the "Washington, D.C., School;" through Oct. 29. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kenneth Hayes Miller (1876-1952)—Paintings of the twenties and thirties by a prominent American teacher known for his canvases of women shoppers and strollers on the streets of New York; through Oct. 31. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Stephen Mueller—The first one-man show by this lyrical Abstractionist; starting Saturday, Oct. 17. (Feigen, 141 Greene St., at Houston St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, noon to 6.)

Alice Neel—Portraits, landscapes, and still-lifes by a veteran New York Expressionist; through Nov. 7. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Herbert Perr—His first one-man show of Abstract paintings built up of small canvases bolted together; through Oct. 29. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jane Peterson (1876-1965)—Fifty oils, gouaches, and watercolors by an American Impressionist who worked abroad; through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Picasso—Thirty-seven works on paper in various mediums, done between 1967 and 1970, in a show that is running concurrently with one at the Museum of Modern Art; through Nov. 14. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Larry Poons—Recent paintings by a younger artist; through Oct. 31. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lucas Samaras—Fantastic sculptures based on the use of chairs and incorporating mirrors, pins, yarn, wood, flowers, and steel, in original derivations from Surrealism; through Oct. 31. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lee Savage—Paintings of figures in interiors; through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Egon Schiele (1890-1918)—A comprehensive exhibition of lithographs, etchings, woodcuts, and rubbercuts, plus gouaches, watercolors, drawings, and documentary material related to the prints; starting Tuesday, Oct. 20. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Albert Stadler—Expanses of color; starting Saturday, Oct. 17. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Henry Strater—Landscapes, still-lifes, and figure paintings by an American who worked in Europe in the early portion of this century; through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Sophie Taeuber-Arp—Oils, watercolors, sculptures, and textiles by an important avant-garde artist; through Nov. 7. (Loeb & Krugier, 850 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Closed Mondays.)

Antoni Tàpies—Recent paintings and collages by an outstanding Spanish Abstractionist; through Oct. 31. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Anthony Toney—Landscape and figure paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 24. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Stanley Twardowicz—Tonal compositions making use of the oval form; through Oct. 29. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

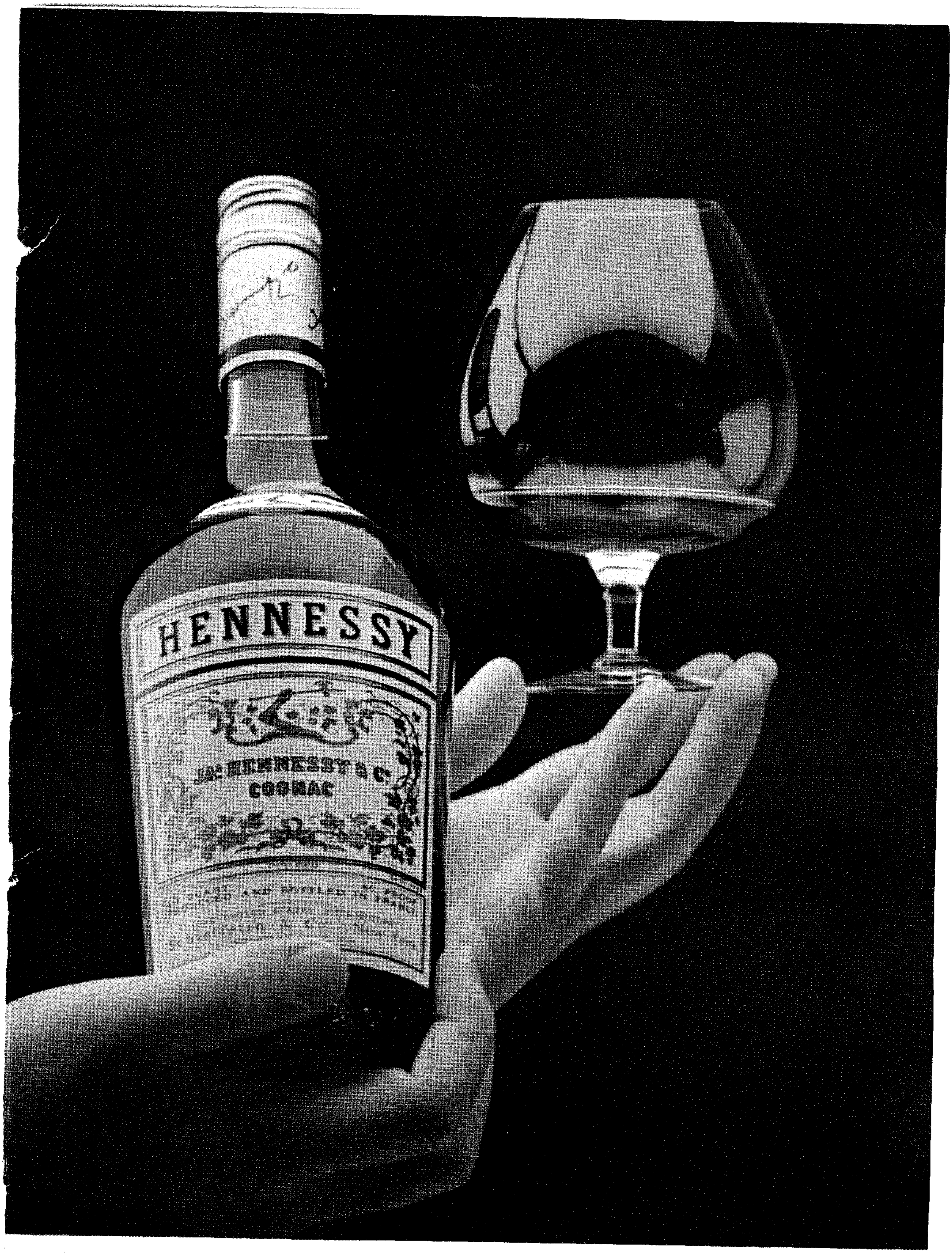
Richard Van Buren—Multi-sectional wall pieces in poured colored fibre glass; through Oct. 28. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Victor Vasarely—Sculptures, wall rugs, and other works; through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Elbert Weinberg—Marble sculptures; through Oct. 29. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

William T. Wiley—Constructions and watercolors, some dealing with politics and the art world, by a California "funk" artist; through Oct. 30. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **america-israel culture house**, 4 E. 54th St.: Paintings, serigraphs, and gouaches by four Israeli artists indebted to Surrealism; through Nov. 15. (Open Sundays.)... **la boetie**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures on the theme of the moon by, for example, Avery, Chagall, Delvaux, Ernst, Klee, Magritte, Miró, and Rouault; through Nov. 14. (Closed Mondays.)... **community art gallery**, 28 E. 35th St.: Works with New York motifs by artists who include such old-timers as Otto Botto, Leon Hartl, and Leslie Powell; through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)... **feigen**, 27 E. 79th St.: Paintings by Corot, Monet, Braque, and Dubuffet, along with a single sculpture by Picasso; through Oct. 31.... **goldowsky**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by exhibitors at the Armory Show in 1913, including Bellows, Davies, Glackens, Henri, Luks, and Walkowitz; through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Closed Mondays.)... **gordon**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Prints contributed by twelve artists, among them D'Arcangelo, Gottlieb, Krasner, Lassaw, Rauschenberg, Steinberg, and Vicente, to a portfolio to be sold in behalf of peace candidates; through Wednesday, Oct. 21. (Closed Mondays.)... **kennedy**, 20 E. 56th St.: More than a hundred Currier & Ives lithographs on such themes as winter, sports, railroads, horseracing, marine, rural, and country life, together with paintings by C. & I. artists; through Nov. 7. (Closed Mondays.)... **misrachi**, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and constructions by seventeen Mexican artists—for instance, Tamayo, Cuevas, and Helen Escobedo; through Saturday, Oct. 17.... **sabarsky**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and watercolors by German Expressionists—Jawlensky, Klee, Kokoschka, Nolde, Pechstein, Schiele, and Schlemmer, for instance; starting Thursday, Oct. 15. (Closed Mondays.)... **777 united nations plaza**, at 44th St.: Sixty-two canvases from Indonesia, covering a variety of styles; through Oct. 25. (Closes Saturdays at 1; open Sundays, 10 to 3.)... **viviano**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures, including works by Afro, Glasco, Lanyon, and Mabe; through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Closed Mondays.)... **weintraub**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Sculptures and graphics by Arp, Picasso, Moore, Calder, Braque, Giacometti, and others; through Oct. 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: Italian master drawings, from the fifteenth century through the eighteenth, from a famous British collection—Leonardo, Michelangelo, Raphael, Correggio, Bernini, Tiepolo, and Piranesi, among others; starting Thursday, Oct. 15. Admission is $2.... **wise**, 50 W. 57th St.: Drawings and models for unrealized projects by Oldenburg, Buckminster Fuller, Piene, and Breuer, to name a few; through Saturday, Oct. 17.... **zierler**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Twentieth-century


HENNESSY
JAS HENNESSY & Cº
COGNAC
4/5 QUART
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paintings and sculptures by artists from Arp and Avery to Trova and Wesselmann; through Oct. 31. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than three hundred sculptures in stone, ceramic, wood, mosaic, gold, jade, and other materials, produced in the region from central Mexico to Panama and the West Indies during nearly three thousand years before the arrival of Cortes; through Jan. 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 4, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 4. A contribution, optional in amount, is required for admission.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The famous series of three hundred and forty-seven etchings done by Picasso in 1968, plus two hundred and twenty-five prints and illustrated books from various sources; through Nov. 29. A good complement to this exhibit is the Picasso show at the Saidenberg Gallery, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.... ¶ Twenty-six sculptures and seven works on paper by Alexander Archipenko, from his Paris period, 1908 to 1921; through Sunday, Oct. 18. (No admission charge on Mondays, 1 to 8; the rest of the week—Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, Thursday evenings until 9, and Sundays, noon to 6—the usual $1.75 will be charged.... ¶ Every Thursday at noon, the Museum is showing documentary films that comment on various topics of the day.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective, consisting of a hundred and forty works, of Francis Picabia, a major early-twentieth-century modernist who worked in several modes; through Dec. 6.... ¶ A survey of the works from 1958 to the present of Carl Andre, a sculptor known for his floor pieces in brick and steel plates, plus examples of his "concrete" poems; through Nov. 22. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Thomas Eakins, America's leading Realist of the nineteenth century; through Nov. 22. A good complement to this show is the show of his photographs at the New York Cultural Center.... ¶ A hundred and twenty-one paintings, watercolors, and drawings covering fifty-five years of work by Georgia O'Keeffe; through Nov. 29.... ¶ Eighty drawings presented by Jackson Pollock to his analyst in the course of treatment from 1939 to 1940; through Nov. 15. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Seventy-five prints done in Edo, Japan, between 1650 and 1850 by, among others, Hokusai and Hiroshige; through Jan. 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new Hall of Mexico and Central America houses an outstanding collection of sculpture, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest in 1521 A.D. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Seventy works of Asian art representing a cross-section of the collection of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller III—about one-third are metal and stone, another large group consists of porcelains, and there are some paintings; through Dec. 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Paintings, sculptures, house furnishings, and jewelry in the decorative style of between the wars known as "Art Deco;" through Nov. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit featuring "software," which has to do with information-processing systems: products of computers, teletype equipment, copying machines, closed television circuits, and so on; through Nov. 8. (Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Costumes executed by Karinska from Chagall's sketches (which may be seen in the form of reproductions) for the New York City Ballet's "Firebird;" through Jan. 9. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Over a hundred volumes of French printing, from 1470 (the inception of printing into France) to 1510; through Oct. 31.... ¶ An arresting group of French photographs dated from 1820 to 1865; through Oct. 31. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Face coverings, from African, American-Indian, Oriental, and South American masks to tattoos, makeup, and space helmets; through Jan. 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday and Friday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—About a hundred objects, including sculptures and fetishes from Africa, ritual figures from New Guinea, pre-Columbian ornaments, and Eskimo and American-Indian artifacts; through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Forty drawings by Adolf Hitler of his architectural visions—colossal monuments and stadiums—of the future Germania, his home in Berchtesgaden, and his bunker, plus photographs of Albert Speer's scale models and of events in the Nuremberg stadium; through Nov. 8.... ¶ Oils, watercolors, drawings, prints, and sculptures covering German Expressionism from 1905 to 1930; through Sunday, Oct. 18.... ¶ More than two hundred photographs by or about Thomas Eakins, whose paintings, sculptures, and drawings are currently at the Whitney; through Nov. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Contemporary paintings, prints, textiles, metal sculptures, and reliefs by thirteen artists working in West Africa; through Nov. 1. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

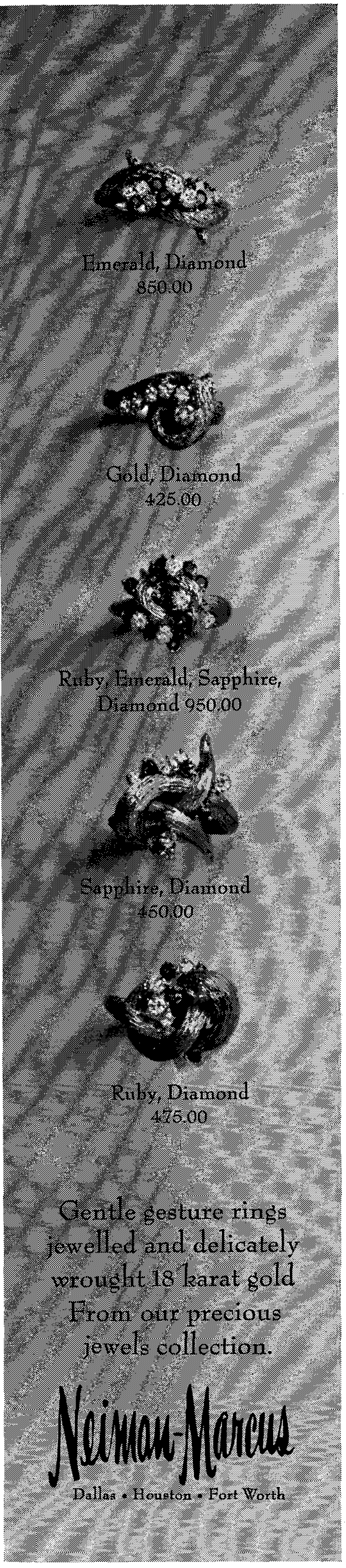
MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Oct. 14: "Andrea Chénier," with Renata Tebaldi, Lili Chookasian, Carlo Bergonzi, Anselmo Colzani, and Lorenzo Alvary.... ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Renata Scotto, Luciano Pavarotti, Mario Sereni, and Ruggero Raimondi.... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 16: "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Grace Bumbry, Gabriella Tucci, Joy Clements, and Mary Ellen Pracht.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 17: "Madame Butterfly," with Jeannette Pilou, Marcia Baldwin, Sándor Kónya, Frank Guarrera, and Robert Schmorr.... ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 17: "Norma," with Joan Sutherland, Fiorenza Cossotto, Carlo Bergonzi, and Ivo Vinco.... ¶ Monday evening, Oct. 19: "Andrea Chénier," with Renata Tebaldi, Lili Chookasian, Carlo Bergonzi, Anselmo Colzani, and Paul Plishka.... ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 20: "Don Pasquale," with Reri Grist, Fernando Corena, Alfredo Kraus, and Tom Krause.... ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 21: "Madame Butterfly," with Jeannette Pilou, Marcia Baldwin, Sándor Kónya, Mario Sereni, and Robert Schmorr.... ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 22: "La Traviata," with Joan Sutherland, Carlo Bergonzi, and Sherrill Milnes.... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 23: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Martina Arroyo, Reri Grist, Irene Dalis, Franco Tagliavini, and Robert Merrill.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 24: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Renata Scotto, Luciano Pavarotti, Mario Sereni, and Ruggero Raimondi.... ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 24: "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Grace Bumbry, Gabriella Tucci, Joy Clements, and Mary Ellen Pracht. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 14, at 8:15: "Mefistofele," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Beverly Evans, Norman Treigle, and Harry Theyard.... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 15, at 7:15: The company's première of Donizetti's "Roberto Devereux," with Beverly Sills, Beverly Wolff, Placido Domingo, and Louis Quilico.... ¶ Friday, Oct. 16, at 8:15: "La



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Cenerentola," with Frances Bible, Lois Crane, Beverly Evans, Richard Fredricks, and Kenneth Riegel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 17, at 2:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Elaine Bonazzi, Herman Malamood, and John Darrenkamp. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8:15: "Faust," with Maralin Niska, Kay Creed, Norman Treigle, and Michele Molese. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 18, at 1:15: "Don Rodrigo," with Jeannine Crader, Kay Creed, Salvador Novoa, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 18, at 7:15: "Roberto Devereux," with Beverly Sills, Beverly Wolff, Placido Domingo, and Louis Quilico. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 20, at 8:15: "Don Rodrigo," with Marianna Ciraulo, Kay Creed, Salvador Novoa, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 21, at 8:15: "Roberto Devereux," with Beverly Sills, Beverly Wolff, Placido Domingo, and Louis Quilico. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 22, at 8:15: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Patricia Brooks, Muriel Greenspon, André Jobin, Malcolm Smith, and Robert Hale. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 23, at 8:15: "Faust," with Carol Neblett, Kay Creed, Norman Treigle, and Michele Molese. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 24, at 2:15 "La Cenerentola," with Frances Bible, Lois Crane, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8:15: "Roberto Devereux," with Beverly Sills, Susan Marsee, Placido Domingo, and Louis Quilico. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 15.)

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—An all-Tchaikovsky program on Thursday, Oct. 15, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 16, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 19, at 7:30 (no soloists); and a Tchaikovsky-Strauss program on Wednesday, Oct. 21, at 8:30, and Monday, Oct. 26, at 7:30 (both with Gregor Piatigorsky, cello, and William Lincer, violin).

BOSTON SYMPHONY—William Steinberg conducting the opening performances of the season here. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 14, and Friday, Oct. 16, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8:30.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Istvan Kertesz conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 20, at 8:15.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY—Georges Prêtre conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 18, at 2:30, and Tuesday, Oct. 20, at 8:30.)

SYMPHONY OF THE NEW WORLD—Benjamin Steinberg directing, with George Shirley, tenor, and the John Motley Chorus. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Oct. 18 at 3.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Yvonne Loriod, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 21, at 8:30.)

I POMERIGGI MUSICALI DI MILANO—Agostino Orizio conducting, with Felicja Blumental, piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, Oct. 23, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

RECITALS

SYLVIA MARLOWE—Harpsichord, with Samuel Baron, flute; Ronald Roseman, oboe; and Alexander Kouguell, cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 14, at 8:30.)

PAUL SPERRY—Tenor. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 14, at 8:30.)

RAFAEL PUYANA—Harpsichord. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Oct. 14, at 8:40.)

HYMAN BRESS—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Oct. 15, at 8:30.)

RUDOLF SERKIN—Piano, in the second in a series of four concerts of Beethoven sonatas. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 16, at 8:30.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—Charles Treger, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Gary Karr, bass; Gervase de Peyer, clarinet; Richard Goode and Charles Wadsworth, piano; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Oct. 16, at 8:30, and Saturday, Oct. 17, at 9.)

IVAN DAVIS—Piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8:30.)

Janáček Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Jerome Rose—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Oct. 18, at 8:30.)

Robert Miller—Piano, in a recital postponed from April 12. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Oct. 18, at 8:30.)

Daniel Barenboim—The first two in a series of eight concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Oct. 19, and Thursday, Oct. 22, at 8:30.)

Robert Sylvester—Cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Monday, Oct. 19, at 8:30.)

Nadia Koutzen—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 20, at 8:30.)

Rosalyn Tureck—The first of two keyboard lecture-concerts, this one entitled "Bach's Contrapuntal Concept and Application." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Wednesday, Oct. 21, at 8:30.)

Fernando Valenti and Rafael Puyana—Harpsichords, with a chamber orchestra. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Oct. 21, at 8:40.)

Julian Bream—Guitarist and lutanist, in a repeat performance of a concert on Oct. 10. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Oct. 23, at 8:30.)

Gérard Souzay—Baritone, in Schumann's "Dichterliebe." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 23, at 8:30.)

Emil Gilels—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8:30.)

Guus Hoekman—Bass. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8:30.)

Henryk Szeryng—Conducting I Solisti di Zagreb and acting as violin soloist. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

B. B. King, Butterfield Blues Band, and Elvin Bishop Group—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 16-17, at 8 and 11:30.

Fifth Dimension—Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Oct. 23, at 8 and 11.

Derek and the Dominos, Ballin' Jack, and Humble Pie—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 23-24, at 8 and 11:30.

David Amram and John Lewis—A benefit jazz concert. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, Oct. 23, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 684-1807.)

Neil Diamond and Hedge & Donna—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8:40, and Sunday, Oct. 25, at 8.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8: Knicks vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 20, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Los Angeles. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 22, at 7:30: Knicks vs. San Francisco. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8: Knicks vs. Cincinnati.

College Football—**SATURDAY, OCT. 17:** Dartmouth vs. Brown, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Duquesne, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Cornell, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Delaware, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Columbia, at New Haven, at 2. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 24:** Army vs. Penn State, at West Point, at 1:50. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Colgate, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Rutgers, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Yale, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Iona, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cam-

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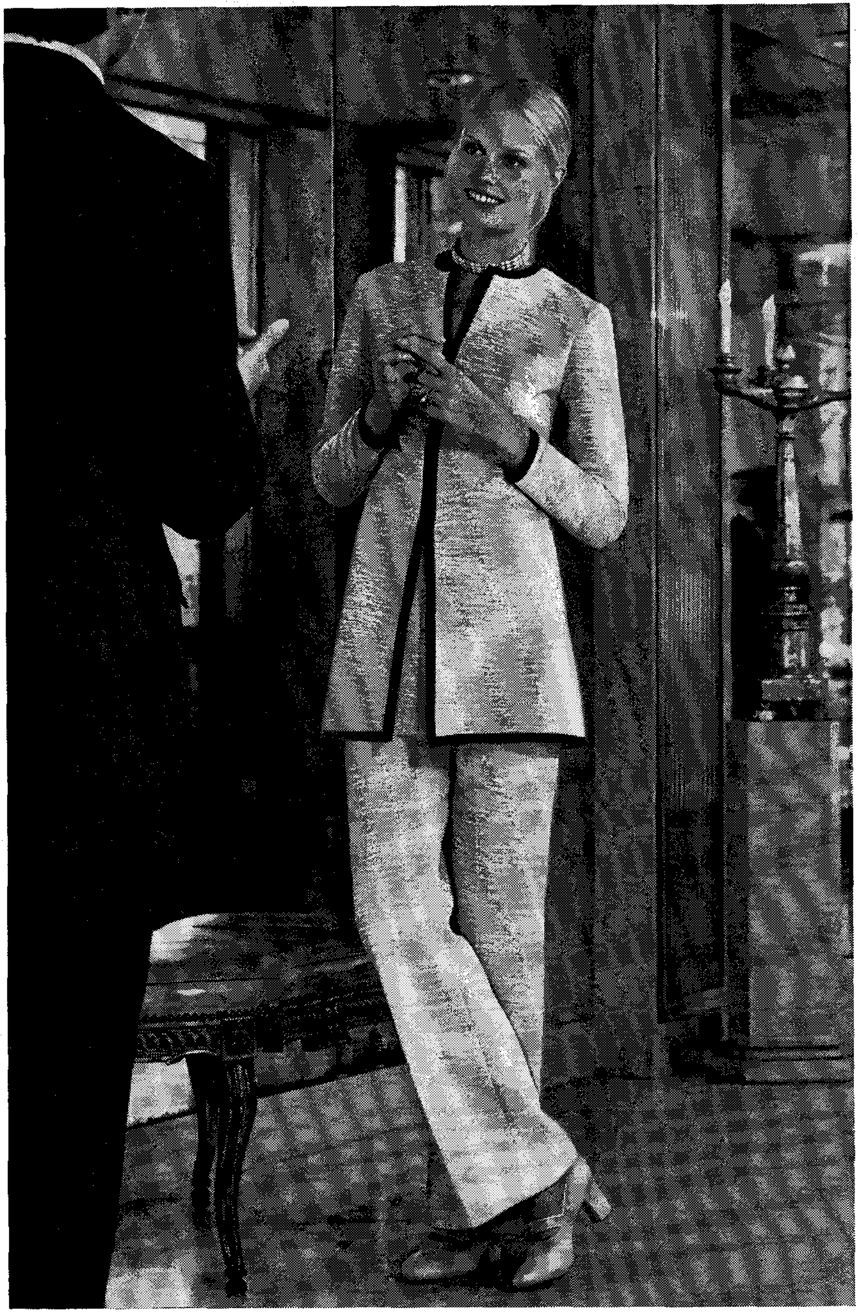

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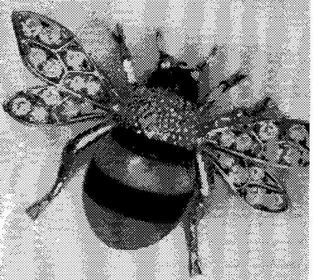

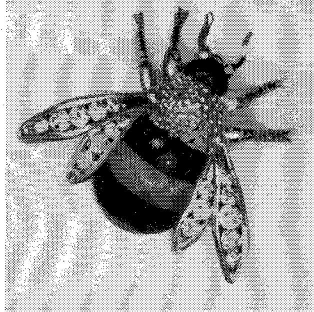

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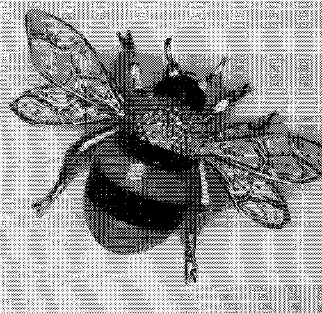

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

bridge, at 1:45. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Princeton, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Navy, at Syracuse, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Amherst, at Middletown, at 2.

Professional Football—Jets vs. Baltimore Colts. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 18, at 1.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Oct. 14, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Buffalo. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 18, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 21, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Toronto.

Horse Show—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Friday, Oct. 16, through Saturday, Oct. 24.)

Hunt Racing—Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 17.) . . . ¶ Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 24.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Final game of the season, Sunday, Oct. 18, at 3:30.

Racing—At BELMONT: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 17. The Man o' War, Saturday, Oct. 17. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Wednesday through Friday between 11 and 1:45, and Saturday between 10:30 and 1:45.) . . . NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE DAYS AT BELMONT: Thursday and Friday, Oct. 15-16, at 1:30. The Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase, Friday, Oct. 16. (The train schedule will be the same as that given above.) . . . AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, Oct. 19, through Monday, Dec. 7. The Vosburgh Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 24. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Buses to the track leave the Port Authority Bus Terminal, Eighth Ave. at 41st St., between 9:30 and 10:30.) . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, Oct. 19, through Saturday, Nov. 14. The Vineland Handicap, Monday, Oct. 19.

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 17. . . . ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8, from Monday, Oct. 19, through Tuesday, Dec. 15.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the AMATO OPERA COMPANY: "The Mikado." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Oct. 17, at 2:30.) . . . METROPOLITAN OPERA STUDIO: "Così Fan Tutte." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Oct. 18, at 2. Children under five not admitted.) . . . NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC: Leonard Bernstein conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Oct. 24, at 12:10 and 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "The Whistling Wizard and the Sultan of Tuffet." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . DRAGON MARIONETTES: "Puss in Boots." (13th Street Theatre, 50 W. 13th St. WA 9-4336. Sunday, Oct. 18, at 2.) . . . SALVATORE GUIDA: "The Magical Red Fan." (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291. Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . MERI MINI PLAYERS: "Pinocchio." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952. Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Universe of Atoms." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

United Nations—While the heads of government are attending the twenty-fifth anniversary commemorative session of the General Assembly, visitors will not be allowed in the United Nations Headquarters.

"The People, Yes!"—A civic-minded carnival that is meant to make us all gleeful in spite of everything; Finnish dancers, Jewish *tummelers,* Paraguayan harpists, Harlem athletes, Danish singers, a Virgin Island stilt walker, Japanese flower arrangers and karate champions, and Italian pantomimists are among the seventy-five ethnic groups that are taking part, along with the customary stage and television stars. (Central Park Mall. Daily, noon to 10; through Sunday, Oct. 18. For information about the program scheduling, call 734-1002 or 687-1300, from 9:30 to 6.)

New York Antiques Fair—Among this year's displays are International Silver's collection of antique silver and Royal Worcester's collection of antique china. (69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 25th St. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 14-15, from 1 to 9:30; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 16-17, from 1 to 10; and Sunday, Oct. 18, from 1 to 6.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Oct. 14, at 2: American paintings, belonging to Nathaniel Saltonstall and others. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 16, at 2: Nineteenth-century works of art, including twenty pieces of sculpture by Jean-Baptiste Carpeaux and a selection of animalier and other bronzes by Frederick William MacMonnies and August Saint-Gaudens; from several owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 17, at 2: English furniture and decorations, from various collectors. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 20, at 2: Americana, including a newly discovered copy of the first printing of the Declaration of Independence; from many sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 21, at 8: The Irma N. Straus collection of old-master drawings. Admission to main sales room by card only; for information, call TR 9-8300. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 16. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 22, at 2: Old-master drawings, from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 22, at 8: Old-master paintings, from several collections. Admission to main sales room by card only; for information, call TR 9-8300. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 17.

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Oct. 14 at 2: "This Man Must Die" (1969), in French, directed by Claude Chabrol. . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 5:30: "Le Boucher" (1969), in French, directed by Claude Chabrol. . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at 2 and 5:30: "King Murray" (1969), directed by David Hoffman. . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at 8: "ICE" (1969). . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at 2 and 5:50: "Ramparts of Clay" (1970), in French, directed by Jean-Louis Bertucelli. . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 11:30: "The Set-Up" (1949), with Robert Ryan. . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 3 and 5:30: "Comrades" (1970), in French, directed by Marin Karmitz. . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 2 and 5:30: "Charles, Dead or Alive" (1970), in French, directed by Alain Tanner. . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 1:30: "In the Year of the Pig" (1969), a documentary film, directed by Emile de Antonio. . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 3:30: A program of three short films. . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 6 and Oct. 20 at 2: "Side Street Story" (1951), in Italian, directed by Eduardo De Filippo. . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 5:30: "Ira, You'll Get Into Trouble" (1970), directed by Stephen Sbarge. . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 2 and 5:30: "O, Sun!" (1970), in French, directed by Med Hondo; no English titles. . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at noon and 5:30: "Hour of the Blast Furnaces" (1966-68), in Spanish, directed by Fernando Ezequiel Solanas. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Oct. 14: "High, Wide and Handsome" (1937), with Irene Dunne and Randolph Scott. . . . ¶ Oct. 15: "Once in a Blue Moon" (1936), with Jimmy Savo. . . . ¶ Oct. 16: "Rumba" (1935), with George Raft and Carole Lombard. . . . ¶ Oct. 17: "Birth of the Blues" (1941), with Bing Crosby and Mary Martin. . . . ¶ Oct. 18: "Paramount on Parade" (1930). . . . ¶ Oct. 21: "Love Me Tonight" (1932), with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. . . . ¶ Oct. 22: "Glorifying the American Girl" (1929). (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

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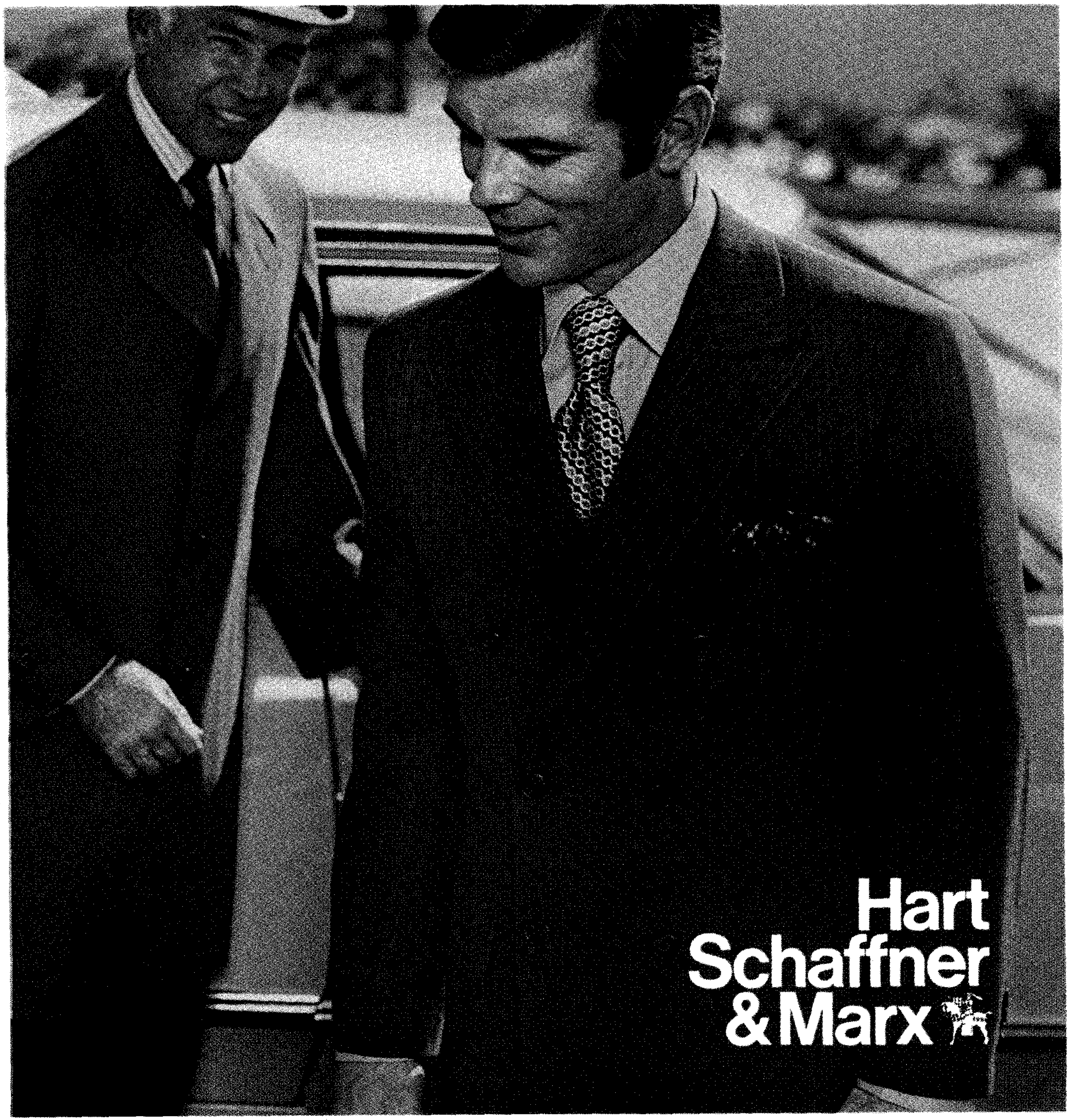

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Oct. 20: "Fellini Satyricon."
From Oct. 21: "The Virgin and the Gypsy."

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"Quiet Days in Clichy."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Without a Stitch" and "Man and Wife."

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Oct. 20: "Getting Straight" and "The Executioner."
From Oct. 21: "Z" and "Poor Cow."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 20: "Fellini Satyricon."
From Oct. 21: "Women in Love."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Oct. 20: "Monterey Pop."
From Oct. 21 (tentative): "Bullitt" and "Bonnie and Clyde."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Joe."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Oct. 18: "M*A*S*H."
From Oct. 19: "Goin' Down the Road."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Catch-22."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Oct. 20: "Performance."
From Oct. 21: "The Pizza Triangle."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Things of Life."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Baby Maker."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Great White Hope."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Five Easy Pieces."

R.K.O. 59th Street East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Lickerish Quartet."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Women in Love."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through Oct. 20: "Borsalino."
From Oct. 21: "Little Fauss and Big Halsy."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Trash."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Diary of a Mad Housewife."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Oct. 19: "The Virgin and the Gypsy."
From Oct. 20: "This Man Must Die."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Lovers and Other Strangers."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 18: "The Secret of Santa Vittoria" and "A Dream of Kings."
From Oct. 19: "Time of Roses."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"M*A*S*H."

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Oct. 20: "C. C. and Company."
From Oct. 21: "The Professionals" and "In Cold Blood."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Monte Walsh."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Pieces of Dreams."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Oct. 14: "The Battle of Algiers" and "Black Roots."
Oct. 15-21: "Black Roots" and "Come Back, Africa."
From Oct. 22: To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Oct. 20: "42nd Street" and "Gold Diggers of 1933."
From Oct. 21: "L'Enfant Sauvage" and "Stolen Kisses."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 20: "Women in Love."
From Oct. 21: "Carry It On."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Pound."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Oct. 20: "Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx."
From Oct. 21: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Buster Keaton festival.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"C. C. and Company."

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Tora! Tora! Tora!"

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Hello, Dolly!"

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Sunflower."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Let It Be," "Yellow Submarine," "A Hard Day's Night," and "Help!"

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Oct. 17: "L'Enfant Sauvage."
From Oct. 18 at 8: "I Never Sang for My Father." (Opening night by invitation only.)

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Mind of Mr. Soames."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Oct. 20: "The Passion of Anna" and "Mississippi Mermaid."
From Oct. 21: "Burn!"

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Oct. 18: "Quiet Days in Clichy."
From Oct. 19: "Goin' Down the Road."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Tristana."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"First Love."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Catch-22."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Oct. 20: "King of the Grizzlies" and "Sleeping Beauty."
From Oct. 21: "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"On a Clear Day You Can See Forever" and "Anyone Can Play."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Oct. 14: "Bombshell" and "On the Town."
From Oct. 15: "ICE."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 20: "Women in Love" and "Les Gauloises Bleues."
From Oct. 21: "The Angel Levine" and another feature, to be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Oct. 15: "Le Million" and "Under the Roofs of Paris."
Oct. 16-19: "César" and "The Last Millionaire."
Oct. 20-22: "L'Atalante" and "Zero for Conduct."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Oct. 20: "Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx."
From Oct. 21: To be announced.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

The Angel Levine—White Jew meets black Jew (Zero Mostel and Harry Belafonte). The black Jew is supposed to be an angel, literally. (Symphony; starting Oct. 21.)

Anyone Can Play (1968)—A dubbed Italian film about four married couples, directed by Luigi Zampa. The cast includes Ursula Andress, Virna Lisi, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. (Embassy 72nd St.)

L'Atalante (1934)—Jean Vigo's sensuous, poetic love story about a young barge captain on the Seine, who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. Jean Dasté and Dita Parlo are the lovers, Michel Simon is the tattooed barge hand. A wonderfully spontaneous, unarranged-looking film, photographed by Boris Kaufman and with a lovely score by Maurice Jaubert. In French. (Thalia; Oct. 20-22.)

The Baby Maker—Pseudo-seriousness about a life-loving young hippie (Barbara Hershey) who agrees to make a baby for a childless couple. Cellophane-wrapped little insights into everybody's feelings and total evasion of the moral problems implicit in the gimmicky plot. Written and directed by James Bridges. (Plaza.)

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An extraordinary re-creation of the Algerian fight for independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed this controversial modern classic that stirs emotions in theatres all over the world. In French and Arabic. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 14.)

Black Roots—Lionel Rogosin's rap documentary; the talk is about black culture in America. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through Oct. 21.)

Bombshell (1933)—Great fun in the uninhibited early-thirties style. A wisecracking comedy-satire, with Jean Harlow in the title role as a good-hearted dumb blond movie star, and Lee Tracy, Franchot Tone, Frank Morgan, Una Merkel, Ted Healy, and Isabel Jewell. Victor Fleming directed, from a good screenplay by John Lee Mahin and Jules Furthman. (New Yorker; Oct. 14.)

Bonnie and Clyde (1967)—Arthur Penn's story of two young robbers who become folk heroes of the Depression. Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty. (Kips Bay; starting Oct. 21, tentative.)

Borsalino—Alain Delon and Jean-Paul Belmondo camping it up in a thriller set in Marseille in the thirties. The spoof doesn't hold, but there is a nice scene about a bad fish. Directed by Jacques Deray. In French. (Cinema I; through Oct. 20.)

Bullitt (1968)—There is a good chase over the hilly streets of San Francisco in this routine and pointless police melodrama, which is, however, given some tension by the competent director Peter Yates and some interest by Steve McQueen, with his low-key charisma. (Kips Bay; starting Oct. 21, tentative.)

Burn!—Marlon Brando in a film by Gillo Pontecorvo, the director of "The Battle of Algiers." (Little Carnegie; starting Oct. 21.)

Carry It On—*Cinéma-vérité* about Joan Baez and her husband. Piercing and sweet-natured, with Joan Baez surprisingly funny about pious questioners who don't know the half of it. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Oct. 21.)

Catch-22—Political and moral omens of the present in the absurd situation of a Second World War American bomber squadron at loose ends. Directed by Mike Nichols. Alan Arkin is perfect as Captain Yossarian. (Sutton and Paramount.)

C. C. and Company—With Joe Namath and Ann-Margret. Directed by Seymour Robbie. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema. . . . ¶ Orpheum; through Oct. 20.)

César (1936)—The last film of the Marcel Pagnol trilogy is named for the pivotal character played by Raimu. After Raimu's death, J. B. Priestley wrote, "We can magically command him to return out of those flat tins of film, and show us again his rich humanity and massive, deliberate art. . . . The French should erect a monument to the memory of this player, who reminded us that France had known a Rabelais, a Molière, a Balzac." In French. (Thalia; Oct. 16-19.)

Come Back, Africa (1960)—Cinema journalism on what it's like to be black in South Africa. Lionel Rogosin's film centers around a man who has left his farm and is trying to make a living in Johannesburg. Clumsy, but some rarely seen material. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 15-21.)

Diary of a Mad Housewife—A rising young lawyer (Richard Benjamin), who is an alarming pedant about food, wine, and ambitious entertaining, is married to a hard-driven girl, played by a gifted newcomer called Carrie Snodgress. Mrs. Put-Upon dearly needs her Mr. Go-Getter, however, and everything works out. Directed and written by Frank and Eleanor Perry, respectively. (Beekman.)

A Dream of Kings (1969)—Hairy-chested. Anthony Quinn as a brutish, poor, but lusty Greek-American who believes his terminally

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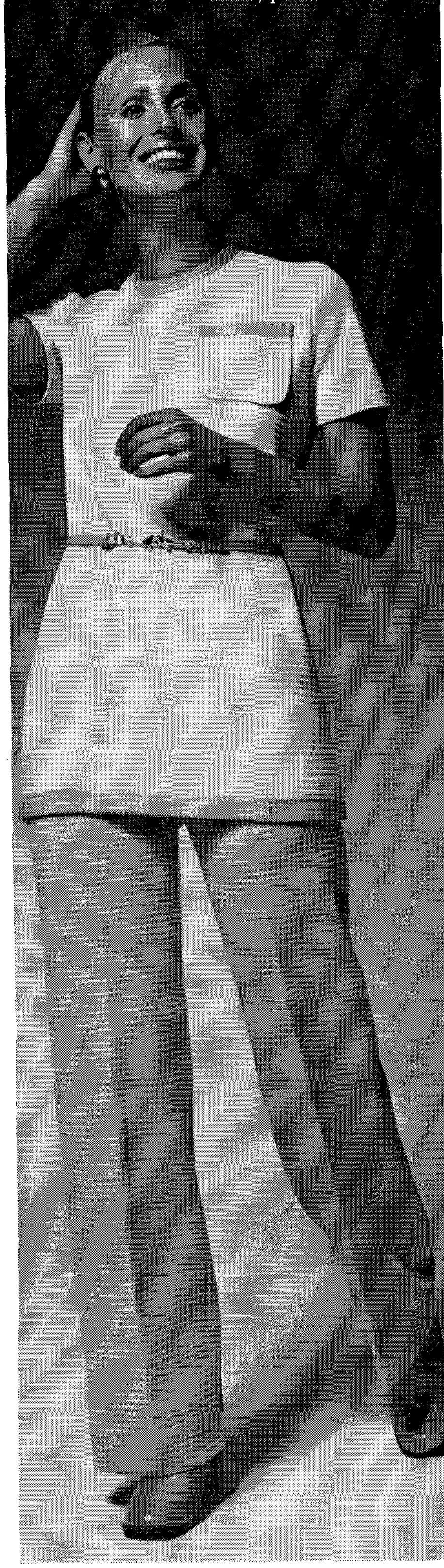


ill son could be cured in Greece. Daniel Mann directed, from the Harry Mark Petrakis novel; with Irene Papas and Inger Stevens. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Oct. 18.)

L'Enfant Sauvage—In his own film, Truffaut plays a late-eighteenth-century doctor who tries to educate a boy of eleven or twelve who had spent his life abandoned in the woods. The relationship between this august, inquiring, clever man and his marauding charge is wonderfully delicate. Among other things, this remarkable picture gives a finely characterized account of the research mind, and living expression to the new Romantic Age's fascination with Rousseau's Natural Man. In French. (Festival; through Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Waverly; starting Oct. 21.)

The Executioner—A spy thriller with George Peppard and Joan Collins. Directed by Sam Wanamaker. (Charles; through Oct. 20.)

Fellini Satyricon—Fellini, basking in sin, in the deMille godlessness-is-lawlessness tradition. The fresco effect of the film becomes monotonous, as if his phantasmagoria of the pagan world were a theatrically staged panorama, set on a treadmill. In Italian. (Art and Gramercy; through Oct. 20.)

First Love—A novella by Turgenev, directed by Maximilian Schell; with an international cast. (Paris.)

Five Easy Pieces—Terrific. Jack Nicholson plays the throw-out of a gifted, sedate family of musicians. He has the same musical gift, but prefers to squander it as he squanders his life. He has a delicate ear for auspicious beginnings, and when time gives out on him he knows how to run. Bob Rafelson directs, with wonderful feeling for the American actors' special talent in improvising. (Coronet.)

42nd Street (*1933*)—The big, cheerful Warners musical that invented many of the clichés that have kept parodists happy; what's surprising is how organic the clichés once were. The cast includes Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, George Brent, and Ginger Rogers. The songs, by Al Dubin and Harry Warren, include "Shuffle off to Buffalo" and "You're Getting to Be a Habit with Me." Lloyd Bacon directed. (Waverly; through Oct. 20.)

Les Gauloises Bleues (1969)—The subject is the responsibility of paternity and the problems of separation; the structure is either musical or muddled, though maybe musical and muddled. Michel Cournot's film is technically clever, though some of it only makes subconscious sense. Annie Girardot has a memorable scene while being preached to by a judge. In French. (Symphony; through Oct. 20.)

Getting Straight—Elliott Gould and Candice Bergen in a campus picture. One of the varyingly cheap new tear-gas romances. The film's student riots seem to be happening so that Elliott and Candy can patch up a lovers' fight. (Charles; through Oct. 20.)

Goin' Down the Road—A Canadian film, with Doug McGrath and Paul Bradley. Sensitively photographed, extraordinarily well acted, though the story is thin. Directed by Donald Shebib. (34th St. East and Carnegie Hall Cinema; starting Oct. 19.)

Gold Diggers of 1933 (1933)—A funny, good-natured, innocently crude Depression musical that sums up what is meant by the phrase "pure thirties." Ginger Rogers sings "We're in the Money" in pig Latin and electrically wired chorus girls singing "In the shadows let me come and sing to you" merge to form a big illuminated violin. Mervyn LeRoy directed and Busby Berkeley choreographed; it's Warners, of course, and the cast includes Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Aline MacMahon, Warren William, Ruby Keeler, Ned Sparks, and Etta Moten singing "Remember My Forgotten Man." The songs are by Al Dubin and Harry Warren. (Waverly; through Oct. 20.)

The Great White Hope—The Howard Sackler play brought to the screen, with James Earl Jones. Directed by Martin Ritt. (Baronet.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. Their first film, and wonderful. (Ziegfeld.)

Hello, Dolly!—The whole archaic big-musical circus here surrounds a Happening—Barbra Streisand—and it's all worth seeing in order to see her. (Guild.)

Help! (1965)—John, Paul, George, and Ringo. In color, and good, but not quite so wonderful. (Ziegfeld.)

Ice—About guerrilla warfare in the United States in the near future. (New Yorker; starting Oct. 15.)

In Cold Blood (1967)—How two punks murdered four decent people and paid for their atrocious crime with their lives. Adapted from the Capote original by Richard Brooks. With Scott Wilson and Robert Blake. (Orpheum; starting Oct. 21.)

I Never Sang for My Father—The Robert Anderson play, brought to the screen by Gilbert Cates, with Melvyn Douglas and Gene Hackman. (Festival; starting Oct. 18 at 8.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World (1963)—Stanley Kramer's Cinerama comedy in which everything looks awfully big but isn't awfully funny. Spencer Tracy and lots of comics (Milton Berle, Jonathan Winters, Terry-Thomas, Sid Caesar, Buddy Hackett, and so on). (Cinema Studio; starting Oct. 21.)

Joe—A hardhat type, mouthing every prejudice about the young and the blacks and the freeloaders on welfare, meets a well-heeled liberal adman, and they strike up an alliance. Good starting point, crassly developed. Peter Boyle plays the bigot; John Avildsen directed. (Murray Hill.)

Buster Keaton Festival—A rare collection of ten silent features and twenty-one silent shorts. Oct. 14: "Sherlock Jr." and three shorts. Oct. 15: "The Navigator" and two shorts. Oct. 16: "Go West" and two shorts. Oct. 17: "Seven Chances" and two shorts. Oct. 18: "Battling Butler" and two shorts. Oct. 19: "The General" and two shorts. Oct. 20: "College" and two shorts. Oct. 21: "Steamboat Bill, Jr.," and two shorts. Oct. 22: "Our Hospitality" and two shorts. (Elgin.)

King of the Grizzlies—A Disney quasi-documentary. (Cinema Studio; through Oct. 20.)

The Last Millionaire (1934)—The bankrupt mythical kingdom of Casinario (modelled on Monaco) invites the world's richest banker, who imposes a dictatorship. He gets hit on the head and lapses into childish ways, and the people go on taking his idiotic edicts as signs of genius. In 1934, the political atmosphere in Europe was so sensitive that this light satire on dictatorship (by René Clair—not quite at his best) was banned in Italy and Germany. In French. (Thalia; Oct. 16-19.)

Let It Be—The Beatles at rehearsal—older and plumper and as fine company as ever—seen together on film for what's said to be the last time. It is a bad movie but a touching one; it turns out to be about change. "Get Back to Where You Once Belonged" goes one song, sounding self-addressed. Directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg. (Ziegfeld.)

The Lickerish Quartet—With Silvana Venturelli. Directed by Radley Metzger. (R.K.O. 59th Street East Twin Cinemas.)

Little Fauss and Big Halsy—With Robert Redford and Michael J. Pollard. Directed by Sidney J. Furie. (Cinema I; starting Oct. 21.)

Lovers and Other Strangers—A comedy directed by Cy Howard, with a rackingly good cast for such tripe (Anne Jackson, Gig Young, Robert Dishy). It seems that a good five or seven sketches have been hustled into one. Congreve's wit has declined now into ethnic cracks and complaints about brand names, and the sound of sheets rustling over huffy bodies fills the air. (Tower East.)

Man and Wife (1969)—How to. (Cinema Village.)

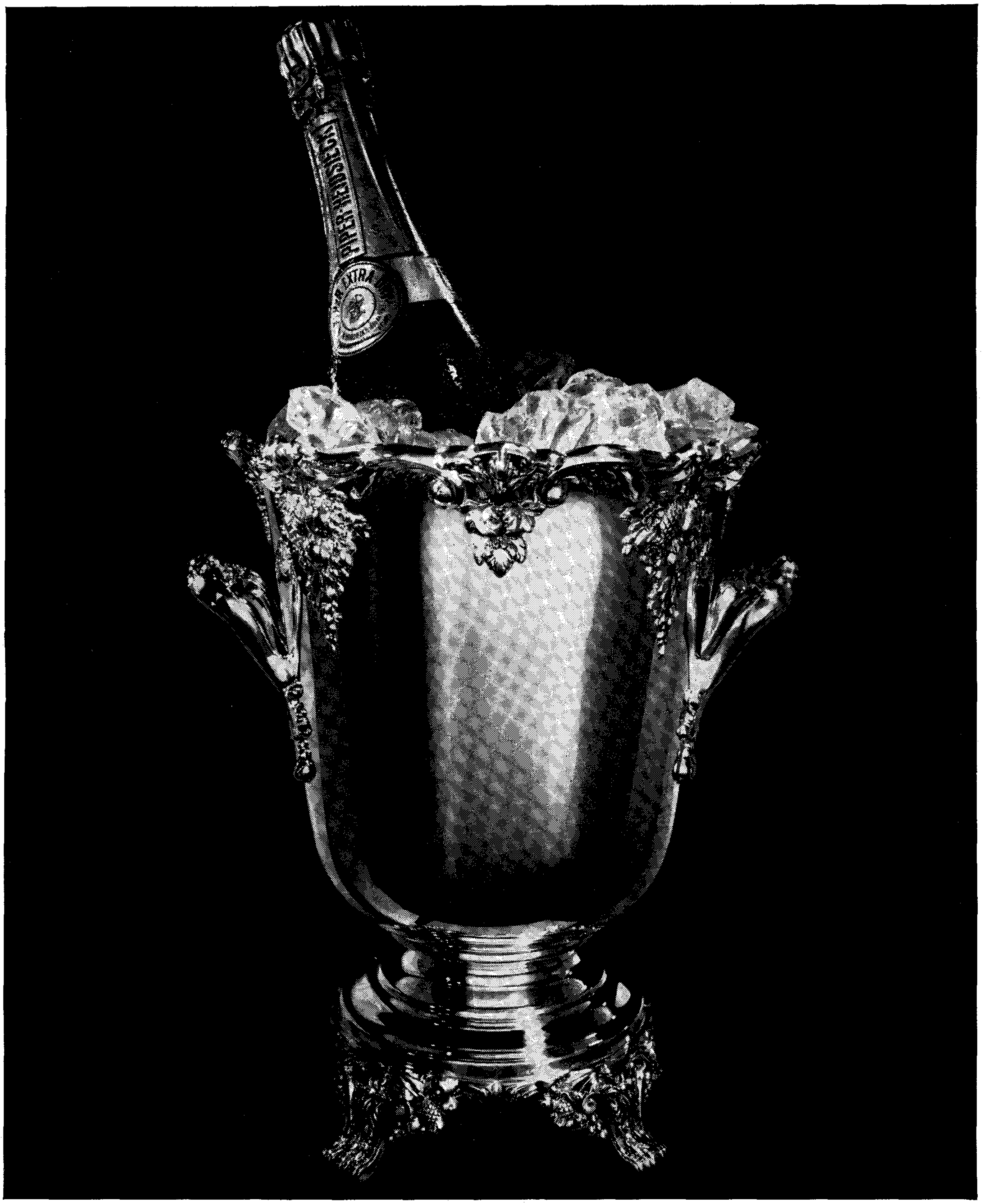
M*A*S*H—Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, and Tom Sherritt as hip Galahads—combat surgeons patching up casualties a few miles from the front during the Korean war. Robert Altman directed this loose, cheery, and scabrous comedy about how adolescent humor and games help to keep men sane in insane situations. (U. A. East. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through Oct. 18.)

Le Million (1931)—René Clair at his exquisite best; no one else has ever been able to make a comedy move with such delicate inevitability. With Annabella. In French. (Thalia; through Oct. 15.)

The Mind of Mr. Soames—With Terence Stamp and Robert Vaughn. Directed by Alan Cooke. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous.)

Mississippi Mermaid—A gently absurd thriller that really works only as a story about a certain kind of sacrosanct romantic love. Written and directed by Truffaut, with Belmondo as a rich colonialist and Catherine Deneuve as a mail-order bride. In French. (Little Carnegie; through Oct. 20.)

Monterey Pop (1969)—Donn Pennebaker's



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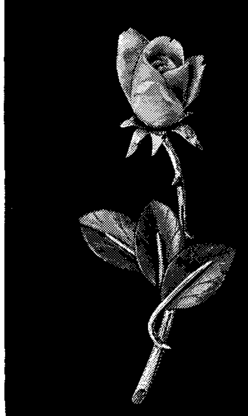

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GUMP'S
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cinéma-vérité record of the 1967 Pop festival, with Otis Redding, Simon & Garfunkel, the Who, and Ravi Shankar. (Kips Bay; through Oct. 20.)

Monte Walsh—Hard times in the Old West; Lee Marvin, Jeanne Moreau, and Jack Palance struggling through a bleak winter and a bleaker script. Directed by William A. Fraker. (Loew's Ciné.)

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever—Yves Montand at the mercy of Barbra Streisand as a girl with the ability to reproduce herself at different points in time. ESP and reincarnation take second place to the great Streisand, and to her clothes, which Vincente Minnelli attends to as closely as to her performance. (Embassy 72nd St.)

On the Town (1949)—Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, Ann Miller, Jules Munshin, Vera Ellen, Florence Bates, and Alice Pearce in the Comden and Green musical, with the Bernstein score. Not as good as all that may make it sound. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed. (New Yorker; Oct. 14.)

The Passion of Anna—Bergman's superb new film, his second in color, about four people living on an island. The human detail is highly charged and rather shattering, but the attentiveness and talent of the filmmaker is altogether reviving. Great ensemble playing by Max von Sydow, Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, Erland Josephson. In Swedish. (Little Carnegie; through Oct. 20.)

Performance—Mick Jagger and James Fox in a swinging London not recognizable to natives. The climax of this bizarre and exquisitely humorless thriller is inspired by a meal of hallucinogenic mushrooms that drives the principals into some unusual and oddly muted sorts of outrageousness, including yelled literary plagiarism and overdressing. (Trans-Lux East; through Oct. 20.)

Pieces of Dreams—Robert Forster as a dropout parish priest. Directed by Daniel Haller. (86th St. East.)

The Pizza Triangle—With Monica Vitti and Marcello Mastroianni. Directed by Carlo di Palma. In Italian. (Trans-Lux East; starting Oct. 21.)

Poor Cow (1968)—Carol White is a young barmaid who learns about life as she drifts from one thief to another. But she doesn't learn enough to keep one's attention from drifting in this ambitious but flat version of Nell Dunn's novel, directed by Kenneth Loach in a semi-documentary style. With Terence Stamp. (Charles; starting Oct. 21.)

Pound—Robert Downey's satire—plotless, as satire now has to be—about people who are represented as dogs, presumably standing for the bestial pass that we have come to. Sometimes (not always) you feel that Downey's idea of satire is to knock over a cripple in the street and crack up about it. But one grows fond of a gentle character played by Harry Rigby who asks what he's doing here since he's a penguin, meanwhile trotting off to white-tie parties. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

The Professionals (1966)—The title is accurate. This action-Western, directed by Richard Brooks, with Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin, Robert Ryan, Woody Strode, Jack Palance, and Claudia Cardinale, is as modern a product as a new car. There's no love or beauty in this kind of moviemaking, but it does a very efficient job of providing excitement. (Orpheum; starting Oct. 21.)

Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx—Winsome comedy about a hero (Gene Wilder) who resists computerized society by collecting horse manure in a cart. The film is laid in Dublin. It should be laid to rest somewhere. (Trans-Lux 85th St. . . . ¶ Greenwich and Midtown; through Oct. 20.)

Quiet Days in Clichy—Based on the Henry Miller novel. A worthy try at reproducing Miller's tone, but bungled and technically gauche. Shot in Denmark, in English, with much post-synching. (Evergreen. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Oct. 18.)

The Secret of Santa Vittoria (1969)—Anthony Quinn and Anna Magnani are Italo Bombolini and his wife, Rosa; he's a buffoon and she's a virago. If you want to know more, you deserve everything you get. Remember, Stanley Kramer directed. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Oct. 18.)

Sleeping Beauty (1959)—A full-length Walt Disney cartoon. (Cinema Studio; through Oct. 20.)

Stolen Kisses (1968)—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Waverly; starting Oct. 21.)

Sunflower—Sophia Loren, with infant son, searching in Russia for amnesiac Marcello Mastroianni. Directed by Vittorio De Sica. (Music Hall.)

The Things of Life—A French love story that turns out to be heartbroken about the wreck of a car. A man with a mistress and a wife (Michel Piccoli, Romy Schneider, Lea Massari) resolves the awful question by crashing into a truck. Directed by Claude Sautet. In French. (Fine Arts.)

This Man Must Die—A Nicholas Blake detective story, directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (68th St. Playhouse; starting Oct. 20.)

Time of Roses—Political science fiction, set in the year 2012, and, more surprisingly, made by a Finn, Risto Jarva. In Finnish. (72nd St. Playhouse; starting Oct. 19.)

Tora! Tora! Tora!—An account of the attack on Pearl Harbor. Pedantic, soporific. (Criterion. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Trash—Absurdist porno-comedy about an impotent junkie (Joe Dallesandro) who drags himself around while various women try to arouse him. His sort-of-wife is played by a goofy female impersonator, Holly Woodlawn, who acts up a storm, but most of the time the picture is as enervated and limp as its hero. Directed by Paul Morrissey. (Cinema II.)

Tristana—A masterpiece by Luis Buñuel about a grandee Spaniard (a wonderful study of an oddly unlenient sort of sensualist) who is the guardian of a ward, played by Catherine Deneuve. Her chill beauty is used by Buñuel to add to the mood of the story, which is like the damp air of a crypt. The film is rich in physical detail and in Buñuel's special sort of Surrealism, bold and witty; it also uses that power to blaspheme which only he seems to possess in world cinema, anti-clericalist though he is. In Spanish. (Lincoln Art.)

Under the Roofs of Paris (1930)—René Clair's lovely early musical. In French. (Thalia; through Oct. 15.)

The Virgin and the Gypsy—Sunday matins, the Sunday joint. Ah, England. One of the aunts at the meal has nothing but a single boiled potato. Christopher Miles' film of a short D. H. Lawrence novel transmits the true feeling of a Midland rectory family, a tribe practicing proscription and sarcasm. The virgin daughter is Joanna Shimkus, the gypsy Franco Nero. The picture is a bit busy but very intelligent, with Lawrence's strength and a passing silent humor of its own. (68th St. Playhouse; through Oct. 19. . . . ¶ Art; starting Oct. 21.)

Without a Stitch (1970)—A porno Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. Directed by Annelise Meineche. In Danish. (Cinema Village.)

Women in Love—D. H. Lawrence said this novel was his best, and he was probably right. You won't get a clear idea of what it's about from the movie, because Ken Russell attempts to make an extravagant, sensuous experience out of it and doesn't bother much about the characters or themes. Read the book first; then go to the film for the virtuoso tableaux and for Glenda Jackson's bold, tense performance. (Ciné Malibu. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse and Symphony; through Oct. 20. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Oct. 21.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Brightly colored and ingenious Pop Art animation, so blatantly derivative that it's an entertaining catalogue of twentieth-century graphic design. With ten songs by the Beatles. (Ziegfeld.)

Z—A political thriller with a purpose. "Z" demonstrates how Fascist corruption may be hidden under the mask of law and order. Directed for speed and suspense by the gifted young Greek expatriate Costa-Gavras. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas. In French. (Charles; starting Oct. 21.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—School as seen through the eyes of children. Jean Vigo's forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy about a schoolchildren's revolt is one of the most famous and most influential films ever made, both in theme (as in "The 400 Blows" and "If . . .") and in its leaping continuity (as in "Breathless"). In French. (Thalia; Oct. 20-22.)

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A safe car shouldn't just protect you in case of an accident. It should help you prevent that accident in the first place.

That's why Peugeot doesn't just add on protective features required by law. Peugeot helps keep you safe with preventive features that are built in:

Balanced weight distribution

Front-heavy cars are tough to steer at low speeds. Rear-heavy cars are no better. On sharp curves, the tail end tends to swing out. You can lose control. Peugeots are designed with an ideal weight distribution—neither front-heavy nor rear-heavy. So, there's no need to oversteer, understeer or overreact.

Long wheelbase and low center of gravity

The longer the wheelbase, the smoother the ride and the less sway in gusty side winds. The wheelbase on both the Peugeot 504 and 304 is longer than on most cars in their class. What's more, they have low centers of gravity and anti-sway bars—front and rear—which keep the wheels on the ground even in sharp turns.

Rack and pinion steering and Michelin radial tires

Steering doesn't have to be powered to be light and easy. Rack and pinion steering (used on racing cars) lets you keep the feel of the road. Turning is precise. Never a struggle. Add Michelin radial tires and you've got a real grip on wet pavements.

Four-wheel independent suspension

Most cars with independent suspension only have it on the front wheels. Both the 504 and 304 have it on front and rear wheels. For comfort, yes. More important, for control. One pothole shouldn't throw off an entire car.

Passing power

Sometimes the best way to avoid a trouble spot is to pass it. Yet, with many imports, at 60 mph the accelerator is already floored. Not with Peugeot. The 504, with its powerful new engine tops 100 mph. And the 304's over-head cam engine can take you up to 94 mph. Plenty of power left over sixty.

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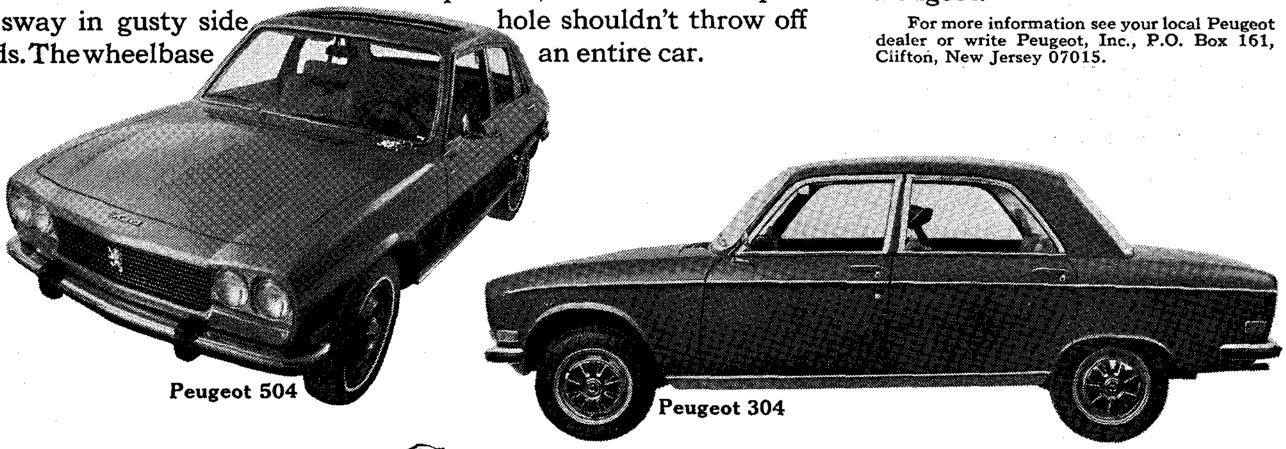
On the front-wheel-drive 304, disc brakes are up front, where they do the most good. The 504 has disc brakes on all four wheels.

Exceptional visibility, childproof door locks—these and a lot more are standard Peugeot safety features.

Face it, if you want to improve your living conditions on the road, start driving a Peugeot.

For more information see your local Peugeot dealer or write Peugeot, Inc., P.O. Box 161, Clifton, New Jersey 07015.

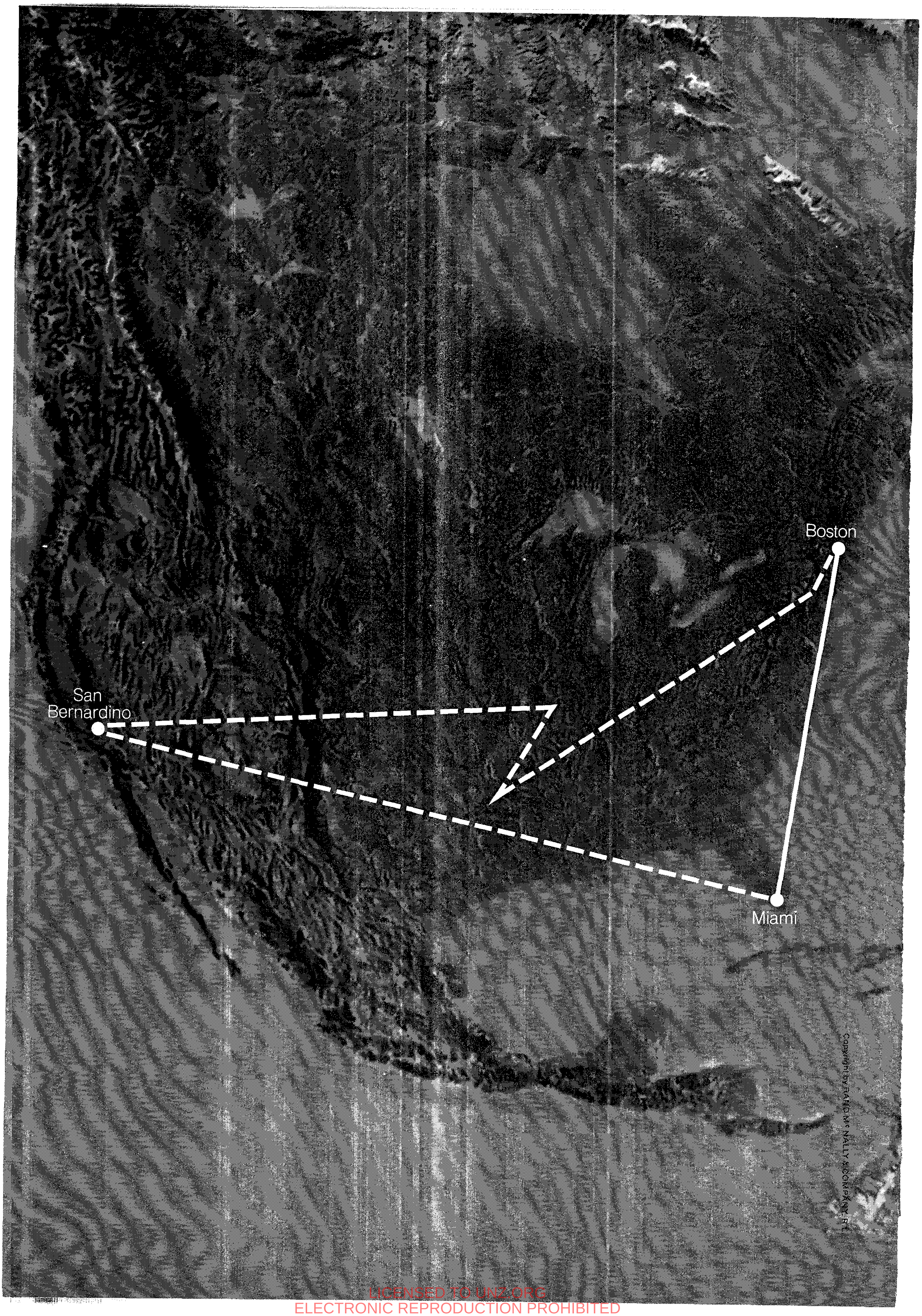


Peugeot 504

Peugeot 304

Peugeot Keeps the road from getting to you.

PEUGEOT SALES & SERVICE NATIONWIDE


Boston
San Bernardino
Miami
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At 100,000 miles per second, the shortest distance between two phones may be a zigzag.

At the speed telephone signals travel, a detour isn't a delay.

Say you're calling from Boston to Miami. It's quite possible that you'll be routed through San Bernardino, California.

But you'll arrive in Miami just as fast. Or only a fraction of a second later.

Your call goes the long way for just one reason: so you won't get caught in a traffic jam the short way. (When it's an extra-busy 10 a.m. Christmas morning in Boston, it's only 7 a.m. in California.)

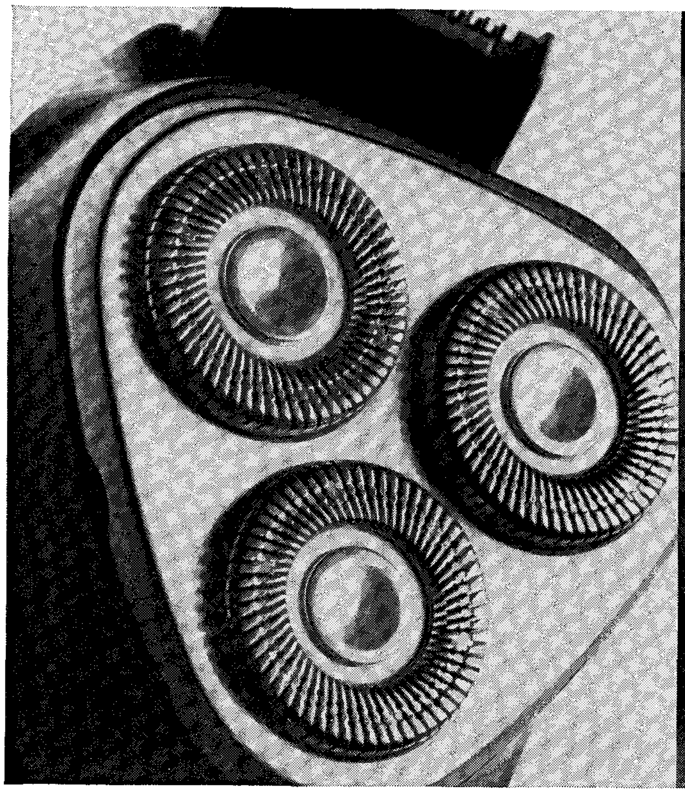
To know when to send you where, network traffic managers aided by computers are watch-dogging millions of calls each day.

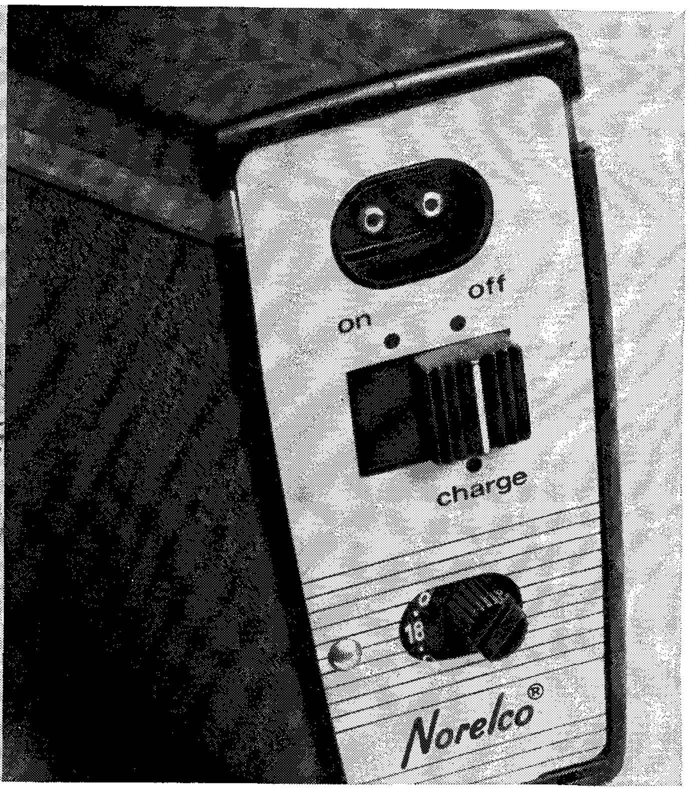
Each of 12 regional centers in North America has its own traffic team that studies a board lit up with calls flashing to their destination.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company and your local Bell Company aren't satisfied just perfecting this overland route.

Now we're working out wider uses for the communications satellites overhead.

So the shortest distance between two phones may take you through outer space.





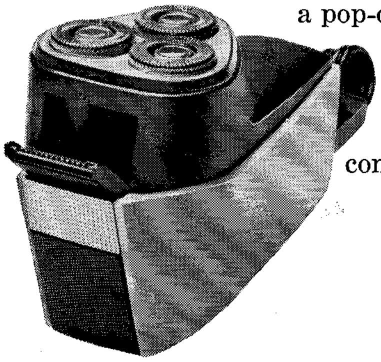
This is what we have against blades.

A shaver that shaves as close or closer than the new platinum and chromium blades.

99 men tested our Norelco Tripleheader 35T against these new blades. Each shaved one side of his face with a blade and the other with the Tripleheader. Our three floating heads followed the curves of their faces. And our eighteen rotary blades shaved in every direction at once (that's the way beards grow).

Blades can't do all this. They're straight. And that's why *seven out of ten men said the Tripleheader shaved them as close or closer than the new blades.*

What's more, the Tripleheader has a pop-out trimmer. So you can get your sideburns straight and even for a change. Now what blade can compete with that?



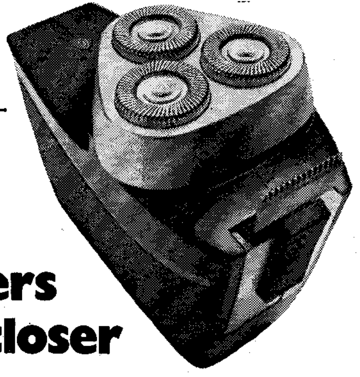
This is what we have against other rechargeables.

A rechargeable that gives up to *twice as many shaves per charge* as any other rechargeable.

Our Rechargeable Tripleheader 45CT has all the features of our regular Tripleheader. It has three Microgroove™ floating heads. And eighteen rotary blades that continuously sharpen themselves to cut down on bothersome blade replacement. And a hidden pop-up trimmer for neat sideburns and mustaches.

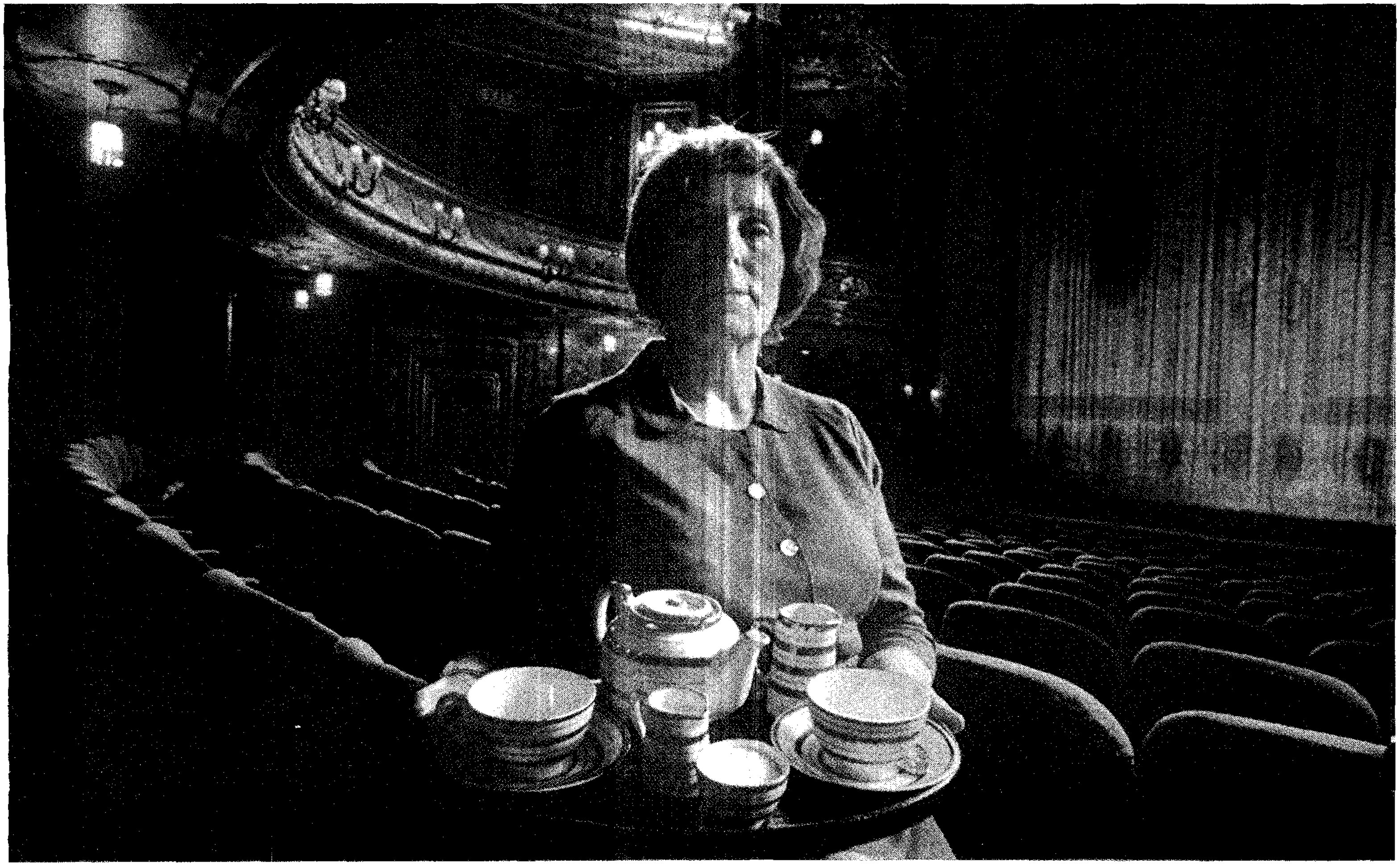
It also has some special features all its own. A Shave Counter that automatically counts your shaves and tells you when to recharge. A Charge Indicator that lights up when it's recharging. And, of course, the Rechargeable can shave with or without a cord.

Now what rechargeable can compete with that?



The Norelco Tripleheaders You can't get any closer

Norelco® © 1970 **North American Philips Corporation,** 100 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017. Norelco consumer products include: Men's and Women's Electric Shavers, Rembrandt Square Lotions, Instant Hairsetters, Sun & Heat Lamps, Hair Dryers, Massager, Portable Room Heaters, Cordless Clothes Brush, Coffee Mill/Coffee Maker Set, Hearing Aids, Tape Recorders, Cassettes, Hi-Fidelity Components, Electronic Educational Kits.



the tea lady in a London theatre for tea and biscuits.

She'll serve them to you right at your seat for 35¢. An Imperial pint of beer (absolutely huge) costs about a nickel more. Tickets? $6.00 down to an incredible 72¢.

Laugh as elegantly costumed actors romp through Shakespeare's most bawdy lines.

In most theatres on the Continent you can't understand the language. Much less the jokes.

Mention to the people next to you that your tickets plus two weeks in London—air fare, car, hotel, breakfasts—cost only $285.

The English used to have a reputation for being stuffy. But that was before the Beatles and mini-skirts.

Decide to finish the evening feasting on curry.

English food might surprise you. Because it's apt to be Indian, French, Greek, Russian or Italian. As well as hearty roast beef and Yorkshire pudding.

Find out why Europeans think London is at its best when the summer tourists go home.

One reason: the prices. Hire a car for $36 a week. But the English still do things in the grand manner, too. Hire a Rolls-Royce complete with chauffeur who well might look like a Duke. $45 for the night.

Understand everybody. Because everybody understands you.

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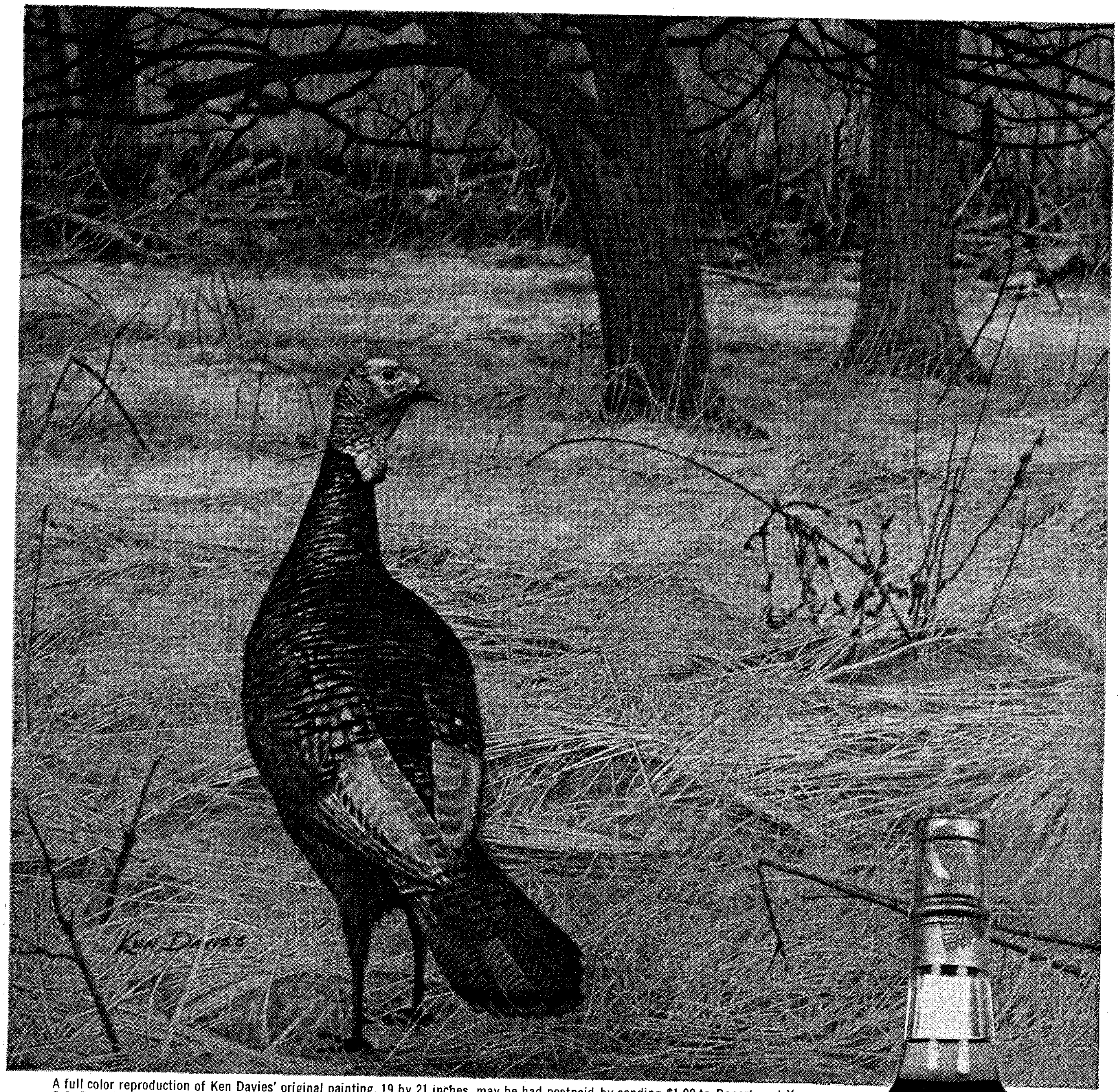


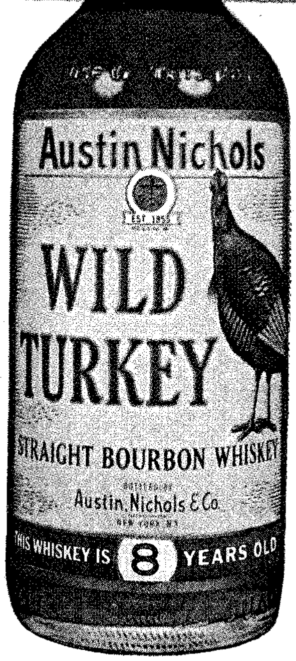
A full color reproduction of Ken Davies' original painting, 19 by 21 inches, may be had postpaid by sending $1.00 to Department Y, P.O. Box 432, Maspeth, New York 11378.

The Responsibility of Being the Best—

There is always *one* best—a tribute to its producers, a recurrent delight to those privileged to enjoy it.

Rightly proud of their position, the proprietors of such a brand must also be deeply aware of the responsibility.

Every unit of their classic product must be the essence of perfection in all, and every, detail. It must stand comparison to the utmost if necessary, and yet by itself should be so completely satisfying that the suggestion of making any comparison is never broached.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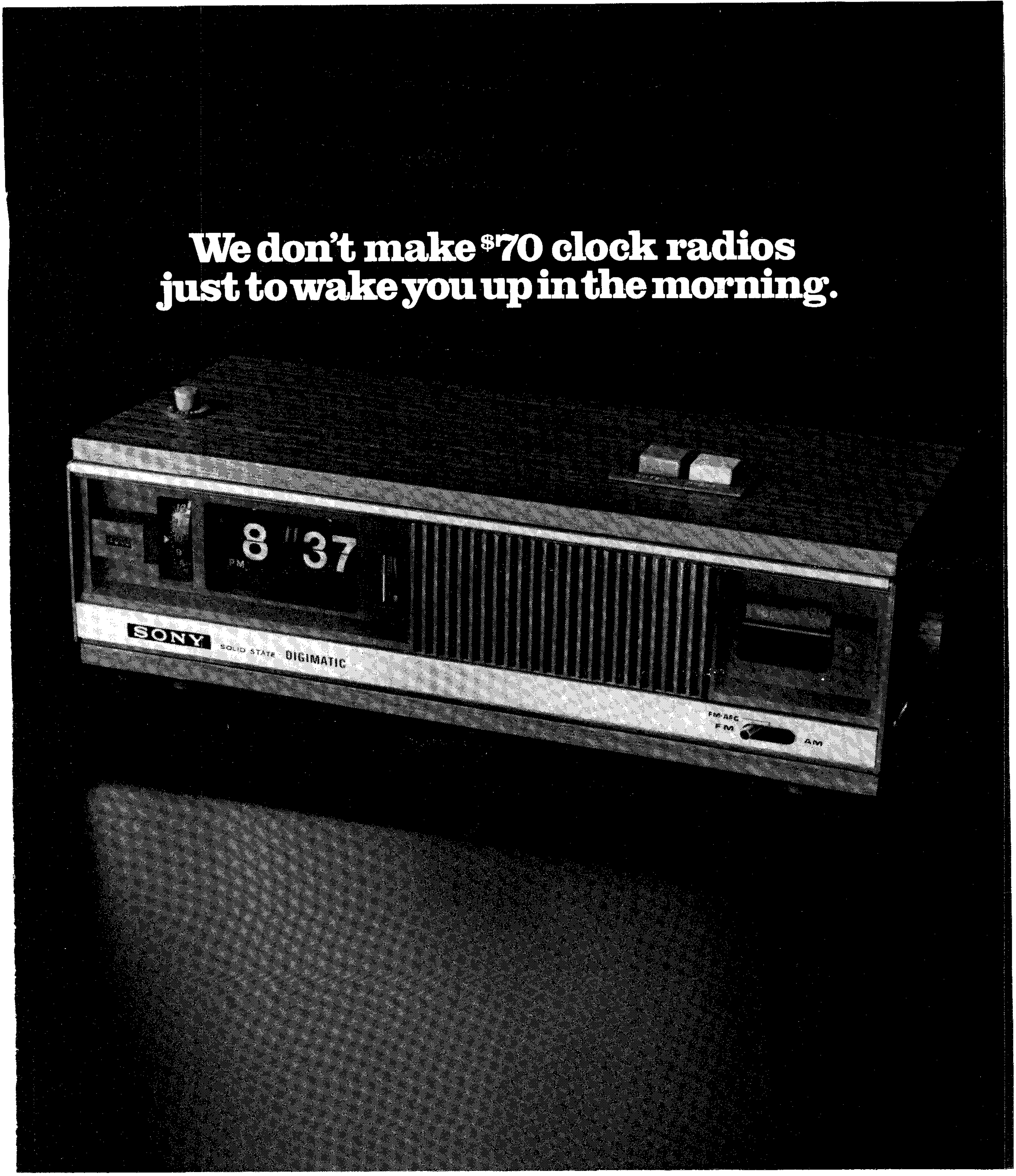

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For your bleary eyes, the time in big, clear numbers. (Who's 20/20 at 6:40?)

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The clock makes sense. But the radio makes beautiful music. So it won't have to stay in the bedroom. Your ears don't.

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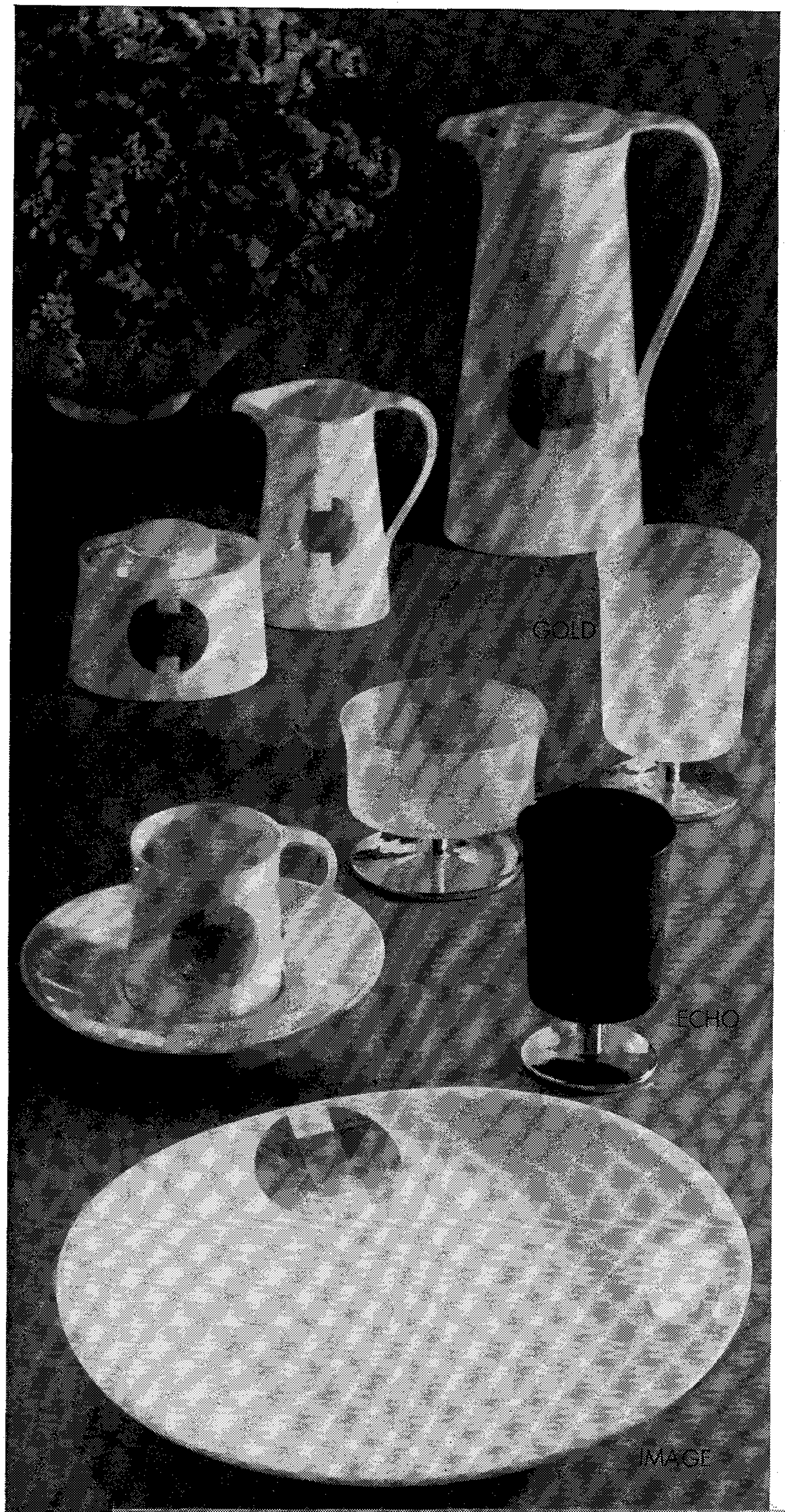

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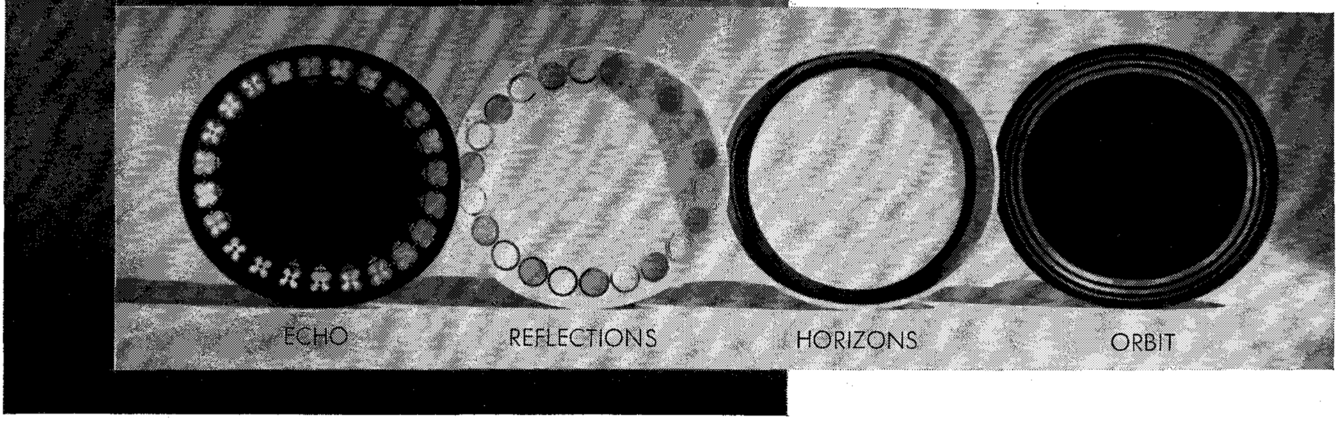
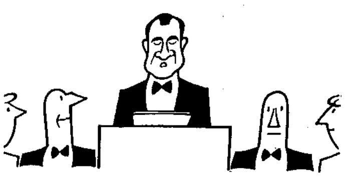


THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE received a letter recently from a friend of ours who has an unshakable faith in the integrity of public officials and business leaders. "Why does everybody assume that everything can be explained by corruption and influence-peddling when a simpler explanation is always at hand?" he wrote—indignant, as always. "The latest example is the story in the *Times* about the prosperity of the Wall Street law firm that used to count the President and the Attorney General among its partners. According to the *Times*, the firm has found itself in clover since Mr. Nixon and Mr. Mitchell took over in Washington, and the implication is that respectable American businessmen have been retaining its lawyers in the belief that they might have some special influence with the Administration. But let's, as our political leaders say at this time of year, look at the record. While Mr. Nixon was employed by the firm, he was paid some four hundred thousand dollars a year, and, from what one gathers from all those accounts of his amazing political comeback, he spent most of his time talking at Republican fund-raising dinners. The activities of Mr. Mitchell didn't make the papers in those days, so it's difficult to judge his precise contribution to the firm. But his performance as chief legal counsel to the government is certainly well documented, so all that the *Times* reporter had to do was to extrapolate backward. When a Supreme Court vacancy had to be filled and Mr. Mitchell was asked to recommend someone with acceptable credentials, he put his guarantee first on Clement Haynsworth and then on G. Harrold Carswell. Mr. Mitchell stood silently by the President when that four-hundred-thousand-dollar-a-year attorney pronounced a man guilty who was being tried for murder under a system that supposedly considers someone innocent until he is proved otherwise. The newspapers have reported all this in detail. Shouldn't it be obvious to the same newspapers that the departure of Mr. Nixon and Mr. Mitchell might have set off a wave of prosperity in a Wall Street law firm even if those two gentlemen had left for nothing more influential than two adjoining retirement houses in Sun City, Arizona? Before the *Times* starts implying wrongdoing among our government officials and business leaders, it should send a man to see how the Loch Raven, Maryland, P.-T.A. has fared since Mr. Agnew left its presidency to become county executive of Baltimore County."



NOW that the passengers hijacked by Arab guerrillas have been released unharmed, our attention has returned to a tantalizing sentence in one *Times* account of the guerrillas' destruction of the Pan American 747 jet in Cairo. "The jet, which is owned by the First National City Bank and another bank, not identified, is leased to Pan Am with the Bankers Trust Company as trustee," the *Times* said. Naïve enough to have believed that a Pan American jet would be owned by Pan American, we were amazed to have the *Times* inform us—in one sentence, as if reporting a routine business arrangement familiar to all—that the plane was owned by a jumble of banks, one of them anonymous. (Could it be, we wondered, that in the world of high finance there are not only numbered bank accounts but numbered banks?) We were curious enough to approach a financially astute friend of ours, a man we'll call Martin G. Cashflow, and ask him to explain who owns what.

"No big corporation owns what it appears to own," Cashflow said. "It wouldn't make sense taxwise."

"But why would a group of banks own a 747?" we asked.

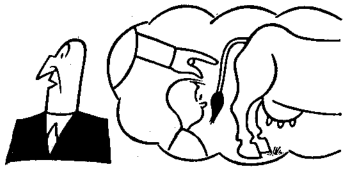
"The banks don't actually own the 747," Cashflow said. "No bank owns what it appears to own."

We were more puzzled than ever. "You mean even the banks that aren't anonymous are not really the banks that own the 747?" we asked.

"That's not the point," Cashflow replied. "The banks probably represent a bunch of trust-account customers who have grouped together to buy a 747."

"But why would a bunch of trust-account customers want a 747?" we asked. "Would they all be going to the same place at the same time? Three hundred and sixty-two of them?"

"They don't want a 747," Cashflow said, in the manner of someone explaining the milk-producing property of cows to a well-behaved but slow-witted child. "They want the depreciation."



"Depreciation?"

"Depreciation," Cashflow said. "For tax purposes, depreciation cancels out income, and airplanes happen to have a very good depreciation picture. In five or six years, they can be totally depreciated, and then they can be sold."

"But who would want to buy a totally depreciated airplane?" we protested. "If it's totally depreciated, it doesn't exist."

"Of course it exists," Cashflow said, trying to keep a condescending smile from surfacing. "It's only for tax purposes that it's totally depreciated. It would still fly, and show movies, and all that. Also, it would be very valuable for the next owner, because he could totally depreciate it all over again."

We considered the hijacking for a while in the light of the new information provided by Cashflow. "Aha!" we said, at last. "Then the Arab guerrillas made a mistake. They're supposed to be against the American government. But by blowing up the 747 they destroyed twenty-four million dollars' worth of depreciation, and that means that the trust-account customers will now have to pay the American government taxes on the income from twenty-four million dollars that was going to be cancelled out by the depreciation, and the government can use the money to put armed guards on 747s and send Phantom jets to Israel and replace burned-out U.S.I.A. libraries."

"Don't be silly," Cashflow said. "The plane was fully insured, and nine and a half million dollars of the insurance was carried by the government, which will now have nine and a half million dollars less to spend on guards and jets and libraries. For people without professional tax advice, those guerrillas aren't so stupid."

"Except that they have one big problem left," we said. "They're Marxist revolutionaries, and what's the use of being Marxist revolutionaries if no one owns what he appears to own? If they took everything away from the big corporations and the banks, they still wouldn't have anything."

"Are you kidding?" Cashflow said. "They'd have some fantastically valuable depreciation."

•

OVERHEARD at a Bloomingdale's accessory counter, one young blonde to another: "I'd like to be a hippie, all right, but it costs too much."

Ship Society

WE spent a pleasant Saturday afternoon a while ago with a cheerful, inquisitive, and opinionated group of people who are members of the World Ship Society and devote much of their free time to exploring New York Harbor, its ships, and its history. We caught up with them at the Home Lines pier, on the West Side, where they were preparing, amid a great deal of nautical talk, to board the Oceanic, the Home Lines' thirty-nine-thousand-ton flagship and the largest passenger ship ever built for year-round cruising. The Society's chairman, a lanky, boyish-looking maritime lawyer named John S. Rogers, stepped forward to greet us and to introduce us to his party—a dozen people, including three women and a boy in his teens named Vincent Messina, who is the Society's youngest member. "I live in the Village, near the river," Vincent said. "Ever since I was small, my parents have taken me to visit ships. My mother took me on the Andrea Doria the year she sank—1956. I don't remember it. The first ship I remember was the Nassau, now scrapped. I remember the funnel. I collect deck plans, photographs, brochures, and certain menus—those of ships going out of service. I intend to be a purser—"

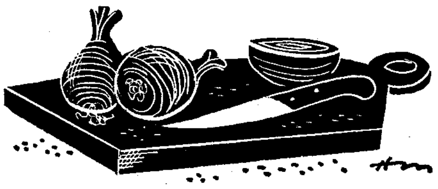
Vincent's intentions were interrupted by a man with a dashing smile and a strong jaw, who said, "I'm Jim Demetrion, from Home Lines. Follow me."

We joined the band of followers, who were carrying cameras and deck plans of the Oceanic. On the way up the gangplank, we learned from Mr. Rogers that the Society is English in origin, and that the New York branch has several hundred members and welcomes anyone interested in any aspect of the sea or the Port of New York. As we stepped into the forward foyer of the Riviera Deck of the Oceanic and stopped to look at a bronze sculpture, Mr. Demetrion said, "There is more than a quarter of a million dollars' worth of art on this ship. This particular sculpture is Neptune and his wife. As you can see, his wife is nursing a fish on one side and a human baby on the other, symbolizing the sea and the creatures of earth."

"Excuse me," Vincent said, in a low voice. "He's made a mistake. That's Oceanus and his wife."

"She's sailing at four o'clock for Nassau," said an elderly man next to us, who went on to tell us that his name was Captain George Seeth and that he was a retired harbor pilot. "Midnight sailings used to be the thing," he said. "White-tie affairs. No more."

Our group was now wandering through lounges, recreation rooms, bars, and cabins, and we noticed that the interiors seemed to be given over entirely to steel, aluminum, and synthetics. "Formica, Marinite, and vinyl, and fireproof fabrics in all curtains and upholstery," Mr. Demetrion said. "This ship is as safe as she can be."



Several people grumbled, and someone said, "But it doesn't look like a ship."

Mr. Demetrion ignored the remark and went on to itemize the virtues of a cabin equipped not only with television but with a bar, a refrigerator, a private deck, and a two-channel stereo tape recorder that has fourteen hours of music, popular or classical, on each channel. "The only flammable thing in this room is the rug, and that's treated with a special chemical for fire retardation," he said. We all inspected the cabin carefully, even crowding en masse into its small bathroom, and then followed Mr. Demetrion as he headed for the bridge, explaining on the way that the Oceanic was built in Monfalcone, Italy, at the Cantieri Riuniti dell'Adriatico shipyard; had an Italian crew of six hundred and twenty-five; and had the most modern navigational devices available. On the bridge, Senior Staff Captain Glauco Stabon stood with his hands clasped behind his back and bowed slightly to our party. A solid, heavyset man with an authoritative bearing and an expression that seemed caught between a scowl and a smile, he did not appear overjoyed by the presence of a dozen curious strangers on his shiny bridge. Suddenly, Vincent dashed past him to the open deck, yelling, "There goes the Homeric!" Everyone followed, and at that moment a loud blast came from the Oceanic's whistle. The Captain grimaced. "We are saluting the Homeric!" he shouted above the noise, holding up three fingers and blinking with each blast. "She will answer with three, and then we will give a short one, and the salute will be over." The Oceanic's final blast, however, was very long, rather than short, whereupon the Captain roared "*Basta!*" Two junior officers who had been standing on deck watching the Homeric jumped to attention. The Captain spoke rapidly in Italian, and they scurried off, presumably to admonish the whistle blower.

Our party scurried off, too—to the chapel, where someone asked how many marriages had been performed there. "None," Mr. Demetrion replied. "We don't marry at sea. People who are married at sea are liable to get back to New York and discover they don't like each other."

Mr. Rogers nodded judiciously, and said, "Under New York law, a ship's captain has no special authority to marry people. At best, a wedding on a ship results in a common-law marriage, which is not recognized in this state or in many others."

That being that, the tour proceeded

to the engine room, and we fell into step with a man who identified himself as John I. Griffin, a professor of statistics at City University. "New York is the largest port in the world in volume of foreign tonnage," he said. "Rotterdam has more vessels but not as much tonnage. Do you know that approximately twenty per cent of all jobs in New York are directly or indirectly related to the port? Unfortunately, most New Yorkers aren't even aware of their great harbor, and one reason is that they can't get *to* it. We need an observation area where the public can go and watch ships, the way you can watch planes at LaGuardia or Kennedy."

The engine room, we discovered, was astonishingly clean, and was painted white except for its two turbines, which were painted silver.

"There's no smell here," Mr. Rogers said. "It's the first engine room I've been in that didn't smell."

His wife, Elizabeth, who had been examining an elaborate panel of dials and steam gauges, said happily, "John should feel quite at home here. He worked as a greaser once on a Norwegian ship. A greaser is about as low as you can get."

On the final leg of the tour, we took a look at the dining room. "It seats six hundred and fifty people, two sittings for each meal," Mr. Demetrion announced. "We carry eleven hundred cruise passengers, treated as one class. We have no class distinctions, no social distinctions whatsoever."

This elicited some comments on times past. "Things have sort of changed since the old Leviathan," said Frank Cronican, the president of the Shipcraft Guild, which is an international organization of ship-model makers and marine artists.

"Yes," Captain Seeth said. "The Levi and I were very good friends. I was her pilot many times."

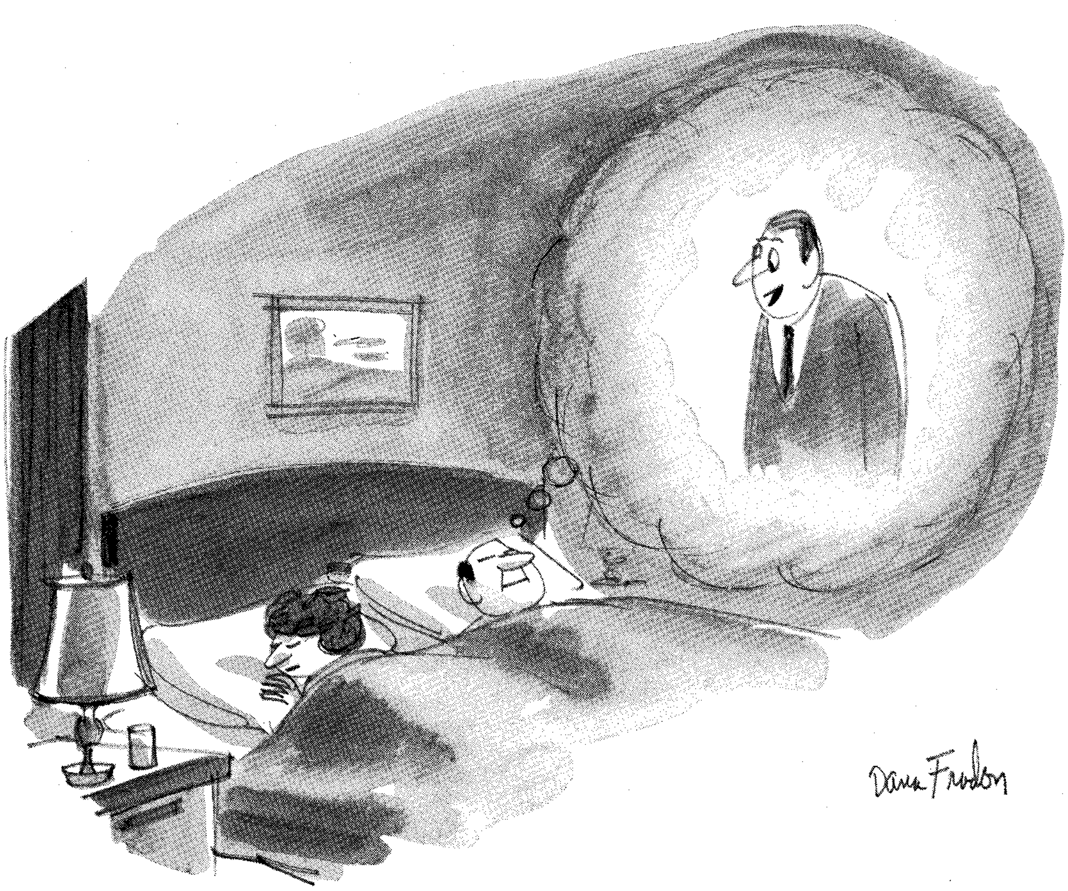
At this point, we entered a lounge at the stern of the Oceanic, and suddenly Vincent dashed off, shouting, "There goes the da Vinci!"

Everyone rushed to see the da Vinci.

"She's listing to port," Mr. Rogers said.

"It's the wind," Vincent replied.

"Extremely heavy passengers," Mr. Cronican said.



"The following dream is a paid political dream brought to you by Citizens for Ottinger."

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"I'm reminded of a story," said a man with an Australian accent, who until then had said nothing except to tell us that he was C. Frank Andrews, vice-chairman of the Society. "A crusty old British admiral went through a curious ritual every day aboard ship. He would unlock his strongroom with a special key, open a safe with a combination known only to himself, take out a brassbound box, to which he alone had the key, and remove a magnificently bound book, which had a small brass lock on it. Opening the lock, he would read and meditate. Then he would put the book in the brassbound box and put the box in the safe in the strongroom, carefully relocking at each step. After many years passed and he became very old, he died. He was given a solemn burial at sea. Then, finally, the book was opened by a deputy of the Queen. The book contained two sentences: 'Port is left. Starboard is right.' "

Rebels

A TEACHER we know at an Eastern women's college spent her summer working at Somerville, one of the women's colleges of Oxford. She reports that at a faculty tea early in her stay there the subject of campus unrest in the United States came up. Our friend asked if there were any signs of the problem at Oxford. After some polite hesitation, a senior fellow answered that she had indeed noticed a bit of unrest lately. "I find many of our students cutting across the grass instead of using the paths," she explained.

Truffaut

EARLY in 1960, when we first had a talk with François Truffaut, whose latest movie, "The Wild Child," has been a great critical success, he was twenty-eight and was making his first visit to America—to accept an award for the first movie he directed, "The 400 Blows." At that time, we found him earnest, good-humored, slight of build, and boyish-looking, and he told us that he had seen three thousand movies. We saw him again when he was thirty-two and had come here for the opening of his fourth feature film, "The Soft Skin." He looked exactly the same. He had by then directed "Shoot the Piano Player," "Jules and Jim," and his part of the trilogy "Love at Twenty," and he had seen seven hundred more movies. The other day, we saw him for the third time, in his midtown hotel suite. (He still speaks very little English, and, as before, his

American friend and colleague Mrs. Helen Scott, who has done the English subtitles for some of his movies, and who is co-author with him of a book about Alfred Hitchcock, modestly provided a marvellous interpretation.) At thirty-eight, he still looked just about the same, except for a bit more fullness in his face. He had seen eight hundred and fifty movies since our second talk, and he had made six—"Fahrenheit 451," "The Bride Wore Black," "Stolen Kisses," "Mississippi Mermaid," and "Bed and Board," in addition to "The Wild Child."

"How about the past ten years?" we asked him. "Have they gone the way you wanted them to?"

He took a good half minute to reflect before he answered. "I think they have," he said, finally. "Except, sadly, for the death of several people. Actors. Françoise Dorléac, the star of 'The Soft Skin,' and Nicole Berger, who played the pianist's wife in 'Shoot the Piano Player,' and Albert Rémy, who played the father in 'The 400 Blows.' Also, Guy Decomble, who played the teacher in 'The 400 Blows,' and Catherine Lutz, who played the lady detective in 'Stolen Kisses.' And there were writers. William Irish, who wrote 'The Bride Wore Black,' and David Goodis, the author of 'Shoot the Piano Player.' Several of them died in bad car accidents. And there were filmmakers whom I didn't know but loved a great deal. Jacques Becker. Jean Cocteau. This is what strikes me most about these years."

"Aren't movie directors supposed to become hardened to human suffering?" we asked. "Aren't they supposed to become toughened by their business?"

"It is a hard, cruel métier, but it's really not a question of becoming hardened to human suffering," Truffaut said. "It's just that people of my age seem to have less connection with death, less connection with older people. So we seem to react strongly. For example, I started to correspond with Henri Pierre Roché, the author of the book 'Jules and Jim,' on which I based my film, when he was seventy-three. Then I became a filmmaker, but I kept delaying making the film. Roché kept sending me letters telling me it was a very urgent matter to make this film. I sent him a picture of Jeanne Moreau and wrote to him that I thought she should be the girl in the film. He answered, 'Bring her to me quickly.' But he died before he could meet her. And I am angry with myself that I didn't make the film during his lifetime. One often feels guilty toward the dead, if only because they perhaps sent a letter to which you didn't reply."

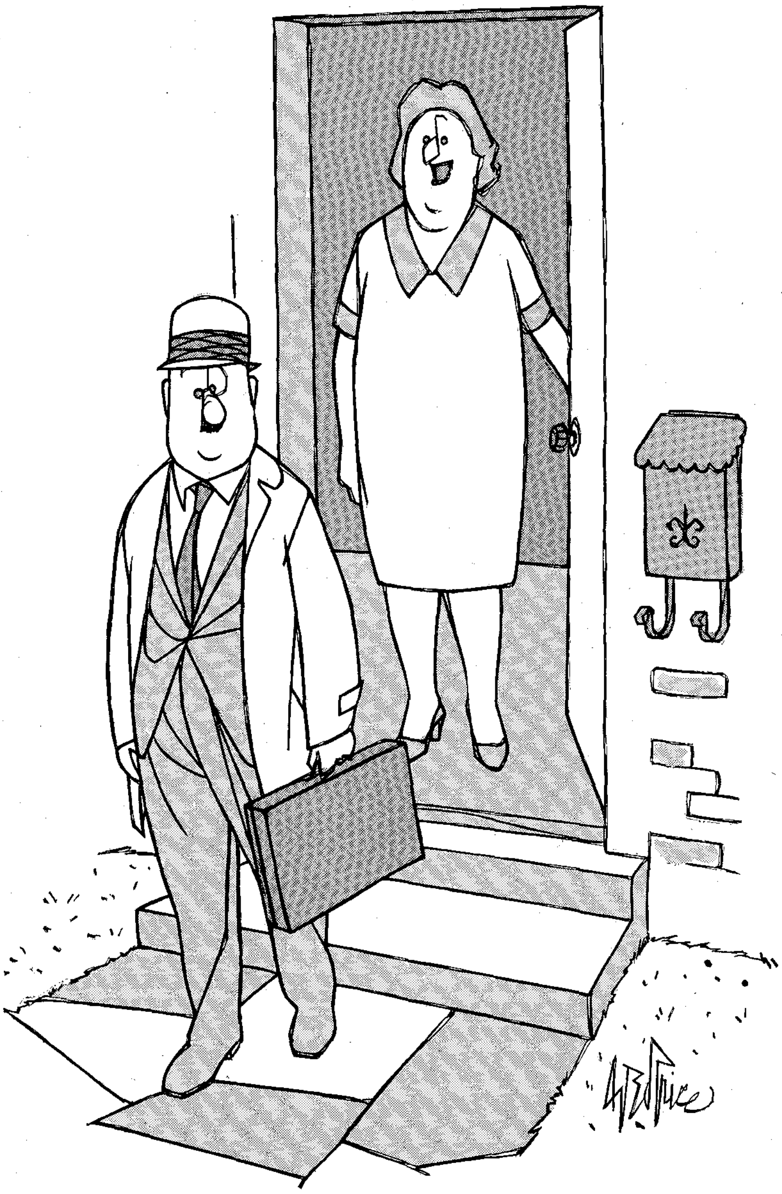
Truffaut looked a little sad. Then he smiled. "There's a scene I would like to have in a film. About an elderly and prominent man. A young man comes to see him, to get something from him, to learn how to achieve prominence and success. The old man has facing him this young man—virile, healthy, ambitious. All the old man tells him is 'Play golf. Sleep eight hours a night. Do not smoke. Do not eat too much. Be sure not to put on weight.' " Truffaut laughed out loud. "I have always wanted to do this scene in a picture," he said. "I will *have* to do a picture that will let me have this scene."

"Are you taking care of yourself these days?" we asked as he reached for a package of Celtique cigarettes, took one, lit it, and inhaled deeply.

He shrugged. "I never eat much," he said. "I like to eat while I am doing something else, like watching television. I like eating in America. Eating is less solemn here."

"Do you notice anything different about things here since your last visit?" we asked.

"The traffic seems to be worse," he said. "You hear more police sirens. I may not have enough contact with life here, but I have an impression of quiet here, compared to Paris. On the surface, social relationships here seem to be less tense. The events of May, 1968, in France made relationships between people in France much tougher. De Gaulle had truly depoliticized France. When he was in power, you met people and you didn't bother to find out what their views were. In May, 1968, therefore, we found ourselves in a situation we were not ready for. Now people who are having trouble with money or with themselves have become very aggressive. The élite are ashamed of being favored, so they go to a great deal of trouble to justify themselves. Each Frenchman reacts in a defensive way, as if he himself had been accused. If you go into a



"Farewell, brave lover! Come back either with your shield or upon it."

store in France, the salesgirl gives you the impression that her life is a failure. Here, in the building occupied by United Artists, I see the elevator man calling to a boss to hurry. That would be unthinkable in France. England has those class differences but without the hostility. In France today, the small tradesmen, who used to be the kings, are bitter and angry. When I was a child in France—between the ages of eight and twelve, during the Occupation—I would be sent, like other children, with food tickets, to the grocer. The grocer was the king. With the grocer, I was always humble and sneaky. To this day, when I go to a grocer, I am always surprised if I am greeted by a smiling face. Now supermarkets are opening all over France, and the small tradesmen are angry. The same is true of the farmers. They remember how, during the war, Parisians came on their bicycles with bags on their backs and left with fifteen kilos of potatoes. We used to say of the farmers that they got so rich during the Occupation they needed *lessiveuses*—laundry tubs—to store their money in. The farmers, the small tradesmen, the salesgirls—they are full of hatred in France today."

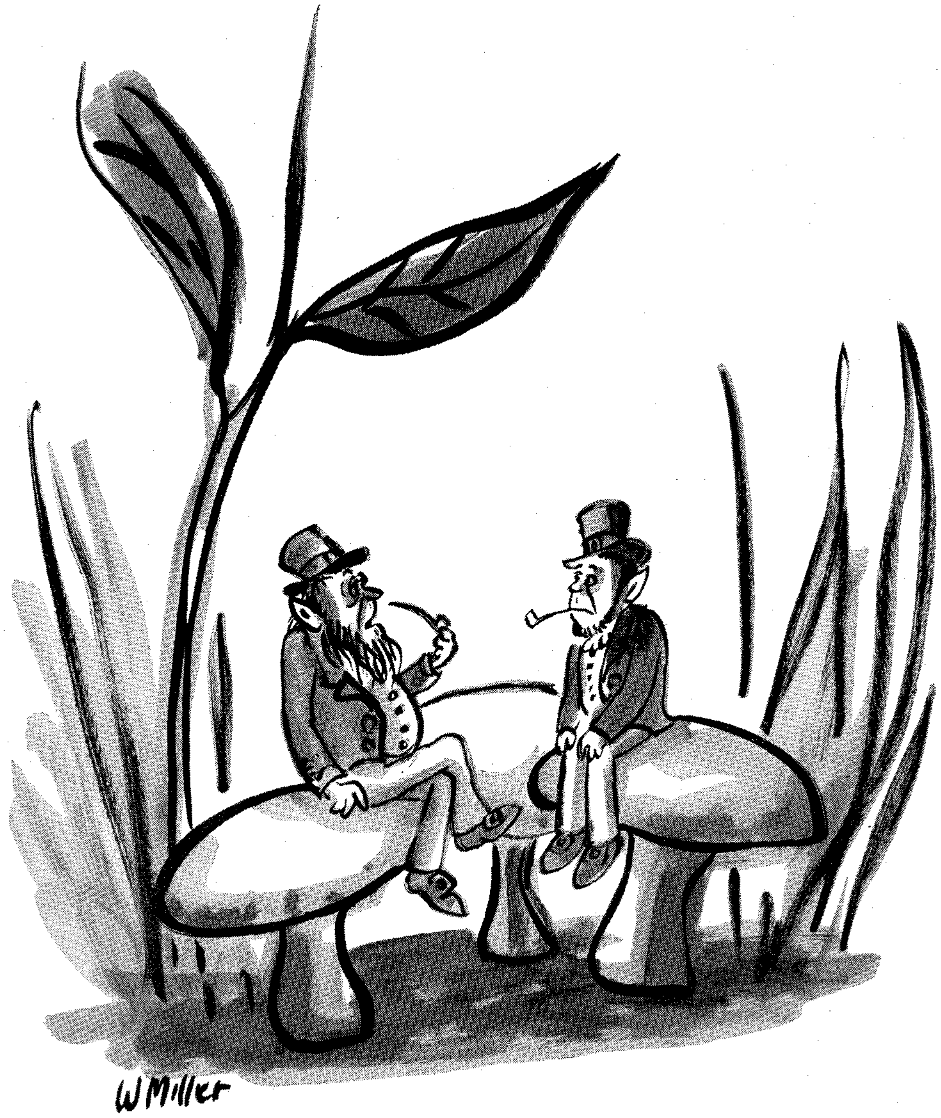
"You really think things are better over here?" we asked.

Truffaut took a good minute to think before answering. "I suspect that the deaths of the two Kennedys and the malaise caused by the Vietnam war may have had an effect on people that is similar to the effect on France of May, 1968," he said. "One has the feeling that Americans are always ready to start their lives anew. Perhaps I have the view of a European. But I always feel the American health. Americans seem to be bigger and taller. Their blood *must* be better. They still are believers in sport and fair play. I prefer America, but people tell me that I wouldn't be able to stand it if I tried to live here. I never stay long enough to be weary of it."

"Any plans for movies you're going to make?" we asked.

"Vaguely, I'd like to make a film about life in France during the Occupation," he replied. "It would not be concerned with the Germans, or with the Resistance—it would be about the many Frenchmen who simply waited until it was over. During the war, France was compelled to be completely French."

"What about the romantic notion of all those French underground fighters?" we asked. "All those wonderful people in the Resistance?"



"I remember bedevillin' the bejasus out of a Milhous family once, but that was long ago, in Skibbereen."

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Truffaut gave a big laugh. "One out of thousands was like that," he said. "Many of the others were sitting on their bicycles going after the potatoes. In my neighborhood, for instance—Pigalle—if German soldiers asked how to get to the Folies-Bergère, people *might* direct them the wrong way. It was that kind of Resistance." He gave another laugh.

"Any other ideas for new movies?" we asked.

"Yes," Truffaut said. "I would like to make a film about the making of a film. One film that is important for all filmmakers is Fellini's '8½.' There is great truth in it. But it deals with what happens *before* the shooting. What I have in mind is a film about the shooting. It would show a scene badly played, the rushes, the cutting—things like that."

"Ten years ago, you said that of all the movies you had ever seen there were only four you liked that were about children," we said. "Have you liked any movies about children since then?"

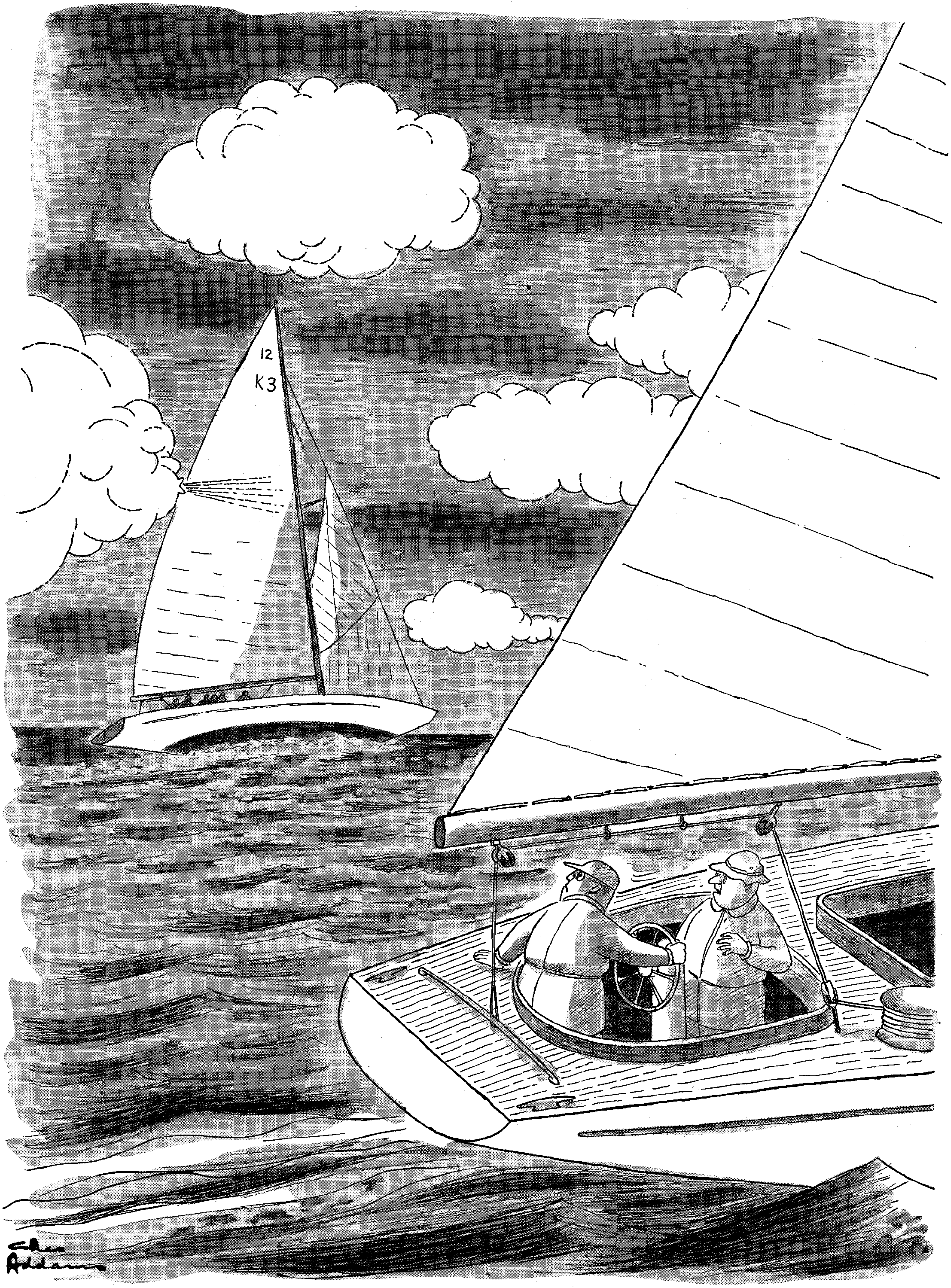
"One," Truffaut said. " 'The Two of Us.' Made by Claude Berri."

"How about your shoes?" we asked. "You used to say they always hurt."

"Not anymore. When I saw myself on the screen, walking, in 'The Wild Child,' in which I play the part of the doctor, I noticed that my legs did not move right. So I went to a doctor. Now I have my shoes custom-made, and they feel fine."

"And your children?" we asked. "How is their taste in movies?"

"Developing," said Truffaut. "They don't live with me, because I am divorced, but I see them constantly. And I constantly take them to see movies. Laura is eleven, and I took her with me to see 'Gone with the Wind.' She said, 'It's the most beautiful movie I have ever seen.' Eva is eight. She compelled me to see 'Mary Poppins' twice. Because I saw it through her eyes, I loved it. Most of the time, I wind up liking the same movies they do."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Chas Addams

"Check this one in the rulebook, Rutherford."

MISSING: TWO LOLLAPALOOZAS—NO REWARD

INDIAN ACTRESS LEAVES 13 PRODUCERS IN LURCH

Film producer Gunwantrai N. Naik has filed a case in the court of the Presidency Magistrate against actress Rajshree for having put him to serious loss by leaving India in the midst of shooting his Hindi color film, "Deedar."... Some 13 producers are said to be left in the lurch with unfinished films on hand, in which Rajshree has the leading part.

—*Variety*.

LIKE Noël Coward said, only mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun, and, brother, was he right. When I ran out of the Taj Mahal Hotel in Bombay that noon, I was mad clean through—I was boiling. I knew if I stayed in that room one minute longer, listening to Donna Crumbshaw chew me out, she'd wind up with a fat lip and me with an assault-and-battery charge. There's only so much you can take from a woman, and she'd been dishing it out ever since we left Hong Kong. Anyway, by the time I put a couple of drinks under my belt, I worked the whole thing out of my system. I was going to apologize, eat crow, offer to kiss and make up just to keep peace in the family, but that envelope on the bed told me that the picnic was over. The message inside was wrapped around a dozen century notes, and it read, "Sorry, I guess it was all a mistake. Goodbye and no hard feelings, except you owe it to yourself to drop dead and free the world of a roach. The enclosed should see you through to New York. Yours, Donna."

So that was the end of the golden dream that had started in Altman's luggage department, of all places, less than two months before. Sitting there in Bombay, I remembered how gorgeous she looked the first afternoon I saw her, during our midwinter clearance sale. Fishmouth, the section manager, had called me over to wait on her, saying she needed a matched ensemble for an around-the-world tour. With some lucky stiff, I thought, sizing up the bedroom eyes and the chassis inside the tailored suit. Everything about this broad spelled class, *crème de la crème, Social Register;* she was the greatest. On the off chance that there might be a spot of action for yours truly, I asked my standard question—what kind of luggage did her husband prefer—and got a lovely surprise.

"I couldn't care less," she said. "I just divorced him. That's why I'm going around the world—to forget."

"And I'm the kid that can help you," I murmured to myself, giving her the little smile I copped from Laurence Harvey, worldly-wise but terribly sympathetic to her problems. Well, she made her choice without much salesmanship, so I had lots left over to sell myself. Once I had her name and address from the charge plate, the rest was easy—the phony anxiety about whether our warehouse had this exact pattern, could I call her after I checked, etc., etc. She went right along with the gag; what a comfort it was in this day and age to meet someone obliging, someone who really cared....

Listening to us, you could have predicted what would happen, and it did—pronto. The first bar we met in was nowhere near her apartment, but the others got closer and closer, and finally the animal in us won out. It was a good, torrid romance, a contest between two civilized people to see which could be more savage when the shades were down. But all of a sudden the complications began. One morning, Fishmouth comes into the stockroom where I'm grabbing a little shuteye for my hangover. He had one, too, it seems, and there wasn't room for both in the section, so I better nurse mine at home hereafter. When Donna heard the news, she clapped her hands. "Marvy—now we can go on the trip together! Think of it, honey. By next week you'll be on the beach at Waikiki."

"I'm on the beach right here," I said. "I don't even have next week's room rent."

"You won't need it," she said. "I'll advance you the money and you can pay it back out of your first million. Now, you get your outfit at Brooks tomorrow while I call the travel people. Yippee!"

Well, I wasn't too keen about the arrangement, but I figured it'd only spoil Donna's pleasure if I kept on squawking, so I gave in. Everything was peaches and cream, as I said, up to Hong Kong. We billed and cooed like lovebirds in Honolulu and Manila, and then, at the Peninsula Hotel in Kowloon, the fun turned sour. Donna started bitching about the heat, the traffic noise, and the outrageous prices. Her real hangup, though, was jealousy. If I even looked at another dame, she raised the roof, carried on about how fickle and heartless I was. Some of those Chinese heads are pretty zoftick, and when they wink at a person you can't help but smile back. Our second day there, I was just slipping the babe at the cigar stand a fatherly feel when in walks Donna. Man, what a tantrum. She practically foamed at the mouth. And the language! Well, I wasn't going to stoop to her level, so I cut out, had a few beers, and wound up with a couple of chicks at a taxi-dance hall. From that moment on, she never let up on me. Morning, noon, and night in Singapore, Bangkok, and Calcutta, she used any excuse to needle and chip away at me, but Bombay was the clincher. She mislaid a diamond clip in a drawer or suitcase, God knows where, and, instead of asking in a nice way had I seen it, she accused me of hocking it.

I was furious, but I controlled myself. I gave her a cold little smile like Barton MacLane on "The Late Show." "Are you calling me a thief?" I said.

"No, on second thought, I withdraw that." For the first time, I noticed she had a mouth like a rattrap. "You're too yellow to steal. You're nothing but a cheap, two-timing gigolo, and I rue the day I ever set eyes on you."

With that, of course, anybody would blow their cool, and I walked out, leaving her in hysterics. And now, rereading her note, I pieced it all together. Her conscience must have bugged her, else she wouldn't have parted with this much bread. Well, good riddance, I reflected. Things could be a damn sight worse; I had a plane ticket home and over a grand in my kick, so there was no sense crying the blues. I'd spend a couple of weeks in Europe looking over the zook and, if nothing better turned up, breeze on back to New York. So down I go to the travel agency in the lobby to book my flight, and that's where I catch my first glimpse of Shasta Allahjee.

Let's face it—beautiful women are a dime a dozen in the Far East, but this one was so terrif my knees started knocking together. The face was Ava Gardner at nineteen if you combined her with, say, an Oriental Catherine Deneuve; and the casabas—well, Elke Sommer was a dried-up old prune in comparison. The clerk waiting on her must have dug my reaction and tipped her off, because she turned and gave me a sort of shy, inquiring smile as if to say, "Do I know you?" Whatever it meant, I had the answer and moved in fast.

"Pardon the intrusion, Miss," I said. "I forget exactly where we met, but your name's on the tip of my tongue. It's something like Venus—now, don't tell me—"

The clerk was one of those creeps that like to play the big shot. "This is Shasta Allahjee, our best-known film star. You probably recognized her from the many hits she's appeared in."

"Of course. How stupid of me," I said. "I've admired your work for years, Miss Allahjee. I'm in the movie game, too—Gary Goodspeed, the independent producer."

She thought that was quite a coincidence, but there was a bigger one in store the next day, when she boarded the westbound plane to Istanbul and Rome and found what independent producer in the adjoining seat. I'd done my homework the night before, reading up on the local movie scene in their fan magazines, and my patter sounded pretty hip. Almost every picture they make in India—and they make thousands—is about Shah Jehan's love for his wife, Mumtaz Mahal, and how he built the Taj Mahal in her memory, and, from what I could gather, this doll was starring in all of them. So I poured on the Jap-a-lac, raved about her talent, and predicted she'd cop all the Oscars if she ever came to Hollywood.

"Curious we ran into each other like this," I said. "I've just been scouting locations and personalities for my forthcoming twelve-million-dollar epic, the story behind the Taj Mahal, and it strikes me you'd be perfect casting for the female lead."

"No, no—out of the question, I couldn't consider it." She seemed kind of nervous and upset. "I have too many commitments, people pushing me this way and that. Please, don't let's discuss this topic anymore."

Well, that was copacetic with me, since I was only using it for openers, so I chatted awhile about my impressions of India—the quaint customs, the colorful temples, the succulent food buzzing with flies, and the deep wisdom that we in the West could learn from their philosophy. After lunch, I got on a more personal tack, commenting that her skin and chest had the same texture as Audrey Hepburn's except hers was more exciting because much younger. She didn't deny it—just sat there curled up, with her eyes closed, drinking it in, and I knew I was making real headway. Then, at Istanbul, a peculiar thing happened. As we start off the plane toward the airport lounge, I hear shouts from the visitors' platform on top. Two guys in Indian turbans are up there waving cans of film at us and yelling something.

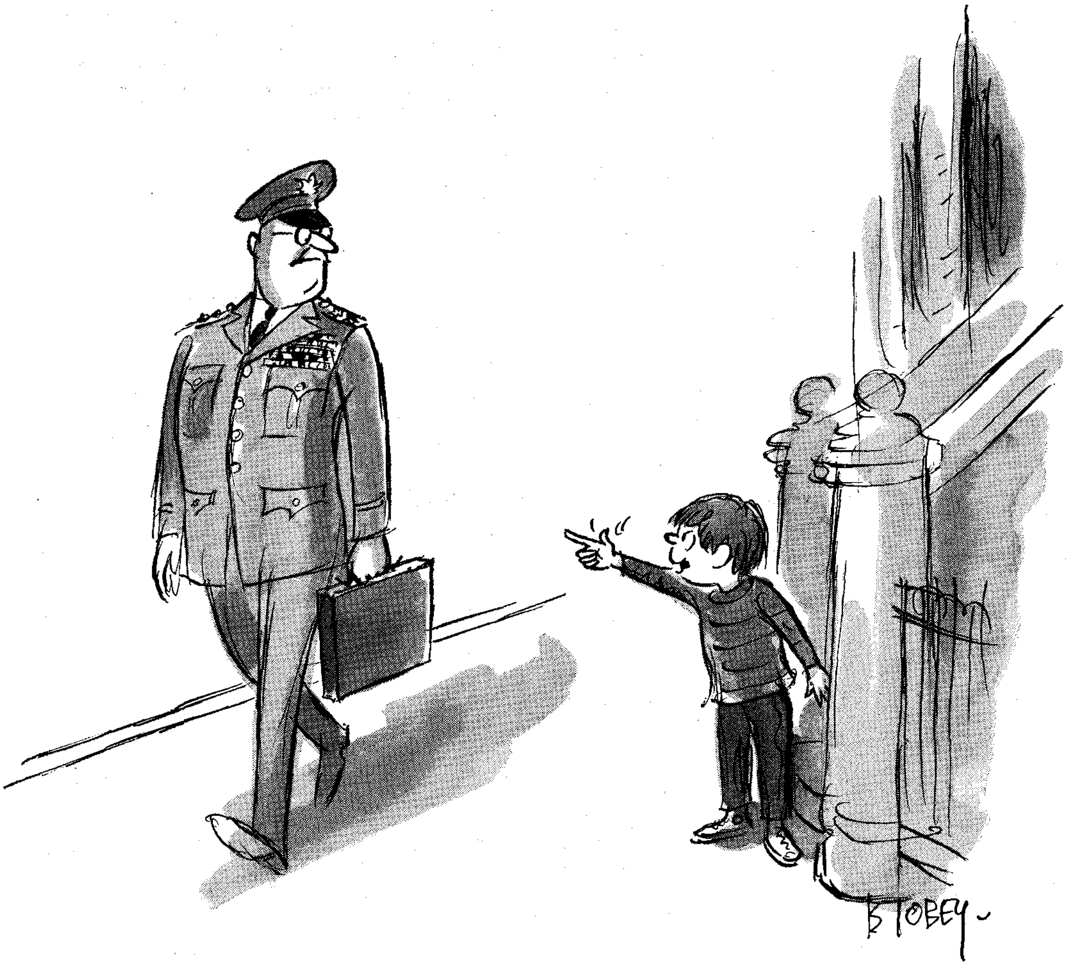
"What's with those jaspers?" I said. "What do they want?"

"Never mind," she said, grabbing my arm. "Back on board—quick!"

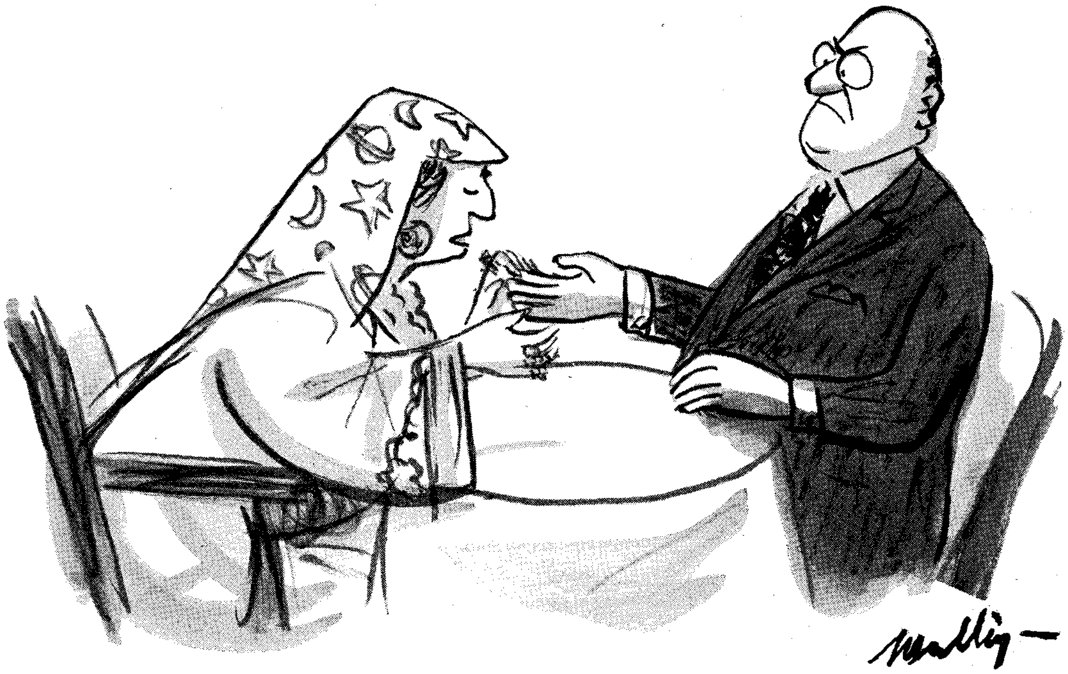
Well, up the steps we scrambled, and for the next twenty minutes she had the shakes but good. I managed to calm her down after a while, but she wouldn't explain why she panicked. Whatever it was—a religious hangup or just plain nerves—I made it work for me and began ladling out the schmalz again. I sympathized with her about how tough it is to be a famous screen star—the lack of privacy, no home life, the kookie types demanding autographs and donations, and all the leeches, like agents, lawyers, and tax experts, that cling to your talented personality. She wound a scarf around her ears and moved to another seat to make out she wasn't interested, but I could tell I was getting through to her. In the meantime, I did some fast thinking. If her destination was Rome, so was mine; it was worth a detour to knock off such an exotic cooz. So right after we touch down I grab my twin-suiter from the baggage claim, and when she gets into a bus marked "Hotel Flora" I sprint ahead in a cab to the Via Veneto. From the gasp she let out as I greeted her in the lobby, you'd have thought I was a ghost.

"Hi there, Miss Allahjee," I said, all cool savoir-faire like Ray Milland. "You staying here, too? Look, why not have chow with me tonight and go for a row on the Tiber?"

That's where the missionary work I did on the plane paid off; she gives out with a smile, says O.K., and we fix a meet in the bar at seven-fifteen. Well, I'm in there on the dot, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, knocking back an ice-cold Mart, when, zingo, another pair of jokers like the ones in Istanbul—or maybe the same two; I can never tell those handkerchief heads apart—bust in, also hugging cans of film. The only other



"Bang, bang!"



“I see egomania, parsimony, vanity, and a complete disregard for the feelings and concerns of others.”

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party in the bar is an old crone covered with diamonds, juicing it up with her fancy Dan in a corner, so the gooks head for me and ask am I waiting for a lady of Indian extraction.

“That’s right,” I said. “I’ve got a date with an Indian lady extractionist—we take turns yanking out each other’s teeth. What the hell business is it of yours?”

Before they can wipe the egg off their face, Shasta appears in the doorway looking sensational in a solid-gold sari, with all her accessories quivering like jello. She does a big take at the sight of the two, and backs out in a hurry; the whole thing was so quick that neither of them spotted her. As soon as they fade, I call her room, and after about eighty rings she answers, sounding good and scared.

“We’ll have to call it off tonight, Mr. Goodspeed—sorry. . . . No, I can’t explain—I’m leaving for Switzerland early tomorrow morning. . . . No, no, I couldn’t possibly. Goodbye and good luck.”

Even Don Rickles would have quit after that, but not Gary Goodspeed, boy producer. I got hold of the concierge, greased him with a few hundred lire, and booked myself aboard the flight to Geneva she’d reserved. Fifteen minutes out of Rome, I took off my dark cheaters, strolled forward, and dropped into the seat beside my star of India. This time, I’m the one who gets handed the big surprise. She doesn’t bat an eyelash—that’s how great an actress she was.

“Look, honey,” I said. “I’ve been studying you ever since Bombay, and I’ve finally figured it out. You’re on the run. Some kind of a secret brotherhood—assassins or what, I don’t know—is tailing you. Yes or no?”

She stared at me a long while, wrestling with herself whether to spill, and then gave in. “Gary,” she said, and I felt my toes tingle even though my real name is Julius, “can I trust you?”

“*Trust* me?” I began. “I’d climb the highest—”

“Never mind the climbing and swimming,” she cut me short. “Just listen. I’ve been—well, I’ve been a naughty girl. Those men you saw yesterday weren’t assassins—they’re movie producers. Which is the same thing, I suppose,” she admitted. “But they’re not trying to kill *me*—only my career. On account of I didn’t finish their pictures, you see.”

“I don’t follow. How many pictures didn’t you finish?”

“Seventeen,” she said. “All of them about Shah Jehan and Mumtaz Mahal.” Her voice broke. “And now they’re threatening to sue me, to blacklist me, to attach the few things I own—a sweatshop, a noodle factory, four or five hotels in Kashmir.” She fought back a sob. “Think of the publicity, the humiliation. I’ll never be able to face my fans again. They’ll pelt me with rancid ghee, draw mustaches on my glossies. Oh, Gary, what’s to become of me?”

“Take it easy, sugar.” I patted her arm, leaving the rest for a future session. “After all, you shook off four of your producers—”

“The others’ll catch up with me in Geneva, Paris, and London,” she said hopelessly. “You don’t know Indian vengeance like I know Indian vengeance.”

“Yes, yes,” I said, thinking hard. “Wait—wait one second. Suppose we could get the whole caboodle together in London and combine . . . Yes, by God, it would—it’d work! Now, listen closely, Shasta, here’s what we’ll do . . .”

“WELL, gentlemen, that’s the proposition,” I finished, and stood up. There wasn’t a sound out of the seventeen of them crowded into that suite at the Dorchester—Sikhs, Hindus, Muslims, all with their eyes glued on me like cats watching a mouse. “Let me recap it for you so you’ll understand. If you bring suit against my client, it’ll take five years to move through the courts, and the damages, even if you win, will be peanuts, chicken feed—*bubkess*. On the other hand, if we combine all your footage into one film, we’ll have a real blockbuster that’ll blow ’em out of the back of the art houses—the longest and sleepiest picture since Satyajit Ray’s trilogy. Yessir,” I said. “We here in this room may be inaugurating the most important breakthrough in anesthesia in the annals of medical science. Think it over. I’ll be in the bedroom with Miss Allahjee, where I belong.”

Well, they gibbered and jabbered, and finally agreed, and the rest is history. The picture, I don’t have to tell you, goaled all the critics—even Jonas Mekas. They said it was a milestone in the cinema—a little repetitious in spots but a celluloid monument rivalling the Taj Mahal, the movie of the year. It sent Shasta Allahjee on to Hollywood and stardom, and all the thanks I ever got was that she threw me out when she caught me and her stand-in naked in the shower. So I’m back in Altman’s luggage section again, and that’s where I stick from here in. The next time anyone wants a matched ensemble for a world tour, let Fishmouth handle her. Gary Goodspeed, *geboren* Julius Wolfbane, has learned his lesson.

—S. J. Perelman

EMPSON LIEDER

(For His Sixty-fourth Birthday)

I. LAW SONG

Law makes long spokes of the short stakes of men.
—"*Legal Fiction.*"

We're all on different time scales. This clipboard
Will easily outlive me, given luck.
This house will, barring fire. The deep-set rock
Ledge that it rests on will no doubt endure
To the hundredth generation of our pure-
Eyed sons, if any. Only we are such
Short-timers, really, re-upped for a hitch
Indefinite in length, but not too long.
You will therefore please forgive my haunting song
Of awe at walking on the very bridge
Where Joe C., sporting his First Army badge,
Took taxi for the war in '44;
Of *frissons* at last sitting on the bench
Where Sally and I shared a Wursthaus lunch
Not too long after; of astonishment
At finding that the same key, pitted, bent,
Unlocks the same strongbox my father spent
The thirties filling with strange stamps; of love
At learning that the niches just above
The main floor of the library are still
Unstatued and available to fill
With our imaginings. Thereof my song,
Interior, quite tuneless, and unlong.

II. EVEN SONG

Not to have fire is to be a skin that shrills.
The complete fire is death. From partial fires
The waste remains, the waste remains and kills.
—"*Missing Dates.*"

My unburnt hydrocarbons having made
A pall of killing smog, eftsoons I died
And came to Heaven. Sitting at the side
Of the great War Lord (a Brahms with sabre scars
Upon his temples and the porches of
His gun-deaf ears), I saw my residue
Coil mortally down there, a mustard gas,
Around the throats I'd failed to cut of those
Who'd cant incredibly through a half life,
Who'd twist on valiantly for penny gains,
Who'd trade you in on something more *courant*,
Who'd flee from those whom sometime they did seek,
Who'd go blind in the glitter of their rank
And brag that they had only them to thank
For such preferment, such an unctuous
Deathbed on shock absorbers, who'd find fault
With their subordinates for their results,
Who'd hang blame, like the shrike, upon a thorn,
Who'd lose touch with the urgencies of dawn,
Of leaf bud and leaf fall, of the small sun
Of February, the large moon of March,
The redwinged blackbird in the dying arch
Of elm, the great horned owl in the live pine.
A thunderstone, a bolt from the light black
Of my position high in Father's firm,
Struck them as lightning fingers of my late
Waste, left behind below. They died, of course.
Up here I heard the fat tires of the hearse
Fizz on the icy streets without remorse.

III. GIRL SONG

And now she cleans her teeth into the lake.
—"*Camping Out.*"

Project her no projectile, plan nor man it.
—"*To an Old Lady.*"

The heavenly body we once pointed for
In our near nonage—seen across a cyc
Of contrarieties in indigo,
An outer vast of obstacles whose fields
Of gravity press-ganged us into their
Cool marbles spinning in a gallery
And only barely let us go—is now
An older Merlin's lame familiar
Shorn of the charm of distance, bound to serve
Her homely, well-worn purpose, passion spent.
But yet, but now, a new low music moves
Her parts and person in a unison
Not heretofore perceived. "And now she cleans
Her teeth into the lake." That morning comes
When aching, groaning, feeling hateful from
Last night's exchanges, we turn angrily
Toward some matter-of-fact arising sound
She makes, and take a scourging wound, and see
In her shape, ground down by years of our eyes,
Our image twinned—the good we failed to do,
The bad we funked, the mediocrity
We killed our time on till it called a halt—
And love her for it, as we love ourselves.

IV. WAR SONG

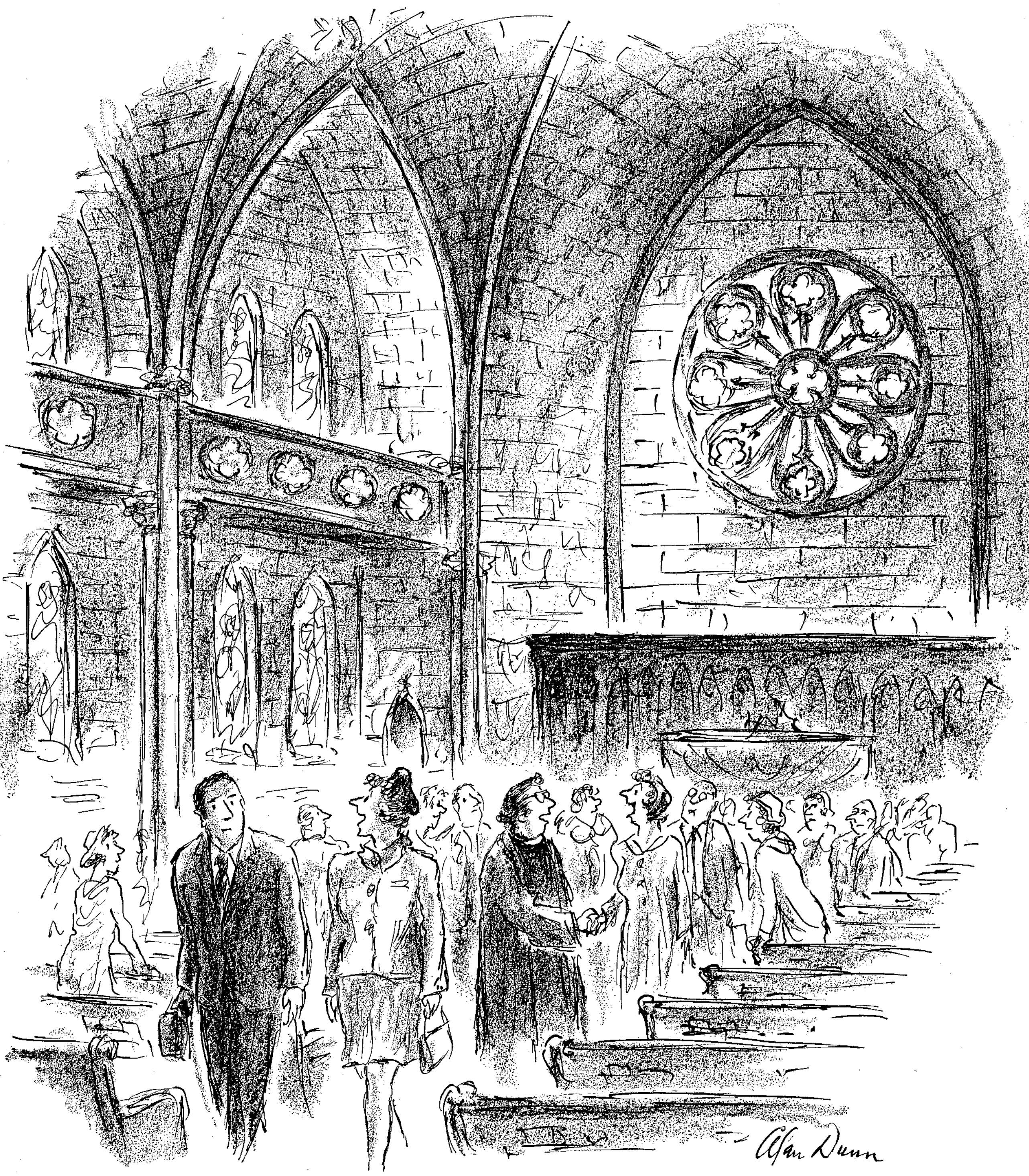
This hint of anti-aircraft is disarmed
And as the fleets at a shot reascend
The eye orders their unreachable chaos
(The stars are moving like these duck, but slower,
Sublime, their tails absurd, their voices harsh)....
—"*Flighting for Duck.*"

Great sheets of earth are inaccessible
To sounds of war; no man on earth is. I
Walk the back meadow where I used to walk
Before all this and find the fall leaves stilled,
The partridge drumming waning, the clear bray
Of crows diminuendo far away,
The very grasshoppers conservative
Of their small violins, the piano cows
Now lowing low, the dogs sparing of bays
And distant view halloos, and the rare men
Laconically calling in the fields
Seldom or never. But it is not they
Whose voices falter; it is I whose ears
Fill up, silt up, with war, and cannot hear
The nature of the world. At not quite dusk,
Our pond ducks—blacks and mallards—circle and
Splash down and leave me staring at the first
Stars, few, unconstellated, swaddled in
Buff smog, immobilized. Before the orange
Moon shoulders up gas strata, I can hear
One bullfrog pluck his bass string. In the void
Ensuing, single combat shakes the world.

V. SWAN SONG

Then there is this civilising love of death ...
—"*Ignorance of Death.*"

The swan puts beauty in a picture frame
Of freshets, lilies, water-ratty banks,



"I do like the new rector, don't you? He's very flexible about God."

* *

Bullfrogs, bulrushes, and impending death
To hang upon the brain-gray walls of our
Study of consciousness. See how she glides
Down these far reaches of our state-approved,
Man-sanctioned nature, toteninsular;
How she gilds eddies by reflection; how
Her song is silent, pregnant in her throat;
How, under contract to our common-law
Employer, she must make at last her fare-
Well tour to pay the inland revenue
For all her rich, consuming idleness
Before our eyes, for all these books of hours
Burnt in the loyal service of her grace.
Then she will sing—Opus Posthumous—and
We'll be assured again, in our book-lined
Dayroom at the top story of the mind,
That easefulness unbalanced by unease
On the diurnal scale will be redressed
By night, that anesthesiologist,
In the damp draperies of his dark gown
Whence our white throats will finally pronounce
The native woodnotes of our fatal song.
It is not audible. It is not long.

—L. E. SISSMAN

alone with the younger

THE BEGINNING OF GRIEF

FROM the way his five children gathered around him at the dinner table Stanion could tell something was wrong. He put his silverware down beside his plate, leaving untouched the food he had prepared and heaped there, and leaned his forehead on clasped hands as if to say grace. He was reaching his limit. Beneath his closed eyelids, inflamed by lime burns and bits of sand, he saw pulsing networks, as though his vessels were of neon, and then the substance and strength of his muscles and long limbs seemed to move upward, pulsing, and he felt weak, out of touch with the big bulk of his body, reduced to less than he was, less than he'd ever been, trapped within the small sphere of his eye. The size of his world now.

He would quit work late, drive from whatever part of the county his job, plastering, had taken him to that day, back to Minneapolis, and pick up the little ones, the two girls, at the baby-sitter's, and then drive back home, to the outskirts of St. Paul, and cook dinner and call the three boys in to the table—now that it was summer, they spent the day at home alone—only to see in their attitudes that they were trying to conceal something. Then another circuit, familiar as the first, began. He would have to travel through the events of their day, prying his way into them, find out what the trouble was, find out who had caused it, and set right the one who was at fault, or, if there had been fighting, punish him. He hated it. It was difficult for him to pass judgment on anyone, much less his own children, and even harder for him to see them hurt. His wife had always handled the discipline.

She was prudent and judicious, and had no patience with any kind of wrongdoing. For years she tried to persuade him to give up his job, because she felt his employers were taking advantage of him. They went on long vacations and left the business in his hands. They showed up for work irregularly, at their leisure, knowing that he would keep things in order, and never increased his wages. But they were well-meaning and young, and he stayed on with them, in spite of her disapproval, because he liked them and knew that without him they wouldn't have a business. The memory of it, along with a thousand other memories, tormented him now. A year ago she died. The torment was more than grief. It grew, linking one memory to another, linking networks of them together, and would not let her go.

"Dad? Are you all right?"

He let his arms drop beside his plate. "Yes. Just tired."

She was at the periphery of everything, closing around his vision, his mind, his actions, like a second conscience. His ideas, before he could speak them, were observed by her and he gave them up. The sheen of her hair was in the hair of the older girl, who was only five, and to run his hand over the girl's hair was excruciating, almost a sin. Her indignation was in his voice when he began arguing bitterly with his employers and when, ten months ago, he gave them final notice. He mortgaged the house, sold the car, hired a laborer, and started a business of his own. *Wm Stanion & Sons, Plastering,* he hand-paint
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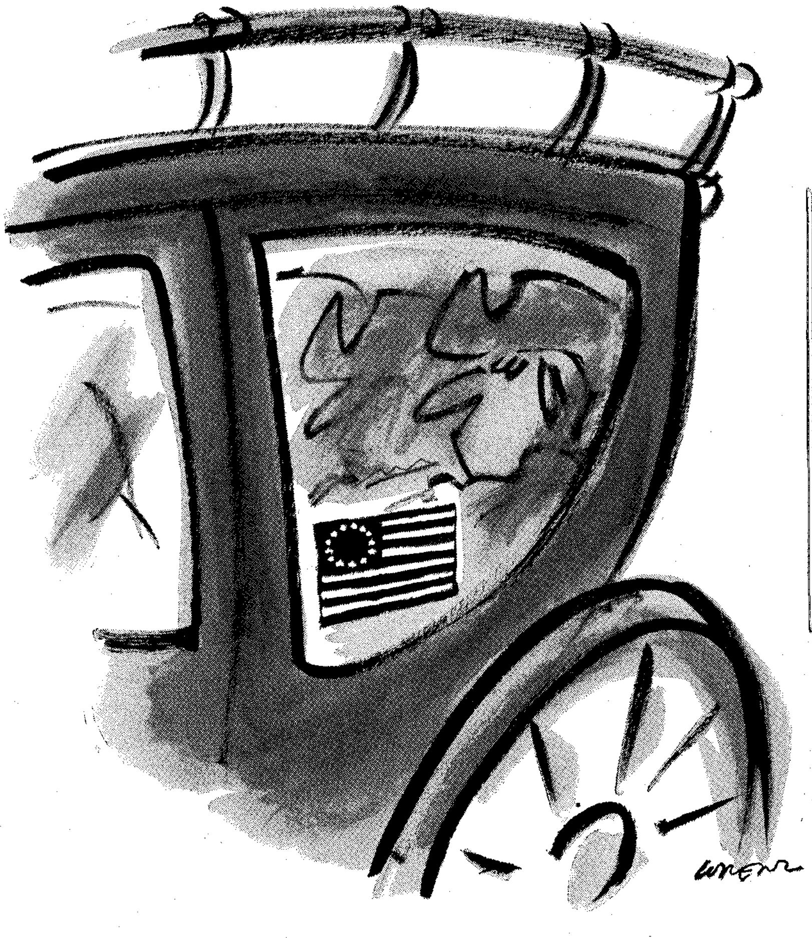

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third time and there

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his hand until he understood what it felt like to be burned.

Kevin couldn't stand to lose. When the simplest game or argument didn't go in his favor, he started a fight, and if he was left alone with the younger ones he set up strict rules, such as no singing or talking, no TV, no dinner, or he made them march in unison around the room, and if they violated the rules or disobeyed his commands he hit them or shoved them into a closet and held the door shut.

Kevin looked up, gave an impatient scowl, and said, "What did I *do*? Nothing." His gray eyes looked even larger now that he had no hair, and his long eyelashes, catching the light of the bare bulb overhead, sparkled as he blinked several times. He was also a practiced liar.

"*Nothing*? Then what's the matter? Why do you act so guilty? Why are you all so quiet?"

"We're eating," Kevin said.

Stanion turned to his eldest son, who sat next to Kevin, and said in a restrained and altered tone, as though speaking to an arbiter, "Carl, what is this?" Carl was twelve but could be left alone with the girls, the youngest of whom was only three, in complete trust. He understood them, sensed their needs, anticipated their whims, was gentle, and so could care for them better than most adults. He was straightforward and truthful unless he was protecting one of the others, in which case, with his intelligence, he could make himself a blank.

"Carl," Stanion said, placing both fists, broad as saucers, on the tabletop. "I asked you a question. What's been going on here?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know?"

"I don't think I really saw it."

"Saw what?"

"Anything that happened."

"Then something did happen."

"I don't know."

"You just said it did."

"I didn't see it."

"Ach!"

It was futile. The two girls, sitting along the side of the table to his left, their wide eyes fastened on him, went pale at the sound of his voice. It angered him to keep at it this way, to give it such importance, but his interrogating and lecturing were becoming harder to control, obsessive, and more involved and emotional. He rarely lifted a hand against the children, as she sometimes had; he felt it was unnecessary and wrong, and, besides, he feared the strength of an adult against a child, especially his own strength. He stared for a long time at the open lime burns on his knuckles, clenching his fists, angered even more by his indecisiveness, and then reached for his fork. He stopped. His youngest son, Jim, who sat across from the girls, alone at that side of the table, looked anxiously at Stanion, then at his brothers, and then at his food, which he had hardly touched.

This boy, changed so by her death, had become Stanion's favorite. He was no longer exuberant and cheerful. He woke at night and wandered through the bedrooms trailing a blanket, saying her name, and if his wanderings and the sound of his voice didn't wake Stanion so that he could take the boy into bed with him, he searched through all the rooms of the house, went out the door into the back yard, went to the plot where she had had her garden, and lay down there and slept until morning. He was old enough to know his mother as his sisters would never know her, but too young to be a companion to his brothers, who became close after her death. When he approached them, shy and ill at ease, they sent him to play with the girls. For a while he had quietly accepted this. But since he started school he had been bringing home his own playmates—a procession of the most reticent, underfed, tattered, backward boys in his class. He invited them in for meals, offered them the pick of his toys, and attached himself to them, feeding off their presence, praising them, devoting himself to them, until they became bored with his passive reverence and worshipful stare and stopped coming to the house. Now the boy's eyes, light green, large and seductive, were travelling around the table with a harried look.

With his lime-burned hand, Stanion reached out and touched the boy's shoulder. "You didn't do anything, did you, Jim?" he asked, and the boy, shrugging off Stanion's hand, turned clear around and took hold of the back of his chair and broke into tears.

"Carl! What's this about? Answer me!"

"I don't know how to," Carl said, and looked aside at Kevin, who was still eating as fast as he could.

"Did he hurt Jim?" Stanion de-

and I were on the other. Marvin got tired toward the end and didn't want to run, so maybe Kevin did something. I don't know. I didn't see it. I was running."

Realizing that Carl had said all he was going to say, Stanion moved his eyes to Kevin. "Is this true?"

"If I had to run every race, Marvin could run at least one. He was just in the field events."

"How could you do such a thing?"

"What?"

"Whatever you did."

"Well, what would you do if you were all tired out and came around the

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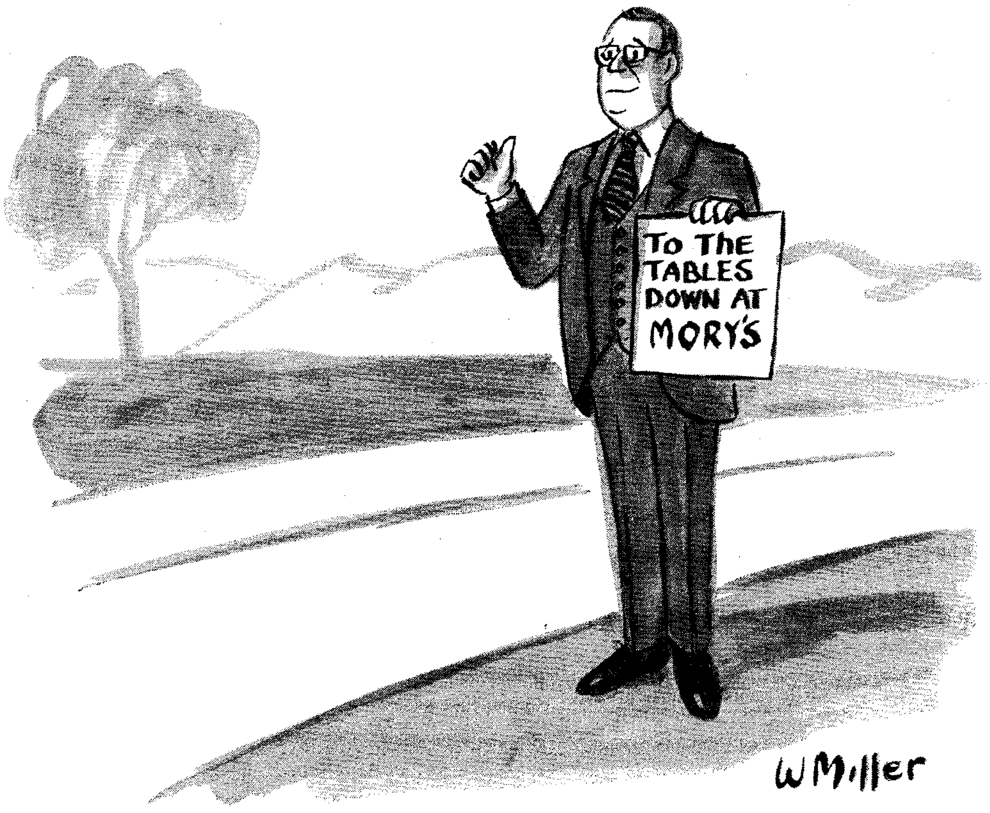
she was, she started
sister joined in.

Now look! Look what you made me do," Stanion said, and started around the table with all the galling details—the girl on the floor, the puddle of coffee and milk beside her, Jim with his hands over his face—streaming along the edge of his vision, sharpening his outrage. Kevin hadn't got to his feet, and was maneuvering around among the chairs on his hands and knees, trying to make it to a safe spot, his rump raised. Stanion came up behind him and kicked hard and struck bone, and Kevin, his limbs splaying out, hit flat on his stomach. Stanion lifted him to his feet. "Now get upstairs," he said. "Get upstairs before something worse happens."

Kevin gave him a furious going over with his eyes before he turned and ran up the steps. And then, as Kevin disappeared around the corner, Stanion realized what he had done and started trembling. He sent Jim and Carl outside, took the girls, one in each arm, and carried them into the bedroom and tried to comfort them. Their eyes were wide with terror, and the youngest girl didn't want to be touched.

When they were calmed, he undressed them and put them to bed, hardly aware of what he was doing. The presence in the upstairs room demanded all his attention. He went into the kitchen and sat at the table, his broad workman's knees bending with effort. He ached from balancing on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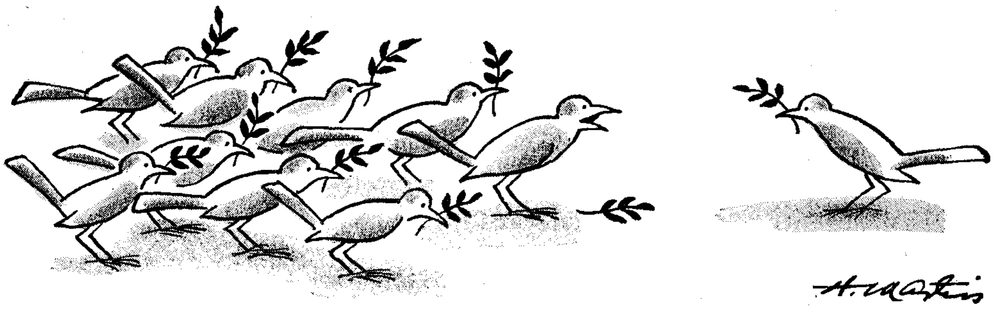

"Are we to continue to concern ourselves solely with foreign wars, or shouldn't we be making moves in areas of civil strife?"

a springy scaffold the whole day, all the while carrying a hawk of heavy plaster and reaching overhead to skim a finish coat on the ceiling. He felt too old to go on with the work. Tonight brought it to an end. No. There was bookwork to do, orders to call in, material to get, his lunch to pack.

He wanted to go upstairs but wasn't sure it was the right thing to do. He didn't want his thoughts to focus. He was afraid of what he'd done. He started eating, but the food was chilly and he had no appetite.

He gathered up the dishes, carried them to the sink, shook detergent over them, adjusted the temperature of the water, and let it run while he took a rag from the S-trap under the sink and wiped off the table. Then he got down on his hands and knees, and as he was mopping up the milk and coffee his vision narrowed, the patch of linoleum he was staring at darkened, and he felt faint. He stood up and leaned against the table. An even, abrasive sound was travelling through his consciousness as though it meant to erode it. He hurried over to the sink and shut off the water. The sound stayed.

He dipped a plate in and out of the water, rinsing off the grease, and his sight fastened on the soapy rainbow sliding along the plate's rim. He let it slip beneath the suds. He had an image of her turning from the sink, inclining her head to one side and lifting the hair from her cheek with the back of her hand, her face flushed, her eyes travelling around the room restlessly, but with an abstract look, as though there was no name for what she was searching for.

He went up the steps. Kevin was lying face down on the unmade bed, his back heaving, his exclamations and sobs muted by a pillow he held clasped over his head. Stanion eased himself onto the edge of the bed and lifted the pillow away. "Listen. Listen, now. I've tried—"

The boy grabbed at the loose bedclothes and tucked them around his face.

"How many times have I told you—" Stanion began, then stopped. He couldn't stand being sanctimonious. He looked away and saw the bed—with Kevin's legs, Kevin's body half covered with a sheet stretched out on it—and part of his own shoulder enclosed in a mirror, and it was as though he were looking through to the past. The scene, scaled down, dimmer than in hospital light, was a scene he had lived through once, with her, and it was the same. Those close to you showed up well and were solid and understandable, were fixed for good in your mind—but only in your mind. Their real selves were at a distance, a part of the world, and the world opened up, took them without reason; was opening up just as before, the body beside him falling away, while he sat off to the side, his shoulder showing in the tilted mirror, helpless.

Then he felt himself being drawn down too. He searched for something outside him to hold to. Wadded socks lay on the floor, gathering tufts of dust. Tubes and coils of a dismantled radio were strewn in one corner along with a model pistol of plastic, model ships, and a Boy Scout neckerchief. Dirty clothes were spread over the top of the dresser, trailing down its front, and more clothes were draped over the back of a chair.

"If your mother—" Stanion stopped. The words only took him down deeper. He put his hands on the boy's shoulders and tried to lift him up, but Kevin struggled free and dropped back onto the mattress.

"Don't now," Stanion said. "Don't carry on so. Please. Sit up."

"I'm sorry!"

"I know. Now don't."

"I can't stop!"

"Try to look at it—"

"My head hurts! It feels like something wants to come out of it!"

Stanion passed his hand over Kevin's skull, and the sensation of stiff stubble rubbing across the palm of his hand—what led the boy to do this? what did this hark back to?—made him feel even more helpless and afraid. "Don't now," he said, and his being closed around the words. Father, mother, nurse, teacher, arbiter, guardian, judge—all the roles were too much. He no longer had the power to reach through to his children as the person he was, their father, the man who loved them, and let them know he loved them, and that inability, more than anything else, was the thing breaking him.

He heard a muffled sound, regular and tense, and at first he thought it was a summons, a last thing he would have to face up to, and when nothing came he believed it was the labored beating of his own heart. He turned. Kevin was lying in the same position, face down, but his hand was tapping over the covers in a widening arc, feeling its way toward Stanion; it touched him tentatively, backed away, and then came down, damp and hot with perspiration, on his thigh. Stanion took the hand in his and an order came over the room.

"I'm sorry," Kevin said in a muffled voice. "Forgive me."

"Did I hurt you?"

"No."

"Do you want to come downstairs?"

"No."

"Do you feel any better?"

"Yes."

"I've sent Jim and Carl outdoors. The girls are in bed. I'm sorry they had to see it."

"I didn't mean to do it. He wasn't playing right."

"I know. Here," he said, and raised Kevin and arranged him so they were sitting next to one another. "Let's go downstairs and do the dishes," Stanion said. "Then we'll both feel better." He put his arm around his son's waist. "Will you come downstairs and help me do the dishes?"

—L. Woiwode

•

The city has four VASCAR units, which were purchased for $800 each, utilizing matching federal funds, Sergeant Scott said.

VASCAR is a system for clocking the speed of motorists approaching a police car from neither direction.—*Toledo Times.*

It takes a lot of practice.

REFLECTIONS

THE MEGAMACHINE—II

ROAD TO ABSOLUTISM

THE transformation of the world picture begun by the theorizing of Copernicus, Kepler, and Galileo was carried further by Descartes, for he coupled the new world picture to two new phenomena that gave it immense authority: the behavior of clockwork automatons and the claims of monarchical absolutism. He proved to his own satisfaction that all the manifestations of life could be explained on a purely mechanical basis, and that, except in the case of man, organism and mechanism were interchangeable terms.

Descartes's "Discourse on Method" stands as a landmark in the history of Western thought. Through its elegant style and its fusion of mathematical and mechanical modes of reasoning, it left a permanent imprint on later scientific formulations. This work, as short and readable as Rousseau's later "Social Contract," was Descartes's substitute for a more comprehensive book that he suppressed when he saw what trouble his contemporary Galileo had got into with the Holy Inquisition. As such, it serves almost as a prefatory "Summa" to modern thought—a neatly articulated skeleton that contrasts with the corpulent, overdetailed synthesis of Thomas Aquinas. At the time Descartes wrote, as much of the world as was then known seemed open to adequate scientific investigation by a single mind. Alone, like a royal despot, he ventured to lay the ideological foundations for a new age. In that sense, Descartes was still in the older Aristotelian tradition and had not yet made the great submission his older contemporary Francis Bacon had prophesied, for the latter realized that science, to become more productive and immediately serviceable, must accept a specialized division of labor and a standardized, piecemeal mode of investigation. From Descartes, nevertheless, one gets a clear account of the underlying motives for scientific investigation apart from its oldest and noblest impulse—the sheer delight of using the mind to discover ordered relationships and to create intelligible symbolic structures that reveal the underlying causal sequences or the emergent pattern of seemingly haphazard events. Without that bottomless curiosity and wonder, man could hardly have advanced beyond the animal state of muscular exercise and mindless enjoyment. What Thorstein Veblen used ironically to call "idle curiosity" once served to attach the best minds to the passionate pursuit of science, often to the exclusion of more tangible rewards. That disinterested commitment to universally sharable truth was perhaps science's most enduring bequest.

But, in addition, more egoistic ambitions and utilitarian lures played a part from the beginning in the development of science, as earlier with magic, and these concerns come out even in the austere statements of Descartes. "I perceived it to be possible," he observed, "to arrive at knowledge highly useful in life, and instead of the speculative philosophy usually taught in the schools, to discover a practical [method] by means of which, knowing the force and action of fire, water, air, the stars, the heavens, and all the other bodies that surround us, as distinctly as we know the various crafts of our artisans, we might also apply them in the same way to all the uses to which they are adapted, and thus render ourselves the *lords and possessors of nature*." (Italics mine.)

The language of this last sentence is obviously not the language of the disinterested speculative scientist. It is related, rather, to the social motives that from the sixteenth century on had been playing an ever more active part in the whole development of Western civilization—in exploration and colonization, in military conquest and mechanical industry. To become the "lords and possessors of nature" was the ambition that secretly united the conquistador, the merchant adventurer and banker, the industrialist, and the scientist, radically different though their vocations and their purposes might seem. Even at the beginning, science and technics played a part in furthering this extravagant ambition. Without the magnetic compass, astronomical observations, and cartography, the circumnavigation of the globe would have been long delayed, if not impossible. From the nineteenth century on, science's preoccupation with man's one-sided mastery over nature took another turn—that of seeking artificial substitutes for every natural process, replacing organic products with manufactured ones, and eventually turning man himself into an obedient creature of the forces he had discovered or created. Ironically, the synthesis of urea, an animal waste product, was the first great triumph of such research. But many other substitutes—fibres, plastics, pharmaceuticals—followed, some excellent in their own right, some merely producing larger profits for bigger organizations.

Descartes could not, of course, foresee that this one-sided effort to "conquer nature" would bring a special danger the closer it approached realization—that of dispossessing and displacing man himself. But though we must now confront this threat, I mention it here only to exonerate Descartes and proclaim his relative innocence. Like Galileo, he could have had no notion of what would happen when the control of external phenomena and the increase of physical energies available for altering the environment and commanding time and space should take precedence over the effort to humanize man himself, to discipline and direct his own development, and to explore the exuberant potentialities of his culture and personality. In Descartes's time, the physical and mathematical sciences had not yet achieved anything like their present position of superiority. Descartes himself, though he was a gifted mathematician, was not exclusively immersed in mathematical problems or physical phenomena, for he made a close physiological study of the motion of the blood in the heart and arteries, of the kind that Harvey carried to a more successful conclusion. Though Descartes conceived of man's becoming a lord of nature, that overlordship remained for him, despite his experience as a soldier, chiefly in the mind. His best hopes for this accomplishment lay not in increased physical power or productivity but in achieving knowledge of the human organism, which he hoped would provide a rational foundation for a more healthy regimen. Thus, while Descartes,

like Bacon, saw that science was practically desirable, because it would lead to the "invention of an infinity of arts, by which we might be enabled to enjoy without any trouble the fruits of the earth and all its comforts," he felt that "if any means can ever be found to render men wise and more ingenious than hitherto . . . it is in medicine that they must be sought for." He was confident that "we could free ourselves from an infinity of maladies of the body, as well as the mind, and perhaps also of the debility of old age, if we had sufficiently ample knowledge of their causes, and of all the remedies provided for us by nature." For him, the direct human benefits still counted for more than the increase of material goods or power.

As modern man has reason gratefully to acknowledge, that confidence was not altogether misplaced. The mounting number of people in the Western world who live out their normal life span today as a result of hygienic care, preventive medicine, skillful surgery, and antibiotics—to say nothing of the universal use of soap and water—shows that Descartes's sanguine hopes were justified. But as with all those minds, scientific or utopian, that were elated by expectations of endless improvements, Descartes seemed unaware of the negative results that would accompany and insidiously undermine these achievements, often in proportion to their success. Among them we now begin to recognize biological errors of great magnitude. These unforeseen consequences have partly nullified the genuine advances and have made the ultimate balance in science's favor increasingly doubtful, unless vast measures are now taken to halt the scientifically and financially expedited forces of destruction and extermination.

"Templeton should be here shortly with a first-hand report on the Forty-second Street pornography problem."

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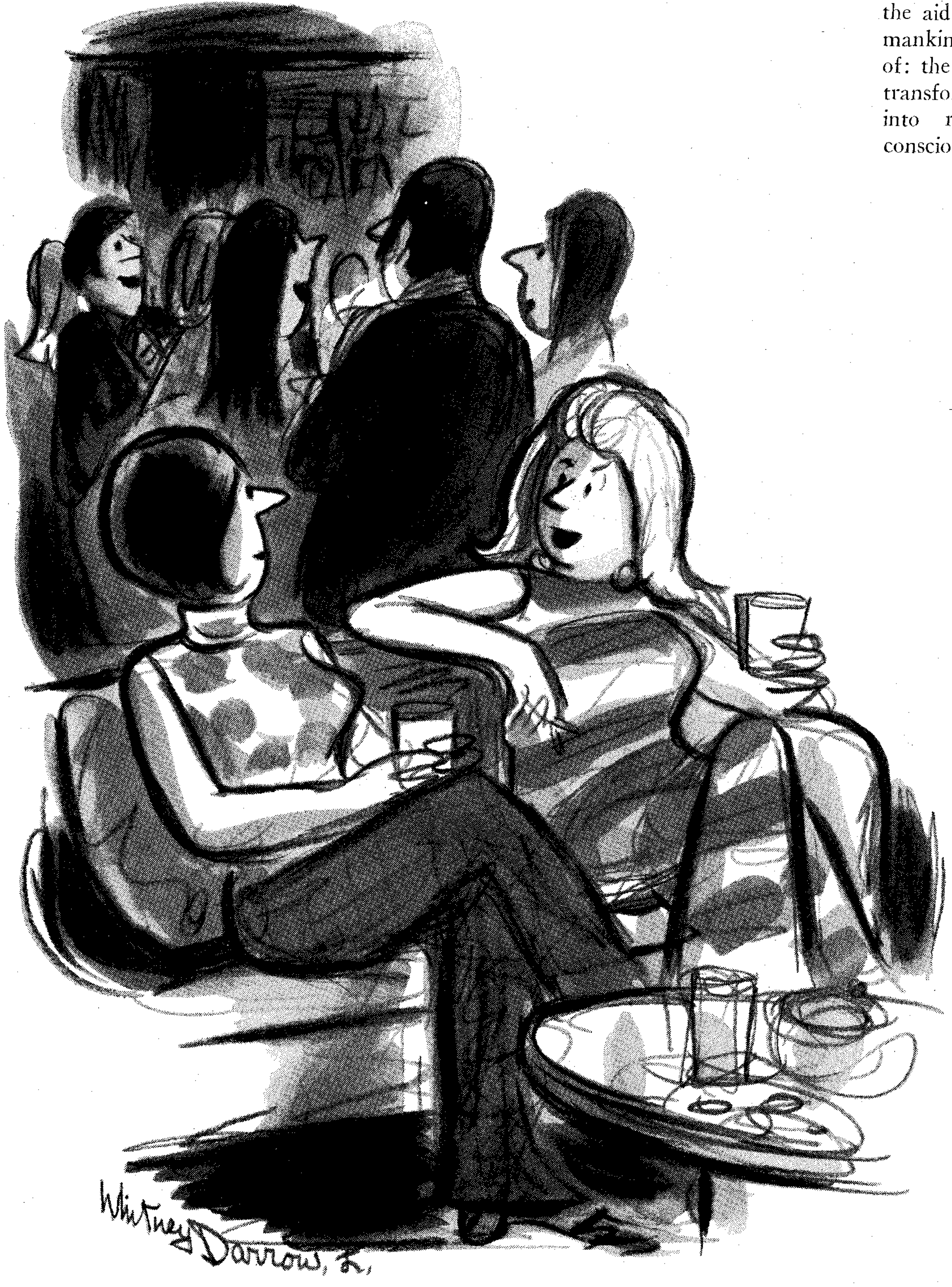
THOUGH Descartes was an assiduous scientific experimenter in more than one area, the Cartesian method itself was most immediately applicable to "physical"—that is, to preorganic—nature. Descartes deliberately concentrated on this aspect because it seemed to him "the most common and simple, hence the easiest to know," while the mathematical advances that delighted him seemed at first serviceable only because they "contributed to the advancement of the mechanical arts." Despite the wide range of Descartes's investigations, the Baroque culture of his time stamped his thought with two identifying marks that were to have a serious effect upon later technics through reinforcing practices that were already in operation. The first was Descartes's belief in political absolutism, and the second was his faith in the clock as a model of natural order. As opposed to all those processes that involve tradition, historical continuity, cumulative experience, democratic coöperation, and reciprocal intercourse with others, Descartes favored the kind of external order that could be achieved by a single mind, like that of a Baroque prince, detached from precedent, breaking with popular customs, all-powerful, acting alone, commanding unqualified obedience—in short, laying down the law. This destruction of organic complexity was the prime condition for effecting mechanization and total control in every department of life. The workings of the Cartesian minds were already visible in the buildings and cities of the period—structures designed by engineer-architects in the service of an autocratic authority according to a predetermined plan ready for instant execution. Descartes singled out this order of planning for praise and, by way of contrast, disparaged those buildings and towns that had gone through a longer period of growth and that exhibited, along with their imperfections, the revisions, the adaptations, the happy second thoughts, and the fresh innovations of later generations. He praised Sparta, not because he thought its particular laws and customs were necessarily good but because they had been "originated by a single individual" and "tended to a single end." No wonder he used the plan of the Baroque city as the model for his philosophical system:

mechanical order and inflexible control are written all over it. If one removes the trimmings from the palace of Versailles, one has, in effect, the shell of a modern extended factory unit.

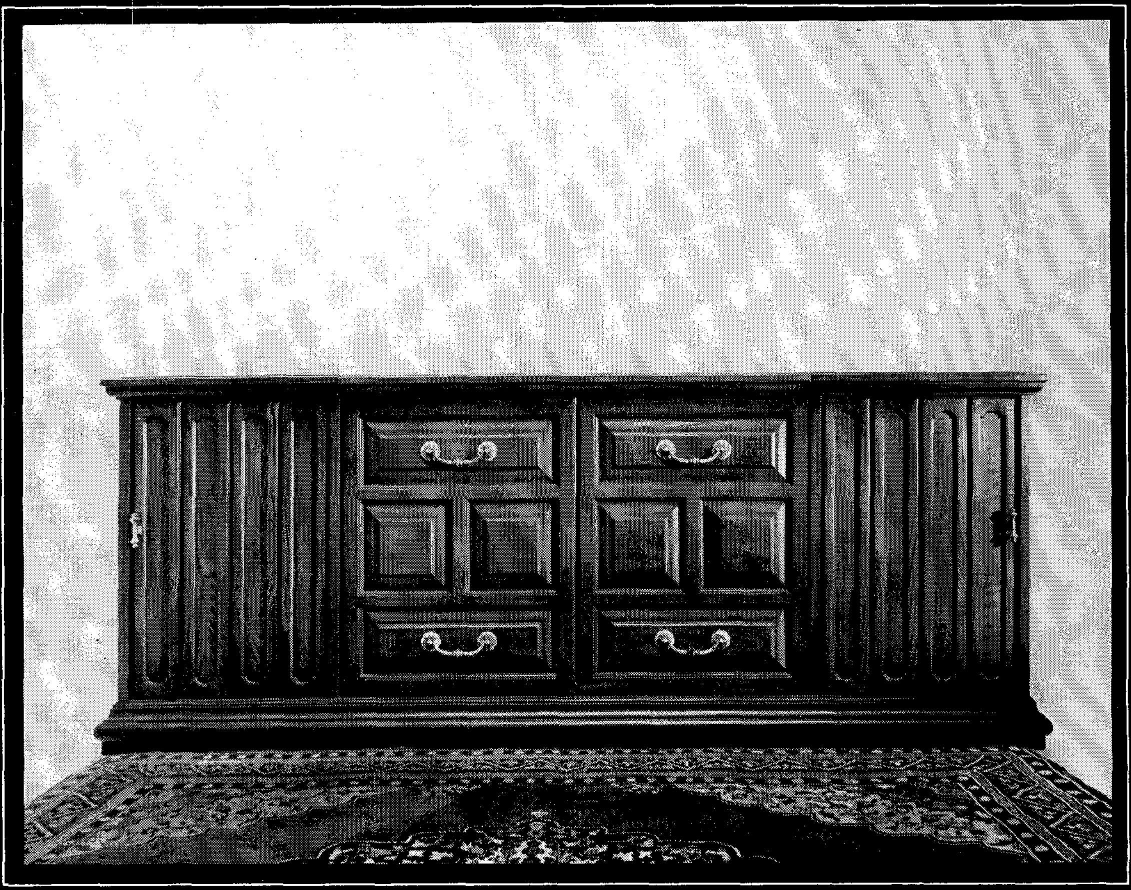
Descartes's soloism was a natural expression of Baroque absolutism in areas other than government. To act alone, to occupy the center of the stage, to displace all rival personalities or groups—this was the underlying tie between the princely despot, the musical prima donna, the monopolistic financier, and the reflective philosopher. The final effect of this was to reduce to a whirl of decomposed atomic particles all the constituent elements of society, and to leave to a single dominant element, the king or the "state," the function of giving some sort of order and direction to the alienated and fragmented individuals that were left. This destruction of the groups that compose any real community—the family, the village, the farm, the workshop, the guild, the church—cleared the way for the uniformities and standardizations imposed by the machine. We can witness this process most clearly in the analysis of reality for which Descartes long was famous. Descartes, seeking to clear out of his mind all knowledge, true or false, in order to build again from rock bottom, was left with what seemed to him an indisputable proposition: the celebrated "I think, therefore I am." This equation of thought with being removed it from all qualifying limitations; thinking itself tended to become unconditional and absolute—in fact, the sole imperative demand of existence. In order to reach this point, Descartes forgot that before he could say "I think, therefore I am" he needed the coöperation of countless fellow-beings, extending back his own knowledge as far as the thousands of years that Biblical history recorded. Beyond that, we know now, he needed the aid of an even longer past, which mankind too long remained ignorant of: the millions of years necessary to transform his dumb animal ancestors into ritual-enacting, word-speaking, conscious human beings. "I think, therefore I am" had meaning only because of this immense mass of buried history. Without that past, his momentary experience of thought would have been inexpressible. Perhaps the greatest defect of our world pictures up to now is that the transformation of history, except in the cloudy form of myth, has played so little part in their conception of reality. Jewish tradition is almost the only one in which history is regarded as a necessary and meaningful revelation of universal forces, or, as theology would put it, God's will. In trying to make a fresh start, Descartes had in fact swept away nothing. For without his collectively stored and individually remembered experience, his lips and tongue and vocal cords could not have framed his triumphant sentence. "Man is only a reed, but a thinking reed," said his younger colleague Pascal. Descartes had merely restated this conviction, which most seventeenth-century intelligences shared and regarded as axiomatic; namely, that thinking is man's most important activity. But this itself is open to question, since sexual reproduction is more essential to thought, biologically speaking, than thought is to reproduction, for life not merely encompasses but transcends thought.



"This year I'm not getting involved in any complicated issues. I'm just voting my straight ethnic prejudices."

Beneath Descartes's equation of thought with existence another idea was implicit,

fight music pollution



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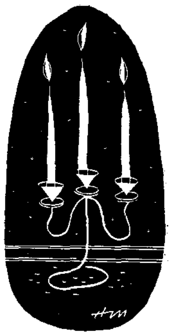
The quality goes in before the name goes on which derived from the social style of the Baroque period: Under a rational system of ideas all minds would be forced to submit to scientific "laws" as though they were the subjects of an absolute ruler. Such laws, as Wilhelm Ostwald was later to point out, established the realm of predictable behavior; this simplified choices and economized effort. Thus the ultimate aim of science, the proof of both its truth and its efficacy, would be to make all behavior as predictable as the movements of the heavenly bodies. To many scientists, even today, this is not only an unchallengeable axiom but a moral imperative. If scientific determinism operated everywhere, then human lives, too, might eventually be brought under control. This, naturally, assumed that, as in any absolute system of government, there were no unruly elements that were not known to the police or could not be rounded up and imprisoned indefinitely without investigation.



In rejecting the cumulative contributions of history, Descartes lost sight, then, of both the significance of nature and the nature of significance, and failed to understand their interdependence, since the mind that explores nature is itself a part of nature and has hidden or inaccessible characteristics. Without this larger time span to sustain it, life would shrink and shrivel into nothingness, and the ego would lack the very words needed to deny the mind's existence or to curse its own impotence. It is in such a state, incidentally, that many of our contemporaries actually find themselves today, since they accept the momentary reports of their senses as final revelations—however hideous—of truth.

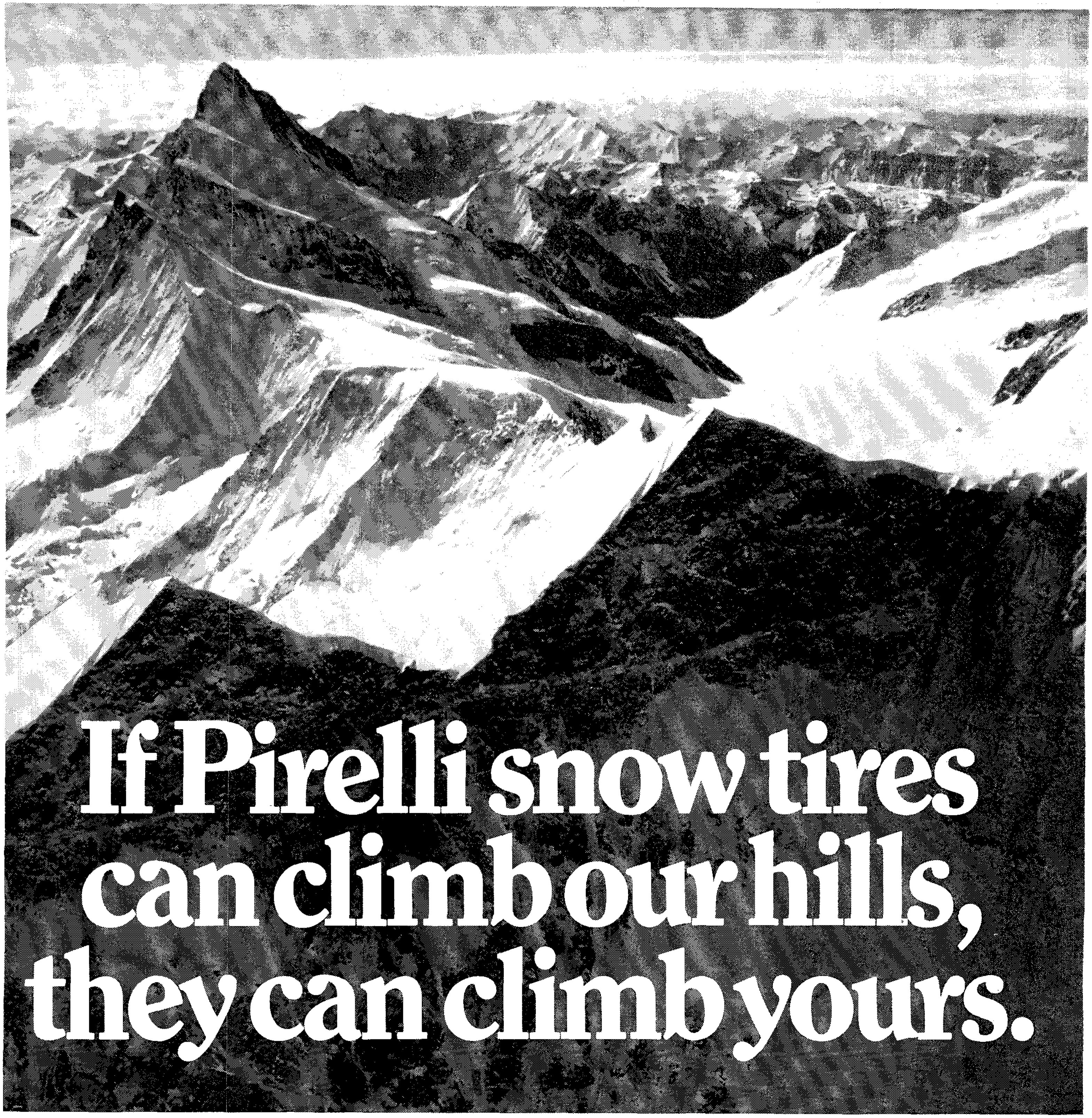
What Descartes lacked the perspective to see was that his interpretation of life as a purely mechanical phenomenon, comparable to the strictly regulated motions of an automaton, was not as transparently rational as it seemed to him and to many of his successors. Note, finally, the implications of his mechanistic absolutism. For the sake of clarity and predictable order, he was ready to set aside the most characteristic function of all organisms: the capacity to enregister and hoard experience and continuously to reinterpret present experience in relation to both remembered and prospective or imagined events—above all, to act for themselves without outside instruction or control in pursuance of their individual purposes or those of their species or group. For the same reason, Descartes was oblivious of all those complex symbiotic interactions that demand empathy, mutual aid, and sensitive accommodations, of which Aristotle could at least have given him homely illustrations.

True to the principles of absolutism, Descartes preferred a predetermined design, laid down by a single mind, to fulfill a single end at a single point in time, and he thought that in matters of mind as well as in government the best communities "followed the appointments of some wise legislator." He characterized as "restless and busy meddlers" reformers who sought to alter these arrangements. No active organism, no historical group, no living community could without protest be successfully imprisoned in that Cartesian framework: Descartes was in fact writing out the specifications for a successful machine. In his conception of science's method and role, then, he openly followed the style of the Renaissance despot. He preferred absolute government, with its procrustean simplifications, to democratic government, with its divided powers, its tenacious traditions, its embarrassing historical contradictions, its confusions and compromises and obscurities. But the acceptance of the latter is, in fact, the necessary price for a method capable of embracing the complexities of life without leaving any function or purpose unrecognized, uncounted, or uncared for. By his penchant for political absolutism, Descartes paved the way for the eventual militarization of both science and technics. He did not perceive that the complex processes and singular events of history are no less important manifestations of nature than mass phenomena that are open to observation, experiment, and statistical description. As a result, mechanical order, with its clarity and predictability, became, in the minds of Descartes's followers, the main criterion of reality and the source of all values except those that Descartes preferred to leave entirely in the care of the Church.

In effect, Descartes elevated the scientist into an absolute lawgiver—not, of course, in his individual capacity but in his collective role. By turning man into a "machine made by the hands of God," he tacitly turned into gods those who were capable of designing and making machines. As long as such powers were extremely limited, as they indeed were until the present century, this yearning for godlike power did little harm. If anything, it buttressed confidence in the face of difficulties with its assurance that "with the help of God" (science) any project, however audacious, might finally be accomplished. As a healthy reaction against superstition and pseudo-knowledge, indeed, this Cartesian clarity was at first beneficial. It had the effect of a flowing river of fresh water, loosening the barnacles of encrusted superstition and subjective error that had impeded the movement of the ancient vessels of thought. But as a permanent contribution to thought and life, the mechanical mode has turned out to be an auxiliary to political absolutism, for the two are in perfect harmony.

"The body of man," observed Descartes flatly, "is nothing but a statue of a machine made of earth." The long quarrel between organicism and mechanism centers on this dogmatic "nothing but." In order to prove that the nature and behavior of living creatures, with the exception of man, could be fully accounted for on purely mechanical principles, Descartes turned, naturally, to the special model that had always exercised a fascination over kings—the automaton. This fascination was by no means capricious or accidental, for automatic figures, in animal or human shape ("animated," as we say, by clockwork), were the perfect embodiment of the royal demand for unconditional obedience, absolute order, push-button control—qualities that rulers from the Pyramid Age onward sought to implant in their subjects. The success of even the simplest automatons gave point to Descartes's question: May not living organisms be satisfactorily explained, and so governed, as if they were machines?

The specific attributes of life seemed to Descartes "not at all strange to those who are acquainted with the variety of movements performed by different automata or moving machines fabricated by human industry." This superficial resemblance closed his eyes to the immense gulf between man-made machines, composed of separate mechanical parts, and organisms, in which no cell, tissue, or organ has any existence or continuity except as a dynamic member of a unified, self-renewing whole, most of whose essential characteristics vanish as soon as life ceases. Though Descartes took care to exempt man from his mechanical explanation, he made the error of declaring that if machines were manufactured exactly resembling in organs and outward form an ape or any other "irrational" animal we would have no means of knowing that they were in



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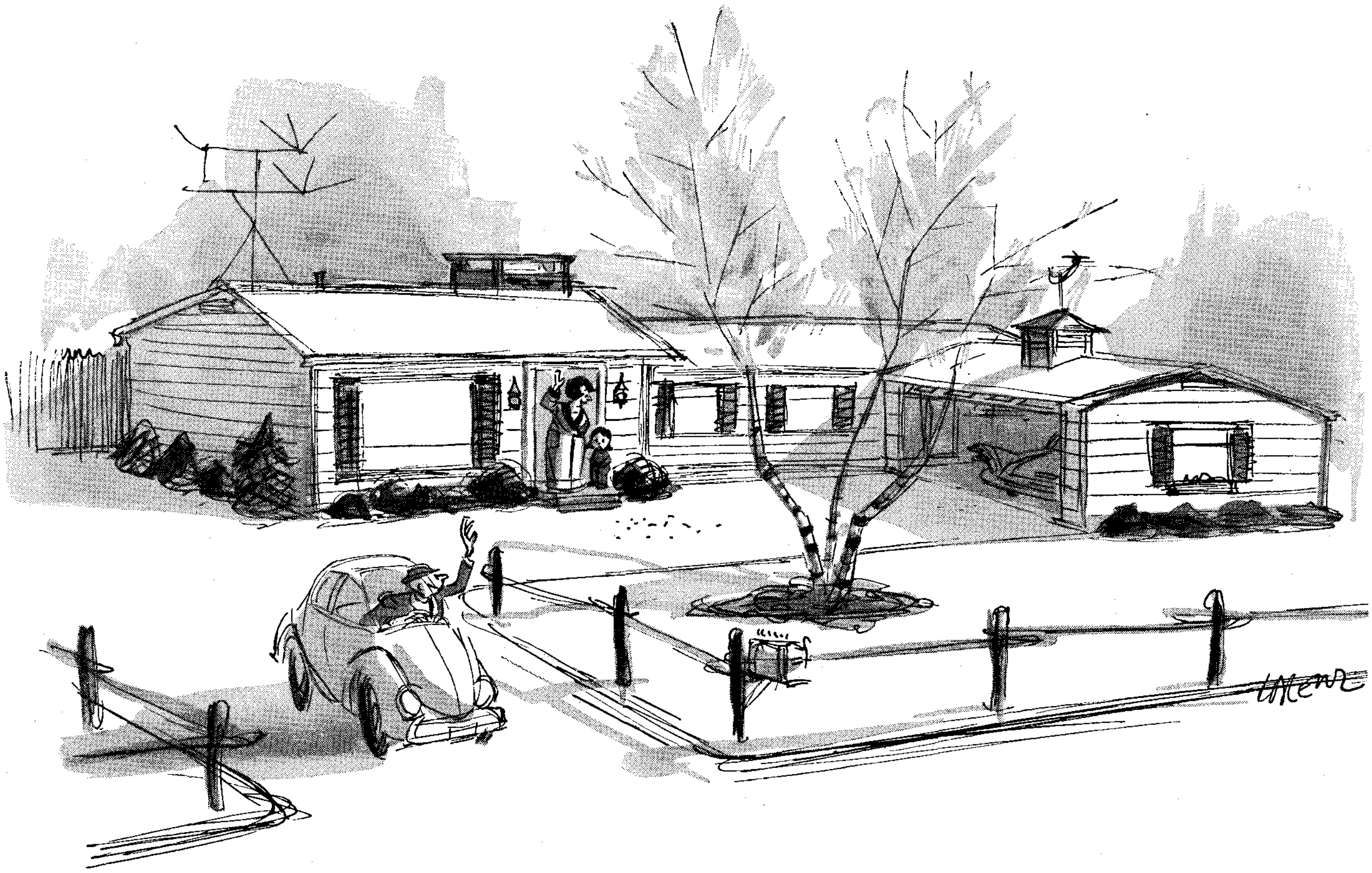

"Daddy's off to get a rabbit skin to wrap the baby bunting in."

• •

any respect of a different nature from such an animal. Logically, this error would seem too flagrant to demand refutation, for Descartes was taking as a hypothetical basis the very possibility he was trying to prove. If any machine *exactly* resembled an organism, it would be an organism, not a machine, which means, among many other things, that it would be capable of designing and manufacturing itself without human help. To this fallacy Samuel Butler, centuries later, provided the irrefutable answer, even though he was fully alert to the prospect that increasingly lifelike machines would be invented. These machines, he pointed out, would still have to rely upon the intervention of man at some point in the process, in order to perpetuate or renew their own "living" form. Useless to call upon another machine for such assistance, unless at some point a human mind was a party to that response and had already provided for it.

What is generally regarded as a timid hedging by Descartes when he came to man was in fact a recognition of the claims of the subjective life, the superiority of human reason, and the creativity of man's unique achievement—language. Nevertheless, he had little use for any other principle of explanation than that which the machine supplied, and it was this emphasis, not his discreet qualifications, that carried over into the methodology of science. "I want you to regard these functions," he wrote, "as taking place naturally in this machine because of the very arrangement of its parts, neither more nor less than do the movements of a clock or other automaton from the weights and wheels, so that there is no need on their account to suppose in it any soul vegetative or sensitive or any principle of life other than its blood." This passage reveals the deep impression that lifelike clockwork mechanisms made on Descartes's contemporaries, and not least on Descartes himself. Kepler shared that reaction. In a letter written in 1605, he said, "I am much occupied with the investigation of physical causes. My aim is to show that the celestial machine is to be likened not to a divine organism but, rather, to a clockwork." But it was easier to reduce the organism to such a machine than to reverse this process and turn machines into organisms. That ambition was left for our own age to express.

To Descartes's credit as a thinker, he realized better than many of his followers that his oversimplified mechanical model broke down in the case of man because of "two most certain tests." Men had the ability to use words and signs "in order to declare their thoughts to others." And men had freedom of will in a sense that is absent, or at least not fully developed, in other animals. Though a creature built on mechanical principles alone might, Descartes said, perform various individual acts even nearer to perfection than man could—as many machines now do—the limits of its behavior are set by its organs, and those organs are not sufficiently diversified to meet, by their set response, all the occurrences of life "in the way in which our reason enables us to act." This was a generous admission and a significant partial correction, but it still does not do justice to capacities that even many lower organisms possess. Animal instincts and reflexes, physiologists and ethologists now tell us, are not so strictly programmed genetically and so inadaptable in their behavior as post-Cartesian theory long held. Descartes's early overcommitment to the machine was his undoing, though in his unwillingness to treat man as a behaviorist automaton he escaped the chronic errors of later generations of behaviorists. His failure to apply to man the same reasoning he applied to other organisms has often been dismissed as a cowardly precaution against persecution by the Church. But was it not,

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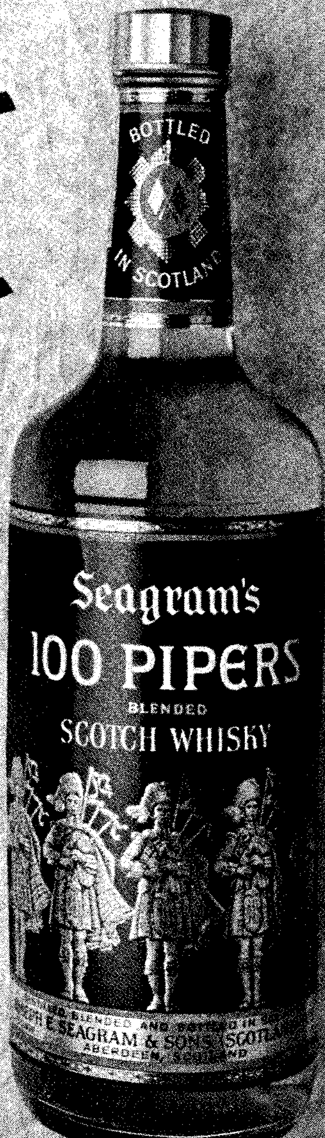
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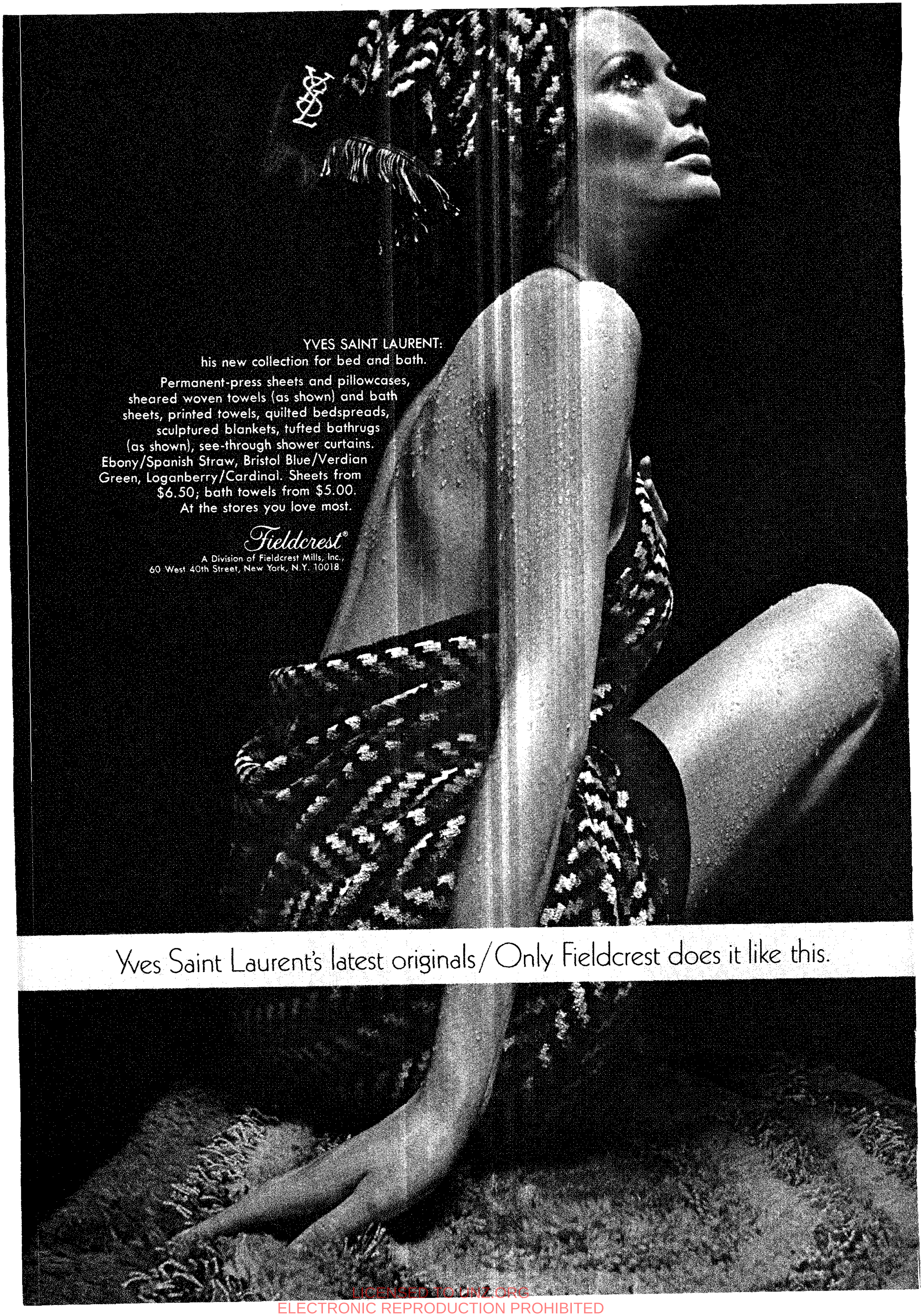
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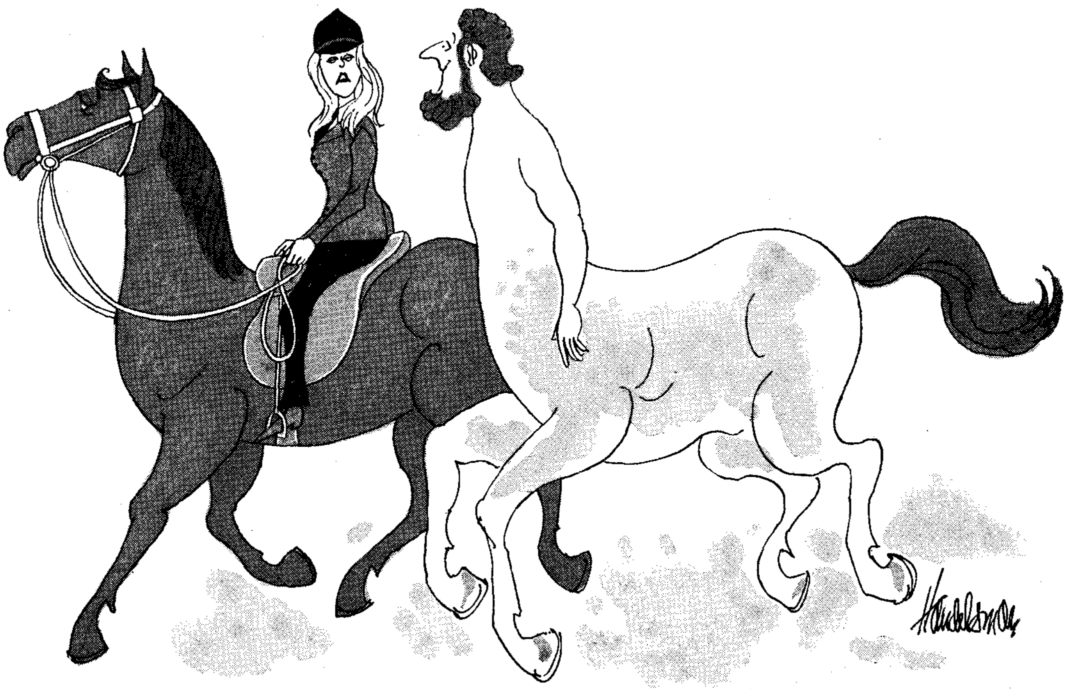


"It happens that neither of us is interested."

rather, the example of truly scientific circumspection?

The missing elements in Descartes's grossly oversimplified mechanical model and in the scientific outlook that, consciously or unconsciously, has taken that model over are history, symbolic culture, mind; in other words, the totality of human experience not simply as known but as lived, for every living creature knows something about life that even the most brilliant biologist cannot discover except by living. To heed only the abstractions of the intelligence or the operations of machines and to ignore feelings, emotions, intuitions, fantasies, ideas is to substitute bleached skeletons, manipulated by wires, for living organisms. The cult of anti-life secretly begins at this point, with its readiness to extirpate organisms and contract human wants and desires in order to conform to the machine. When Galileo and Descartes excluded subjective, remembered, or unrepeatable phenomena from the world they were attempting to describe, they rejected what could only be experienced but never accurately observed, because the act of observation itself deforms—as biologists and physicists have now discovered—the nature of what is observed. The remedy for this embarrassment is a human one, and it was left to a poet to express it. In "A Considerable Speck," Robert Frost tells about his encounter with a paper mite, crawling over the page on which he was writing, who observed Frost's lifted pen and visibly panicked. This behavior awakened sufficient fellow-feeling in Frost to spare the speck's life:

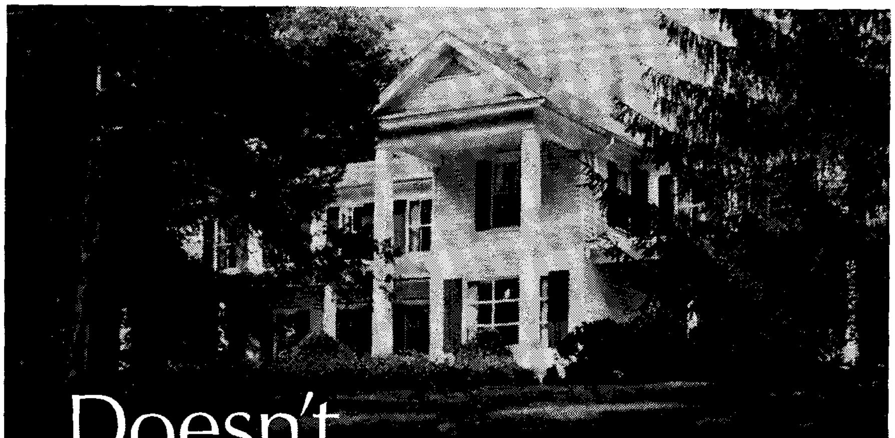
> I have a mind myself and recognize
> Mind when I meet with it in any guise.

What the poet is in fact saying is that neither power nor knowledge should undermine one's humanity or obliterate one's sense of active fellowship with all other forms of life. By accepting the machine as his model, and a single, unifying mind as the source of absolute order, Descartes in effect brought every manifestation of life, ultimately, under rational, centrally directed control—rational, that is, provided one did not look too closely at the nature and intentions of the controller. In doing so, he set a fashion in thought that was to prevail with increasing success for the next three centuries. On Descartes's assumptions, the work of science, if not the destiny of life, was to widen the empire of the machine. Lesser minds seized on this error, enlarged it, and made it fashionable. And as had often happened in the history of slavery, the mechanical slave first made himself indispensable to his master, then defied him and dominated him, and finally supplanted him. But now it is the master, not the slave, who must, if he is to survive, devise a scheme to recover his freedom.

SCIENCE AS TECHNOLOGY

BETWEEN the sixteenth century and the twentieth, the new scientific world picture became increasingly unified, though the various sciences that took part in this change had different origins, developed different methods of investigation, and were governed by different, sometimes contradictory aims. Random exploration, severe mathematical analysis, piecemeal discoveries, organized experiment and invention, even historical exploration in geology, paleontology, and phylogeny—all these eventually took the name of science and contributed to its growing authority. By now, the original ideological foundations have given way, yet the deceptively simplified superstructure remains intact, seeming to float in air. If the world picture that emerges from these disparate efforts presented any coherent image, it was one that could be traced back ultimately to the Ionian philosophers and, more immediately, to the ascendancy of the automaton. The fields of investigation were parcelled out very much in the way the territories of the planet were parcelled out for exploitation among the great powers, and the pattern of knowledge reflected this division; soon it became considered akin to arrogance for anyone, even the professed philosopher, to deal with human experience as a whole. The last grand effort to achieve this feat in scientific thought—magnificent but presumptuous—was Herbert Spencer's voluminous "Synthetic Philosophy." His explication of evolution as the passage from indefinite, unorganized homogeneity to definite, organized heterogeneity was too thin to be very useful, and too provincial in its evaluations to be applicable to any culture but that of Western European origin. Yet Spencer's failure only proves how valuable Cartesian mechanism had once been, in its innocence and simplicity, in holding the fragmented world of thought temporarily together. If Spencer gave undue authority to a kind of automatic finalism, he helped to establish, even before Darwin, a central idea that had been lacking: historical evolution itself.

In retrospect, Spencer's failure brings out by contrast the practical triumph of Francis Bacon in his attempt, earlier, and with much poorer equipment, to "take all knowledge to be his province." This is all the more striking because these two men embodied the same utilitarian principles and were buoyed up by the same hopes. Though Bacon flourished before Descartes, he made the working partnership between science and technics an even more bind-



Doesn't everyone have a country place?

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ing one, by linking it to the immediate human desires for health, wealth, and power. The success of the mechanical world picture was insured in advance by Bacon, whose very lack of any qualification as either a mathematician or an experimental physicist perhaps made him readier to extend the scientific method to every department of life. Bacon deserves a special place, not for any fresh scientific discoveries he made or even contributed to but for outlining an ideal institutional foundation for the systematic achievement and application of ordered knowledge. In addition, Bacon declared in no uncertain terms that the final goal of science was "relief of man's estate" and the "effecting of all things possible." Thus, in the characteristic vein of British empiricism, he outlined the pragmatic justification for society's commitment to modern science as technology. No sky-gazer like Galileo, no sun-worshipper like Kepler, Bacon brought science to a workable level.

However high-flown modern scientific theory may seem, and however much subjective delight it may give to its adepts, the scientific establishment from the beginning has been encouraged and promoted chiefly because of its hoped-for or promised applications to practical affairs: warfare, manufacture, transportation, communication. The belief that science developed solely out of a pursuit of knowledge for its own sake is at best only a half-truth and at worst mere self-flattery or self-deception on the part of scientists. As with the holiness of saints, which has bestowed unwarranted authority on the grosser worldly claims of the Christian Church, the total effect of scientific ideology has been to provide both the means and the justification for achieving external control over all manifestations of natural existence, including man's own life. If science and technics have not been officially married, they have long lived together in a loose, common-law relationship that it is easier to ignore than to dissolve. It is natural, perhaps, that in reviewing Bacon's work and influence one should overemphasize the aspects of modern civilization that have confirmed his predictions and surpassed his none too cautious expectations. This is particularly true when we consider science as technology, for it is in this department that his most startling intuitions have been realized. Three centuries before Jules Verne and H. G. Wells, to say nothing of later writers of science fiction, Bacon had anticipated the multifold uses that technology would make of science, though his imagination failed

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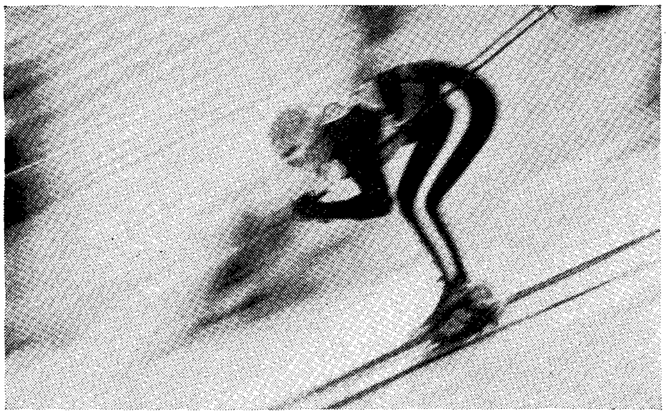

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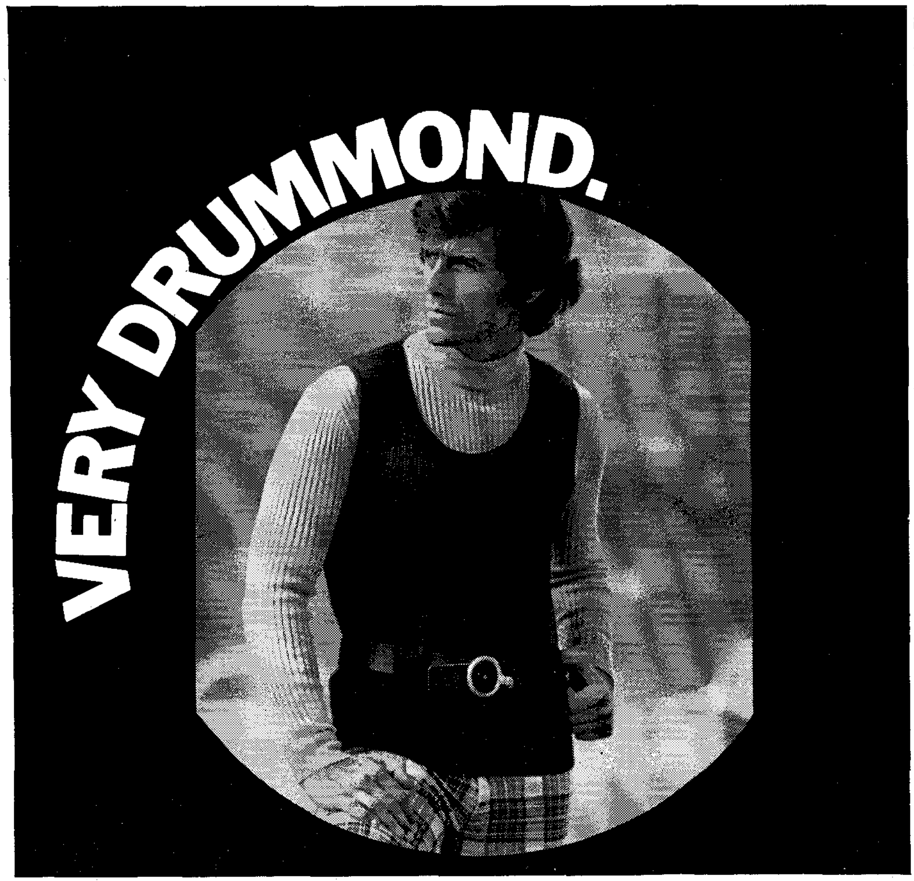
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him, as it did not fail later utopian and kakotopian writers, when he tried to describe the kind of world we would actually live in; for, quaintly, the future world he was speaking of in his "The New Atlantis" was still—in costume, manners, and religious belief—the familiar world of Elizabethan legal and court circles. (As I have said before, I use "kakotopia" to mean a dehumanized and ugly urbanoid community.)

Perhaps Bacon's most original contribution to the enlargement of the province of science was his understanding of its great future role in transforming the material conditions of life. But I am sure that some of the results I shall point to would have profoundly disturbed him, for his faith in science as a source of invention, and in technology itself as the final justification of science, foresaw only the good that would come from this pursuit and did not anticipate the negative end products of which the modern world is now becoming acutely conscious. Yet Bacon had a singularly capacious mind, open to self-examination and correction, and because his life had been shattered by his acknowledged malfeasance in public office, he might have been among the first to reëvaluate the results of his thinking and to introduce intellectual safeguards whose need he did not anticipate.

Though Bacon was undoubtedly expressing in fantasy, as sensitive artists often do, the changing temper of his age long before it was visible in the streets, his dynamic predictions proved self-fulfilling, for they turned men's minds in the direction of the machine and gave confidence in the new scientific orientation toward the physical world. This became the common meeting ground for minds otherwise ideologically separated. Men who could no longer agree upon the nature of God or the conditions for human immortality could come to terms by making a god out of nature, and by worshipping the machine as man's highest product. By following through the practical consequences of science, Bacon sought to show even that those who were engaged in abstract observations or experiments might ultimately confer great benefits upon the human race—greater than could those who sought to improve it by morals or government, or who were content to change the environment solely by manual labor and art. Now, the notion that the scientific investigation of "air, earth, water, and fire" might have fruitful practical applications had occurred to many minds before Bacon. All the ad-

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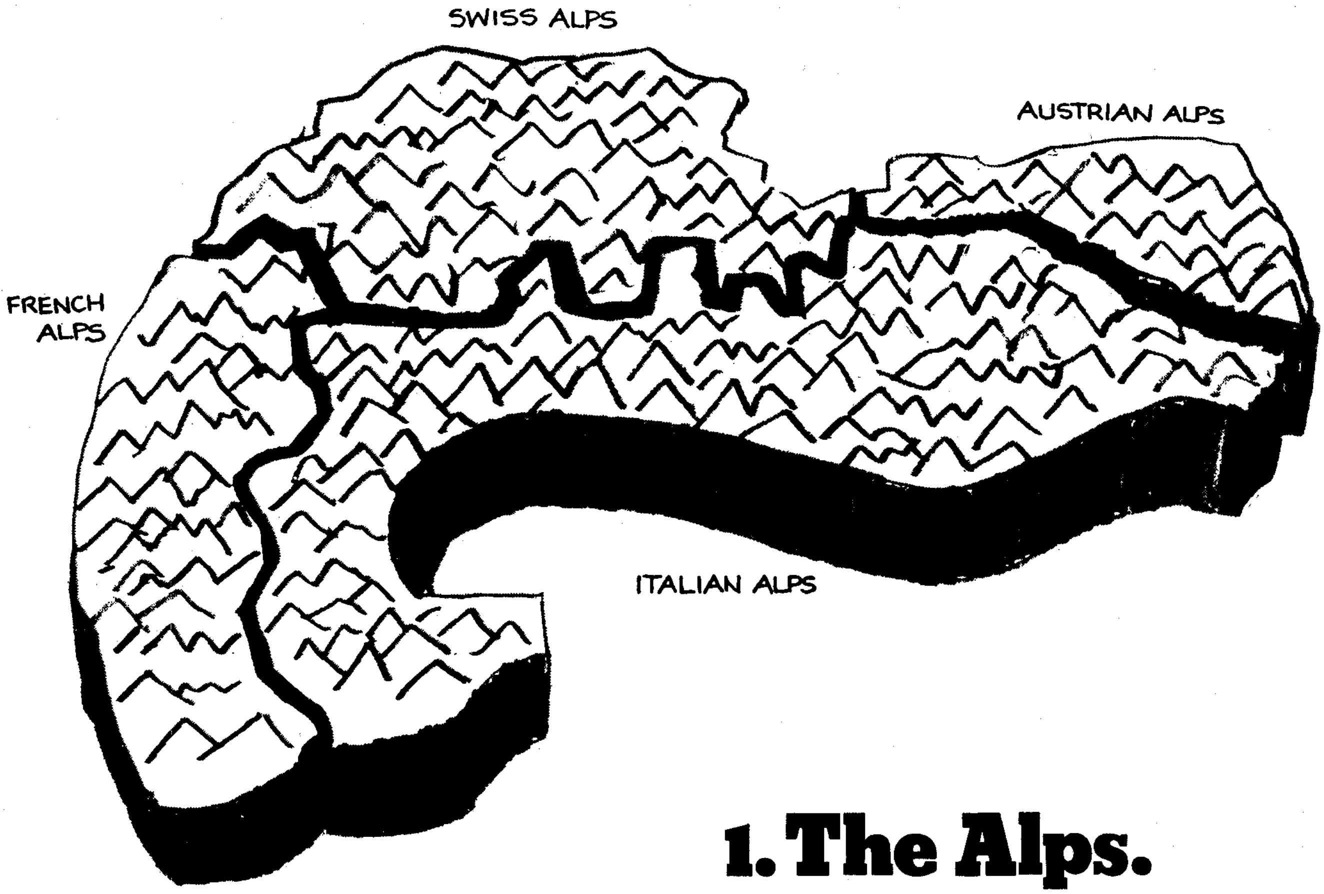

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vances in past technology, such as the discovery of glazes, glass, and metals, had been due to just this kind of observation, still scattered and empirical, but nevertheless a step toward more adequate knowledge and more effective practical applications. Some scientists have expressed pride in the fact that there are more scientists alive today than existed in the whole course of human history before. But this is an empty boast. There are also more priests in the Christian Church than ever before. It may be doubted whether scientific knowledge, despite popular education, is even now as widely diffused in any effective form as was the rich empiric knowledge utilized in a prescientific era in metallurgy, pottery, brewing, dyeing, plant selection, animal breeding, agriculture, and medicine. To assume that accurate, positive knowledge did not exist until the scientific method was invented is to overpraise contemporary achievements by belittling those of the different order that laid the solid foundations for them. The watchmaker's or optician's standard of accuracy imposed by the cutting of the stones of the great Egyptian pyramids was, considering the few crude tools at the disposal of the workers, quite as remarkable an achievement as anything in rocket design today.

But Bacon deserves our respect for helping to close the gap between the separate spheres of science and technics—the first long considered "liberal" but useless, the mental play of a sophisticated minority; the other, however useful, cursed by its servile and debasing nature, except perhaps in medicine and architecture. Bacon held that in the future science would rest increasingly on a collective organization, not just on the work of individuals of ability operating under their own power, and that instruments and apparatus were as necessary in the technology of systematic thought as they were in mining or bridge-building. He foresaw, as the Baroque soloists and prima donnas of science did not, the coming impact of science as a corporate activity.

"The unassisted hand," observed Bacon, "and the understanding left to itself possess little power." This was a revolutionary conception. His very overemphasis on the collective apparatus of science, his close concern for the operational and instrumental aspects of scientific thought were probably needed temporarily to overcome the traditional bias of an isolated leisure-class culture, theological and humanistic, operating by choice in a self-sealed social vacuum. In this respect, Bacon's teaching was exemplary, and helped break

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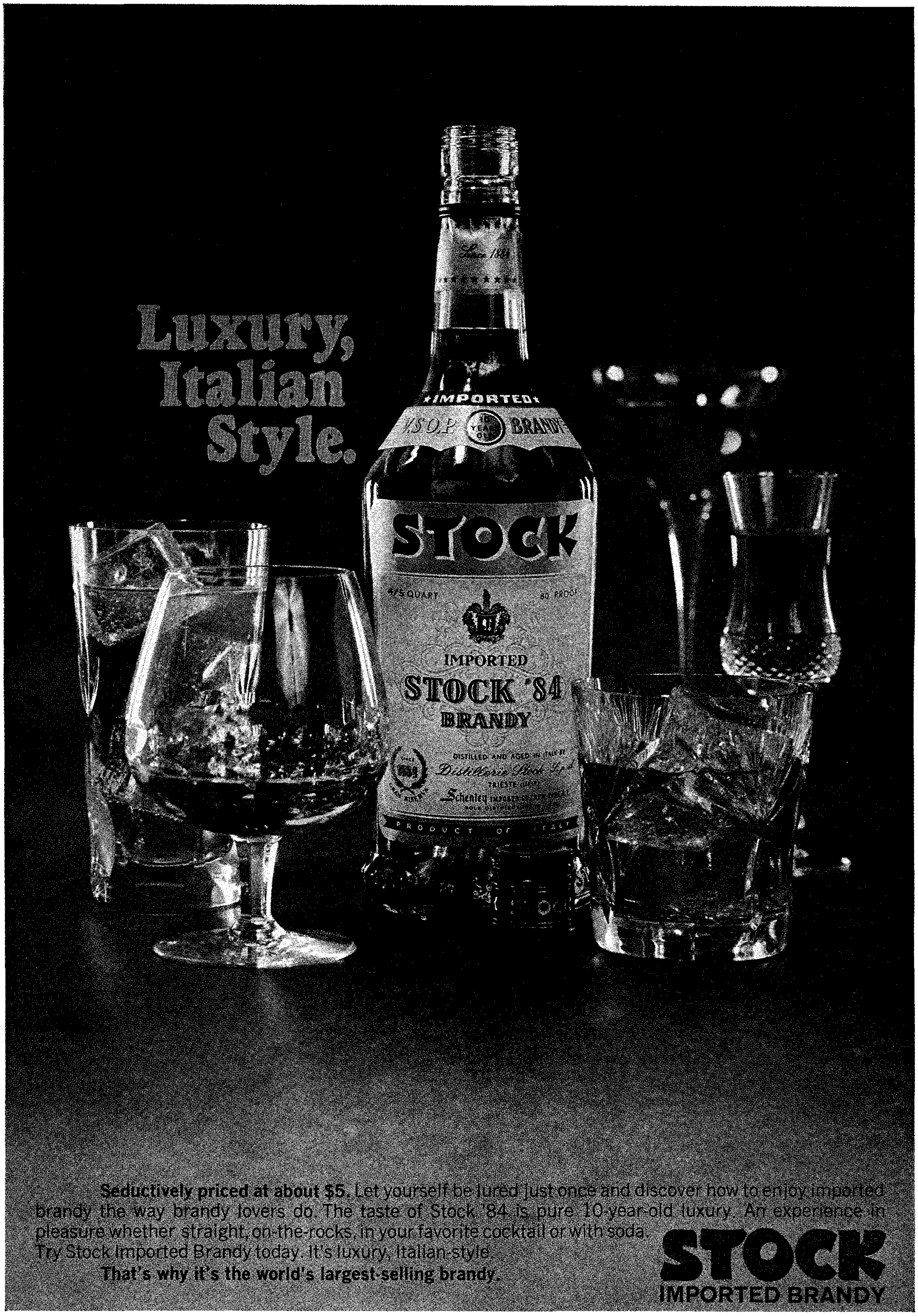
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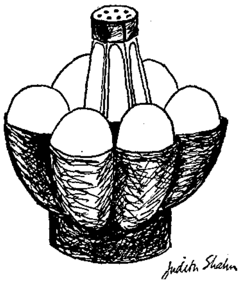
down prejudices that went back at least to the Greeks. Science, Bacon pointed out in his "Preface to the Great Instauration," must deal not only with lofty matters but with things "mean or even filthy . . . such things, no less than the most splendid and costly, must be admitted into natural history. . . . For whatever deserves to exist deserves also to be known." That declaration freshened the air. Bacon's place as a philosopher of science has been challenged during the last half century on the ground that he had little grasp of the methods by which science was beginning to make orderly advances in his own generation. Insofar as Bacon had no practice as an experimental scientist, like Galileo or William Gilbert, this criticism is well founded, but to deny him credit because he did not give sufficient weight to mathematical innovations is less than fair, for Bacon specifically said that "many parts of nature can neither be invented—that is observed—with sufficient subtlety, nor demonstrated with sufficient perspicuity . . . without the aid and intervening of the mathematics." Nevertheless, Bacon had an almost clairvoyant intuition as to the ultimate destination of science: he saw its social implications and applications in detail more clearly than any of his contemporaries. He was undoubtedly expressing certain fundamental though still hidden tendencies in the temper of his age, much as Shakespeare was expressing, in the figure of Caliban, the growing awareness of man's animal origins and of the primitive creature lurking within. Coming at the turn of the tide in Western civilization, his predictions helped his followers ride on to fortune. He had a strong sense of the social context of science and of the appeal that its practical achievements would make not only to scientists, to inventors, to engineers but to the countless human beneficiaries of their work. He foresaw, finally—far in advance of his age—that science would materially prosper by becoming a collective enterprise, subject to systematic organization on a worldwide basis, and that the social goal of science, as he phrased it in "The New Atlantis," would be "the enlargement of the bounds of humane empire."



If Bacon failed in describing the methodology of science as it was taking shape in his own time, he leaped ahead four centuries to the mode and milieu in which science and technics both flourish, in their peculiar fashion, today. When Benjamin Franklin founded the American Philosophical Society, he felt it necessary, in the sober utilitarian spirit of his age, to stress its aim of promoting "useful knowledge," but if he had been even closer to Bacon's spirit he would have realized that usefulness is implicit in every kind of scientific knowledge—almost, it would seem, in proportion to its degree of abstraction and its isolation from immediate practical concerns. The most dynamic gift of science to technics is what A. N. Whitehead termed the greatest invention of the nineteenth century—"the invention of invention." Purely theoretic and experimental discoveries repeatedly suggest outlets and applications that could not even have been conceived of until the necessary scientific work itself was done. In the past, certain branches of science, such as geometry, had developed out of practical needs, such as the Egyptians' need for surveying anew the boundaries that had been effaced in flooded fields, and some of that interplay between practical needs and scientific investigation, of course, still goes on, as in the classic instance of Pasteur's researches on ferments in response to the pleas of French winegrowers. But the enormous advances of science in every field have not waited for such direct stimuli, even though they may very well be indirect responses organically connected with the needs and purposes of our society at a hundred different points. Quite possibly, it was not by accident that the electronics of radar location coincided with coördinate advances in high-speed flight. Increasingly, however, it is the advances of science that suggest new technological applications: witness laser beams. Indeed, the by-products seem to multiply in direct relation to the scope and freedom of scientific research. So ready are we now to accept the inventive consequences of science that we have almost lost the safeguard of common sense or the braking device of mocking laughter against freaks and follies unrelated to human need but technologically attractive because of their very difficulty.

Bacon's interest in the practical applications of science naturally endeared him to Macaulay and the other smug utilitarians of the nineteenth century, for in his "Novum Organum" Bacon boldly asserted that "the legitimate goal of science is the endowment of human life with new inventions and riches;" indeed, the idea of riches and

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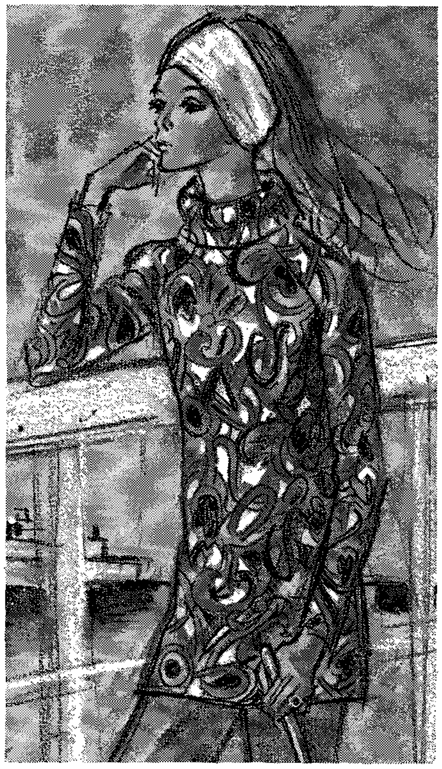

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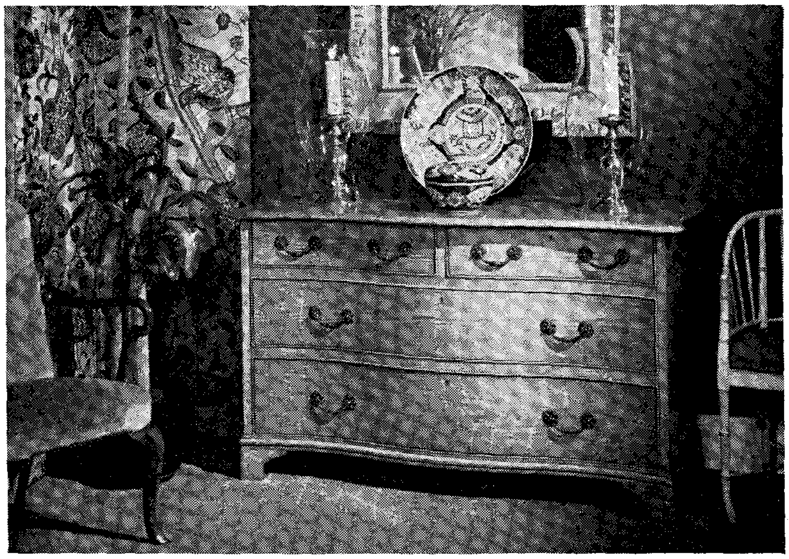

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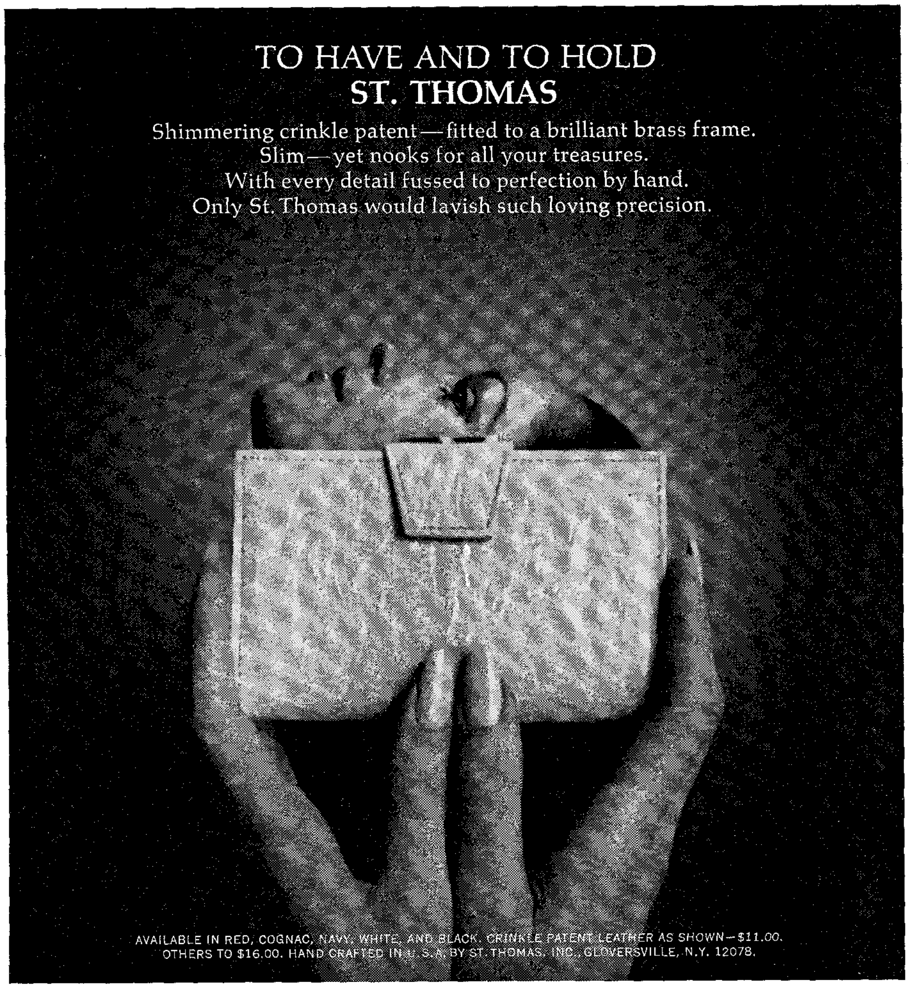

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material abundance pervaded his thinking about science. Taken as the main object of science, this is, naturally, a more questionable goal than Bacon thought, but it is because of the accelerated fulfillment of the promises offered by the sciences, especially during the last half century, that national governments and great industrial corporations have vastly augmented their financial contributions to scientific research. Bacon's merit was to make plain that there was no aspect of nature that would not lend itself to transformation and, possibly, improvement through the confident application of the scientific method. Necessity had always been a most reluctant mother of invention. Bacon understood that ambition and curiosity were far more fertile parents, and that the inventions so promoted would become the mother of new necessities. True, a large part of Bacon's prophesied inventions and discoveries, it now turns out, would open up a vast realm of superfluities and luxuries rather than alleviate poverty or satisfy basic needs.

Bacon did not rely alone upon the individual's passion for scientific inquiry. He saw that curiosity, to be effective, must enlist not just solitary and occasional minds but a corps of well-organized workers, each exercising a specialized function and operating in a restricted area. The broad division of labor in science, with its logical separation into the main categories of mathematicians, physicists, chemists, biologists, and sociologists, did not become firmly established until the nineteenth century. But once it was started, it led progressively to minuter subdivisions within each category. As such, it proved an effective formula for accuracy, speed, and productivity; in addition, it had the further advantage, from the standpoint of mass production, of providing for the employment of a whole army of workers incapable of personal initiative or original thought. But the smallest discovery, the least significant experiment, may nevertheless fill gaps in knowledge and lead to larger results. In itself, the method of analytic dismemberment favored piecework of this sort, but by the same token it resulted in the dissociation, segmentation, and insulation of knowledge: failure to realize the importance of the over-all pattern—the organic correlation of functions and purposes. The corporate scientific personality has thus taken over the attributes of the individual thinker, and as science comes more and more to rely for its results upon complicated and extremely expensive apparatus, like computers, cyclotrons, electronic mi-

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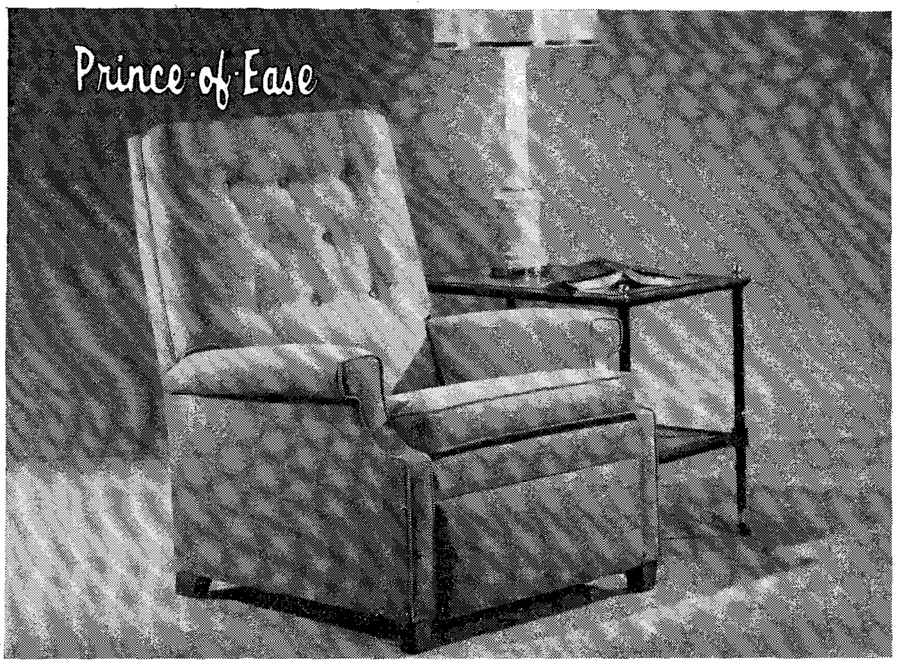

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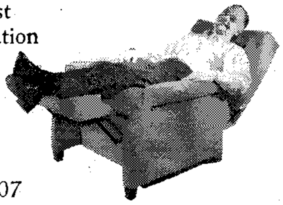

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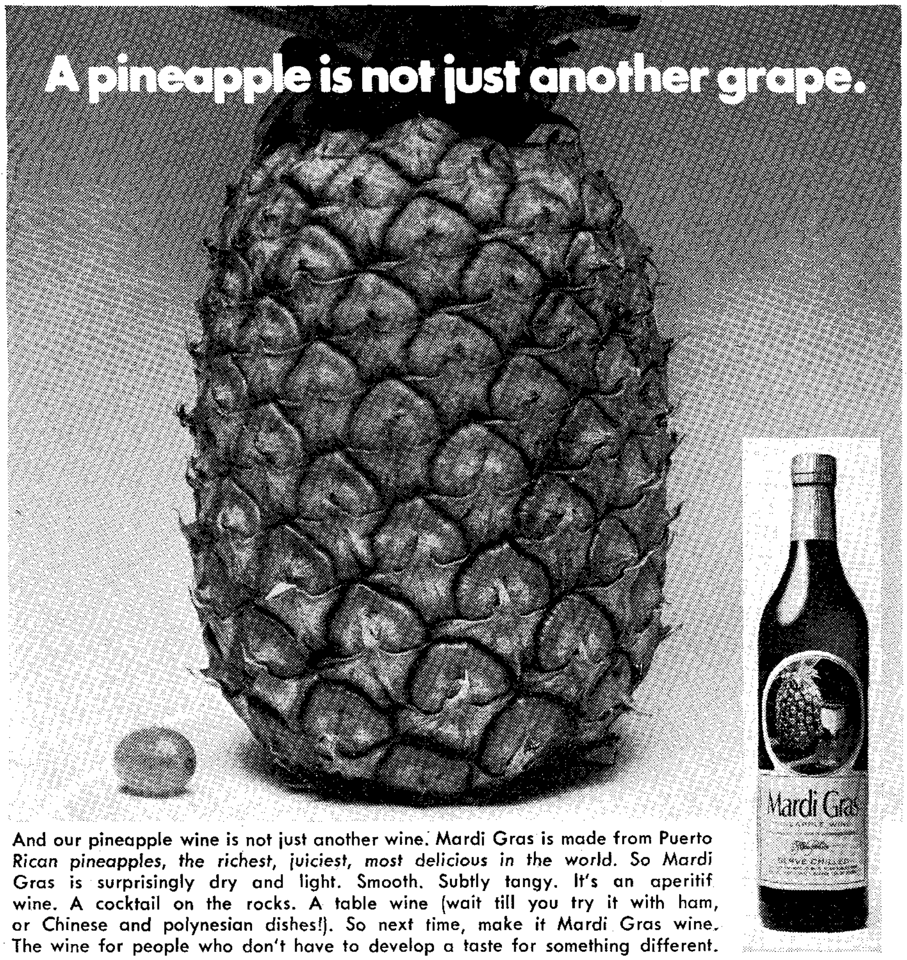

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croscopes, and nuclear piles, no work along present lines can be done without close attachment to a well-endowed corporate organization. The dangers that this technological advance offers to science have not yet been sufficiently canvassed, but in the end they will perhaps nullify no small part of its benefits and rewards.

The Baconian emphasis on the utilitarian applications of science was present from the very beginning, despite all professions of detachment, neutrality, studious isolation, theoretic "otherworldliness." In Alfred Gough's edition of "The New Atlantis," the utopia itself occupies less than forty-seven pages, but of these Bacon's list of new discoveries and inventions, and the resulting achievements, takes up a full nine pages. As Gough remarks, though the theoretic end of Solomon's House, "the knowledge of causes," stands first, almost every experiment performed there has an obvious relation to the needs or pleasures of man. Some of the experiments are of dubious value, some are still in process of technical elaboration and will soon doubtless come forth, but merely to list those that have already been achieved gives one a new respect for Bacon, though none of his best dreams began to be realized till the nineteenth century. Let me cite only the well-tested fulfillments:

> The prolongation of life: the restitution of youth in some degree: the retardation of age: the curing of diseases counted incurable: the mitigation of pain: more easy and less loathsome purgings: transformation of bodies into other bodies: making of new species: instruments of destruction as of war and poison: force of the imagination either upon another body or upon the body itself [autosuggestion and hypnotism, if not telekinesis]: acceleration of time in maturations: acceleration of germination: making rich composts for the earth: drawing new food out of subjects not in use: making new threads for apparel, and new stuffs such as paper, glass, etc.: artificial minerals and cements: "Chambers of Health where we qualifie the Aire" [air-conditioning]: use of Beasts and birds for dissections, and the sting of poisons and other medicines: means to convey sounds in trunks and pipes in strange lines and distances: engines of war, stronger and more violent, exceeding our greatest cannons: "degrees" of flying in the air: ships and boats for going under water.

This list might easily be lengthened. And not the least of Bacon's anticipations, already doubled in height in the plans left behind by Frank Lloyd Wright, was that for a skyscraper half a mile high. In addition, as part of the apparatus of science, as early as 1594, in a preface to the masque put on by

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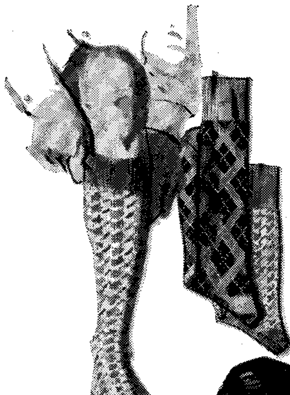

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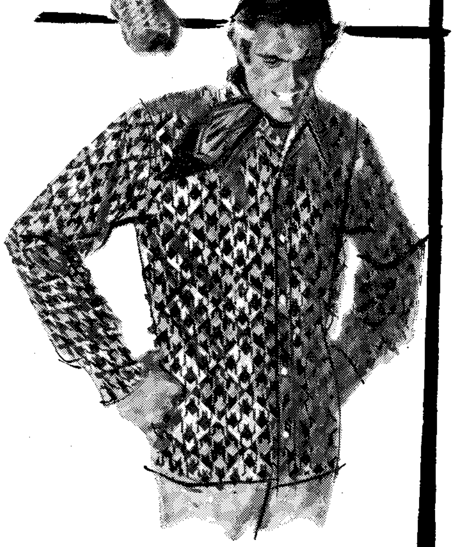

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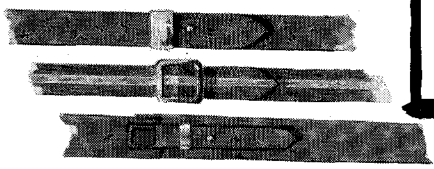

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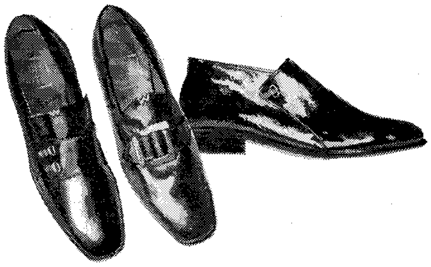

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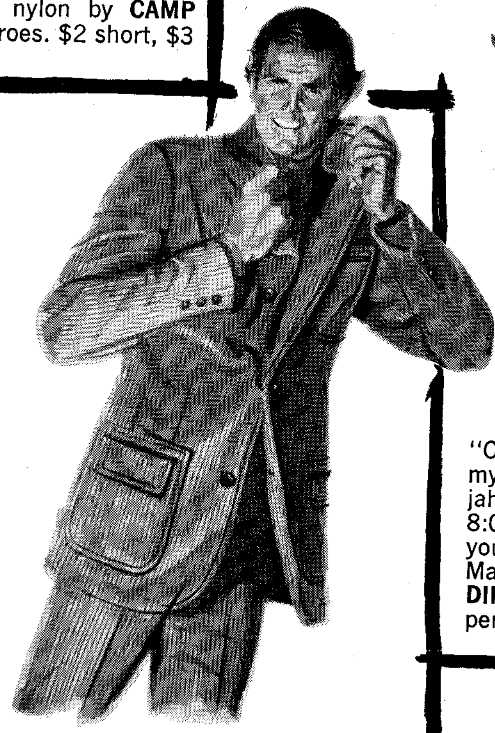

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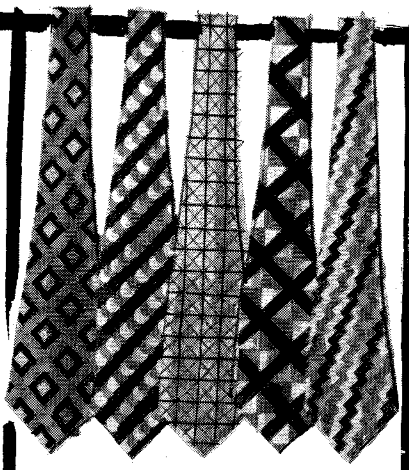

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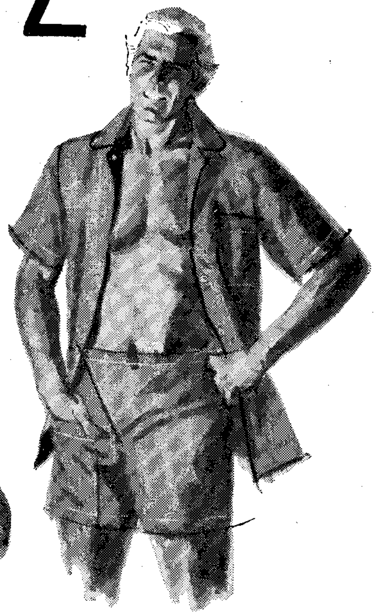

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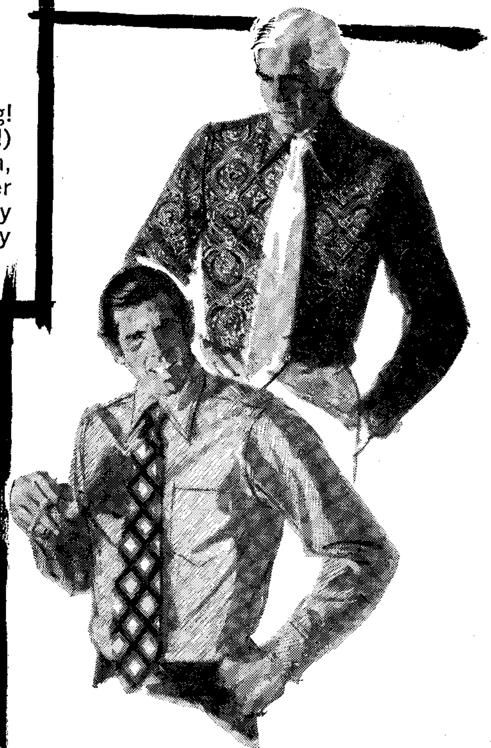

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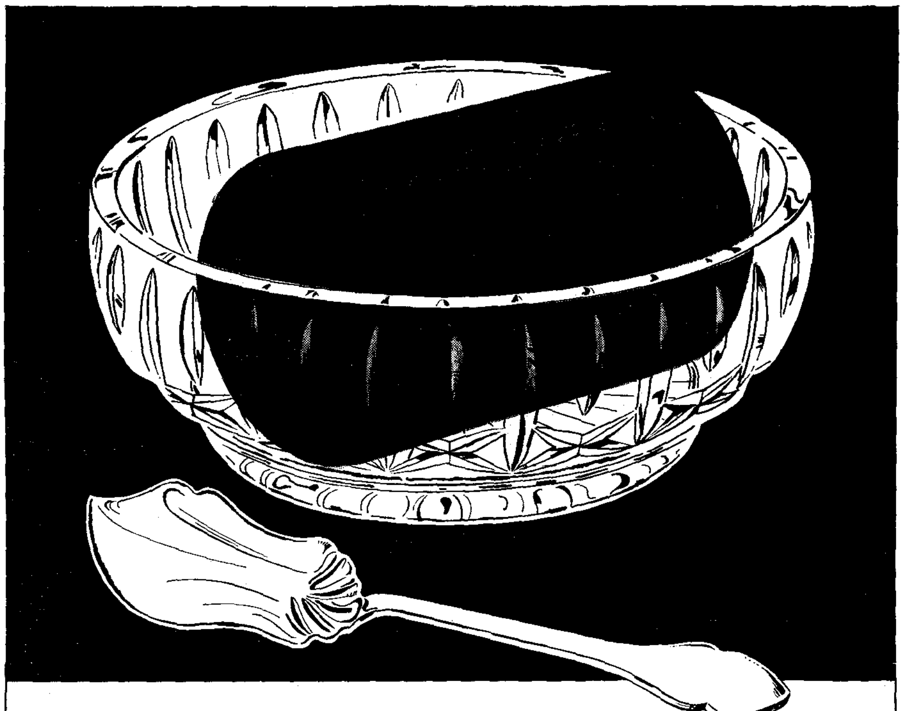

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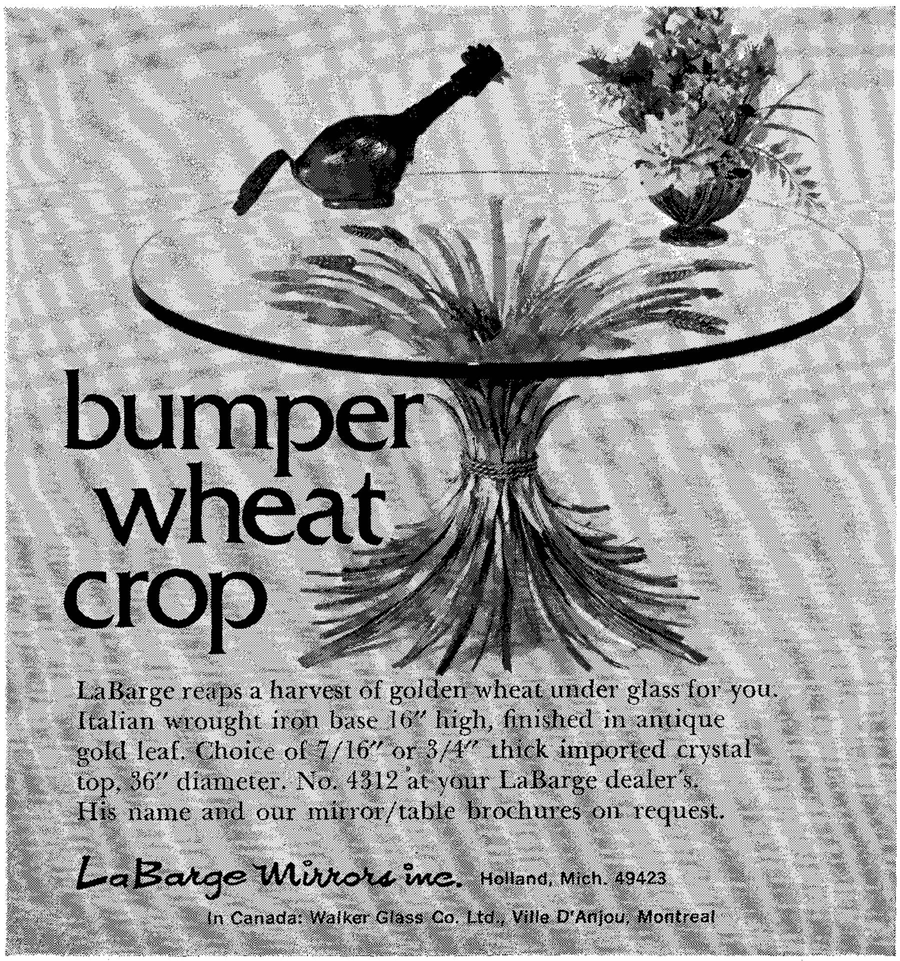

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Bacon at Gray's Inn, he had suggested a botanic garden, a zoo, a natural-history museum, a technological museum, and a technical laboratory.

Perhaps the most remarkable fact about Bacon's canvass of scientific and technological possibilities is that he alone among the seventeenth-century philosophers of science escaped the Cartesian limitations of the mechanical world picture, or, to speak more accurately, he never accepted it as the exclusive key to truth. Even when Bacon was thinking about the future, his world was not merely that of the mechanical art but one embracing a larger technology, a true polytechnics—that of agriculture, medicine, cookery, brewing, chemistry. His very incapacity for abstract mathematical exercises only made him more receptive to that large province of human activities which could not be handled in this manner. Thus, even subjective phenomena, like autosuggestion, which the "objective" scientists excluded, had a part in his coming sphere of organized investigation. In this sense, Bacon cannot be reproached for scientific backwardness and inadequacy. He was, rather, in advance of the more specialized scientific minds that accepted the current interpretation of mass and motion as giving a complete—or, at least, sufficient—picture of the real world. By heeding Bacon the humanist, Bacon the extoller of science and technics pointed the way, indeed, to a post-Baconian world, the world that the present essay seeks further to open up—one in which the arbitrary restrictions and limitations of the religious, the humanistic, and the scientific outlooks will be transcended. Behind all Bacon's expectations, however, there was a little-noted factor that was to mark the inauguration of an age committed increasingly to the pursuit of science and the perfection of machines—an ambition for conquest that coincided with a growing sense of power which the machines already in existence, particularly cannon and firearms, had greatly stimulated. According to Bacon, there are three kinds of human ambition. The first is that of extending one's personal power in one's own country—the ambition of princes, lords, soldiers, merchants. The second is the increase of the power of one's country over other countries—more dignified than the first, according to Bacon, but not less covetous and selfish. Finally, there is the ambition to enlarge the power and the dominion of the human race "over the universe of things." This last seemed to Bacon a more disinterested and noble ambition than the two others, for "the empire of

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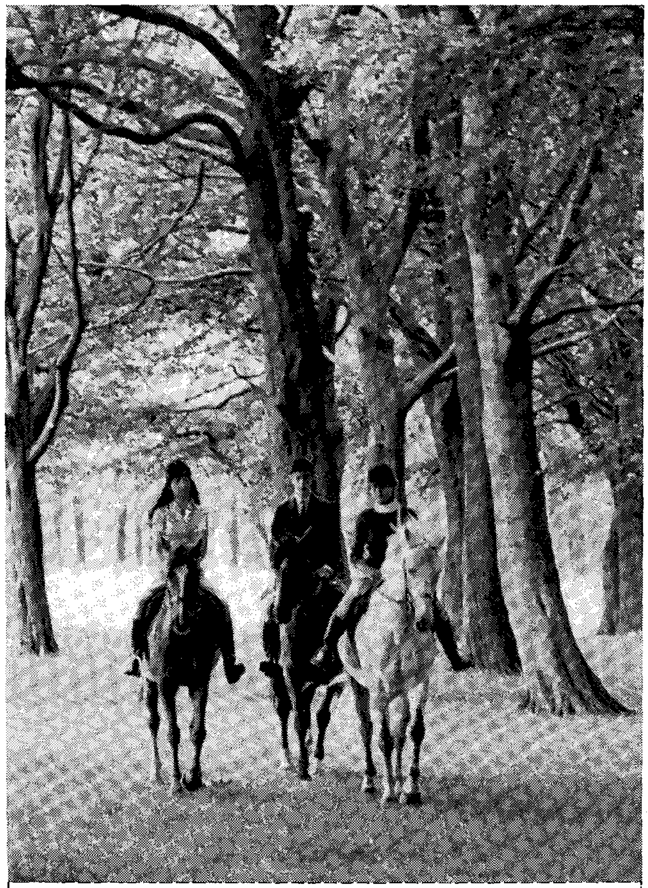

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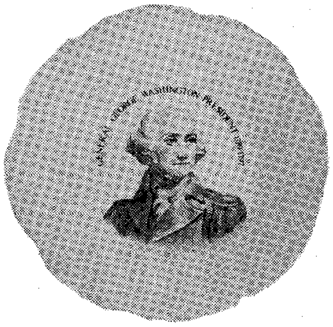

On Christmas night, 1776, Washington crossed the frozen Delaware with 2,400 men and destroyed the British garrison at Trenton. A garrison preoccupied more with cards than caution. Thus Grand Slam, a *limited edition* of bridge playing cards, commemorating America's first Christmas present. Every court card in the two packs a full-color portrait of one of the leading figures in the American Revolution. With four *limited edition* Presidential pottery ashtrays. Only 2,400 sets—one for every man who crossed the Delaware.

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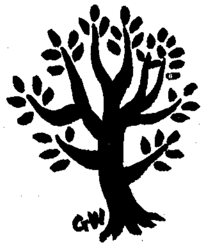
man over things depends wholly on the arts and sciences."

Bacon's aphorism "Knowledge is power" must not be taken as a mere descriptive figure. It was a declaration of intention, and it meant emphatically that power is important. Though Bacon was, apart from his personal lapses, a studious moralist, he did not have sufficient insight to realize that the attempt to extend "the empire of man over things" might have even more terrible consequences for the human race than a too compliant adaptation to nature's conditions. The conquest of nature on the purely physical level was a less bloody achievement than any form of military conquest (at least until this conquest began, in the nineteenth century, to have a disruptive effect upon the ecological balance of all organisms, including man), but the same ambitions, the same drives—indeed, the same neurotic compulsions to sacrifice all the other occasions of life to the displays and demonstrations of power—gradually took possession of its exponents. This created special ties with more vulgar forms of conquest—the trader, the inventor, the ruthless conquistador, and the driving industrialist seeking to displace natural abundance and natural satisfactions with those he could profitably sell.

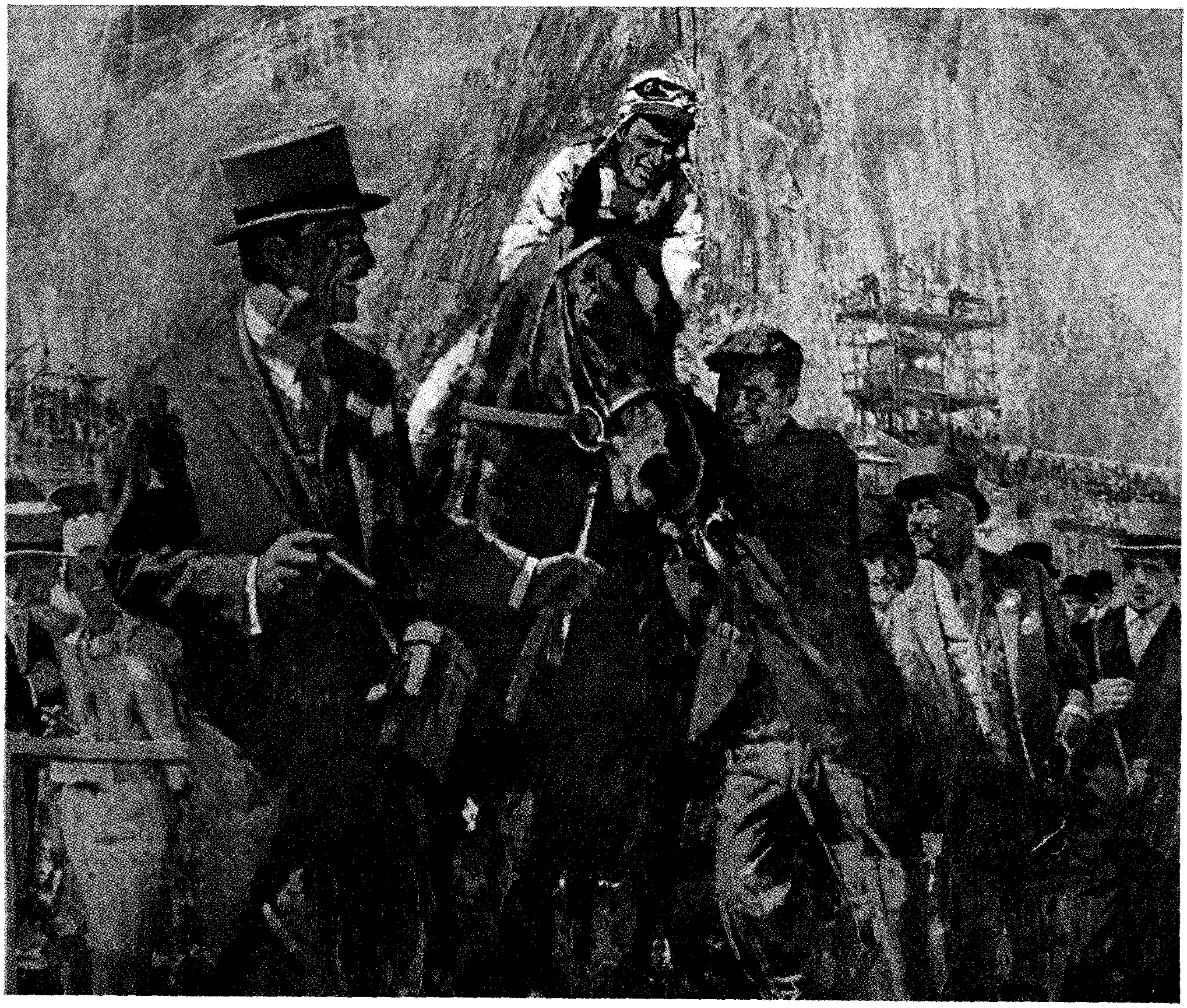


Since the conversion and utilization of energy is an essential characteristic in the growing and working of all organisms, this drive has a biological basis: to increase power is one of the prime ways of increasing life. What is embarrassing in the social application of power is that once energy is released from its organic setting, escaping the limits imposed by the habitat, by other parts of its own nature, and by other organisms, it knows no limits—it expands for expansion's sake. Thus the vulgar form of imperialism, which resulted in the temporary subjugation of the major territories of the planet by Western industrial and political enterprise, had its ideal counterpart in both science and technics. The nobler ambition that Bacon approved has in fact never been free from the baser egoisms of the individual and the tribe.

This utilitarian preoccupation was the side of Bacon's thought that was to exert the greatest influence. Yet there was another side of him, which kept its tie to traditional knowledge and retained an appreciation of those modes of life that were from the beginning deliberately excluded from the mechanical world picture. Much though Bacon valued invention and practical achievement, he still left a place for history, psychology, and religion. Was not his ideal Bensalem a Christian state converted to the "true faith" by a wholly supernatural visitation? In the sense that Bacon's philosophy still had a place for the incommensurables, the elusive indefinables, and the irrationals, his subjectivity was more robustly objective than the one-sided scientific "objectivity" that chose flatly to ignore phenomena that could not be described or accounted for by its own system of explanation. Thus Bacon, after giving a major place to science and invention, could still say, "The contemplation of things, as they are, without superstition or imposture, error or confusion, is in itself more worthy than all the fruit of inventions." To that view most scientists would have subscribed without reserve right through the nineteenth century, and it remains the underlying motive and the highest reward of science even today. But, before long, it was Bacon's pragmatism and his intellectual imperialism that gained the upper hand, spreading the desire for physical conquest and control of humanity, and raising to the *n*th power the pursuit of power itself.

As one looks back over the outcome of Bacon's expectations, it is plain that there were three critical points. The first occurred at the very beginning, when the activities of scientific investigation were transferred from the university, seemingly their natural home, to the workshop, the dissecting room, the laboratory, and the observatory, and thence to whole societies for the promotion of scientific research. It was at the meetings of these bodies that new reports, expositions, and demonstrations were first reviewed by their members. The sciences that remained in the university were those that had been part of the curriculum in the Middle Ages—arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy—while the descriptive sciences of botany and anatomy continued to hold their own mainly in the medical schools. The medieval universities, with their orientation toward theology, jurisprudence, and the abstract humanities—areas with which science professed to have no concern—were uncongenial environments for science. In establishing headquarters outside the university, the exponents of science not merely asserted their independence of traditional knowledge but turned their backs upon

Triumph at Curragh



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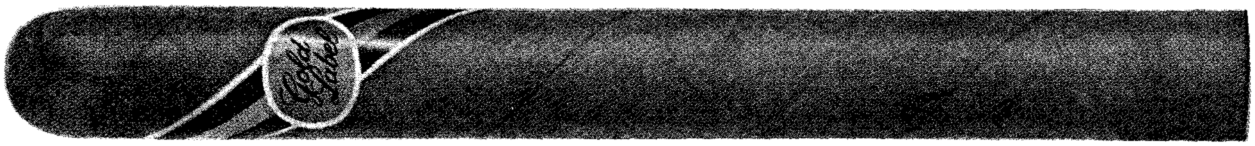

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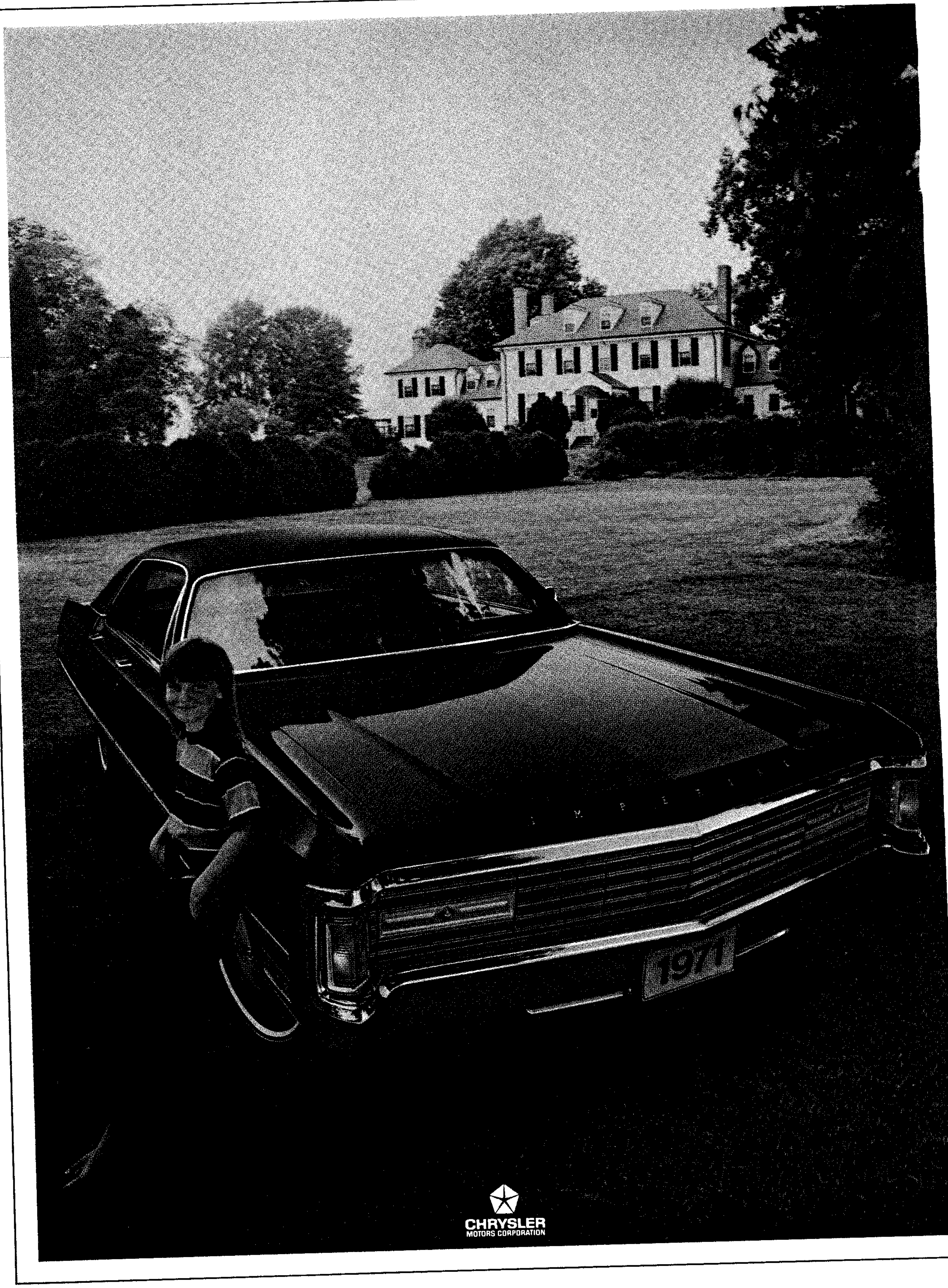
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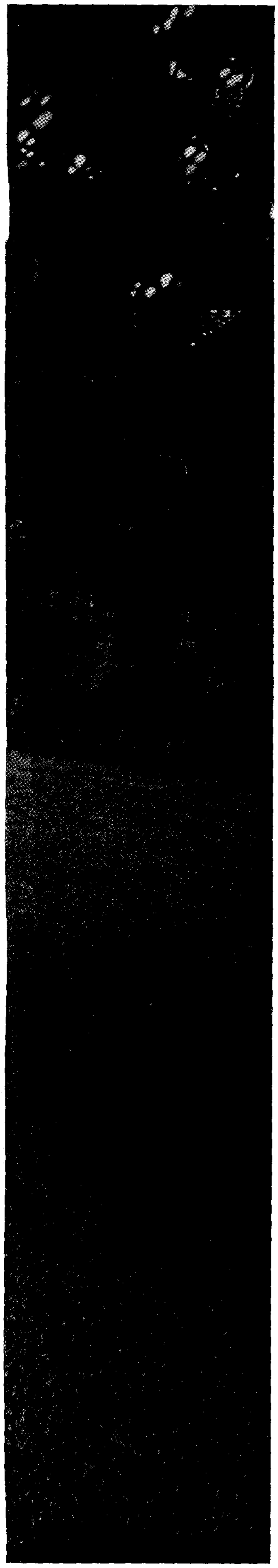

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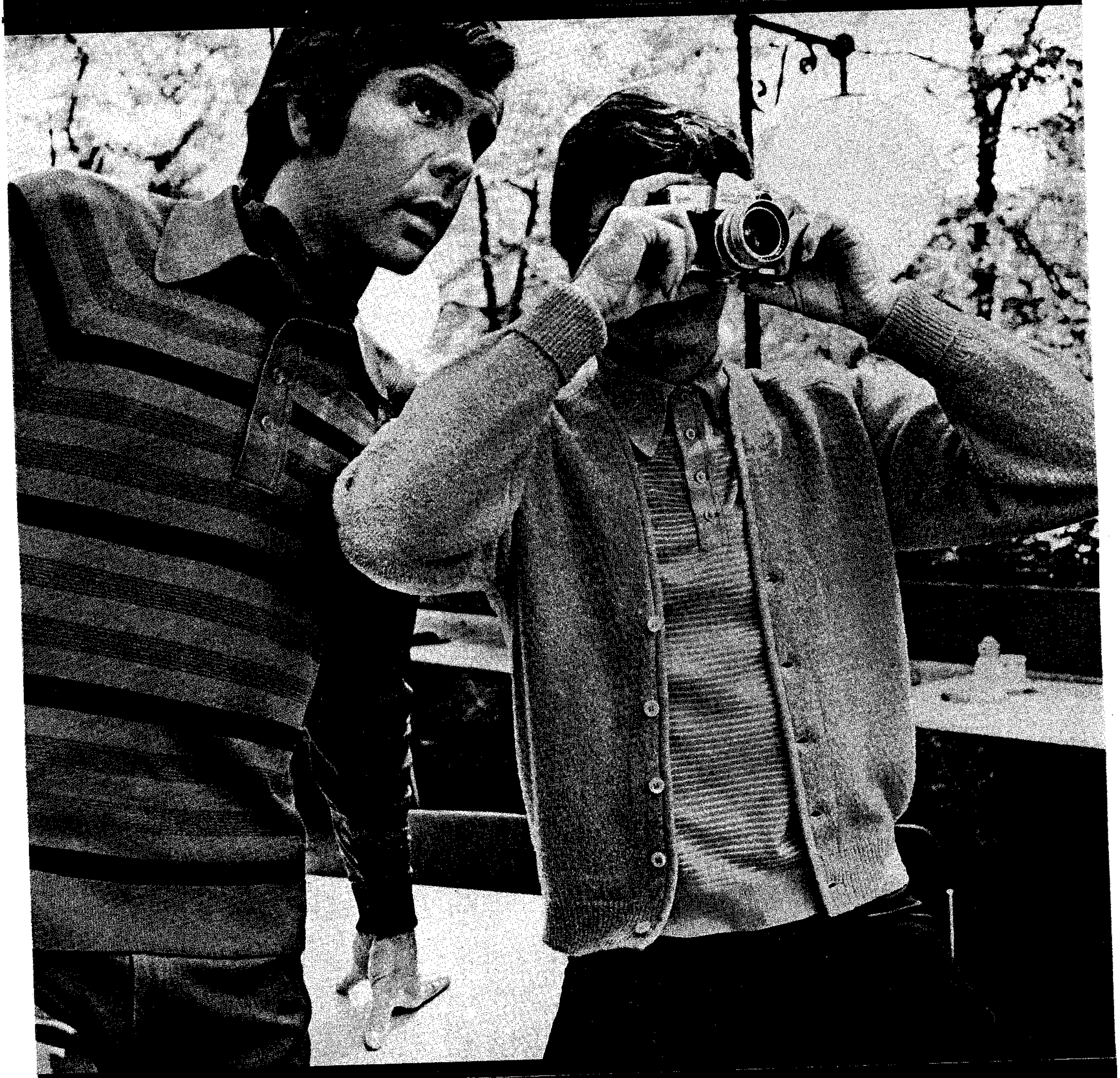

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any effort to present a unified and inclusive view of the world. Hence the mechanical world picture, as finally perfected by Newton, existed as an independent entity, unmodified by other modes of human experience, however much a Pascal or a Newton might personally be concerned with more basic questions of cosmic destiny or of religious experience and personal salvation. This resulted in a loss on both sides. The Church and the University took their stand on utterly obsolete and false conceptions of science.

Though at every point in its development science has disclosed wonders and miracles far more astounding than any religious vision, except perhaps that of the Hindus, had dared to conjure up, science, in the name of objectivity and certainty, clung to the explainable, the communicable, and the useful—not realizing that the finer the analysis and the better the explanation of the parts, the more mysterious and wonderful the whole universe actually became. DNA may account for the organizing process in organisms, but the mystery of DNA itself is totally unaccounted for. Walt Whitman's feeling that even a leaf of grass is a miracle did more justice to the findings of science than a positivism that stopped with the breaking down of the chemical reactions between sunlight and chlorophyll. This isolation of science from feeling, emotion, purpose, individual events, historical identity endeared it to more limited minds. But it is not, perhaps, an accident that most of the great spirits in science, from Kepler and Newton to Faraday and Einstein, kept alive in their thought the presence of God—not as a mode of explaining events but as a reminder of why they are in the end as unexplainable today to an honest inquirer as they were to Job.

One of the consequences of organizing science was that, with the aid of the printing press, a new means was available for the systematic circulation of knowledge through the publication of scientific papers. Analytical knowledge grew by an accumulation of details, yet, curiously, this rapid circulation of ideas was impeded by a countermovement in culture, derived from the Renaissance academicism against which Leonardo railed. For the new humanists scrapped the universal language of the learned world in Europe—Scholastic Latin—to return to a more awkward Ciceronian vocabulary and grammar. Had Scholastic Latin remained acceptable and been further simplified, it might have served as the language of learned discourse throughout the world. The failure of the moderns to

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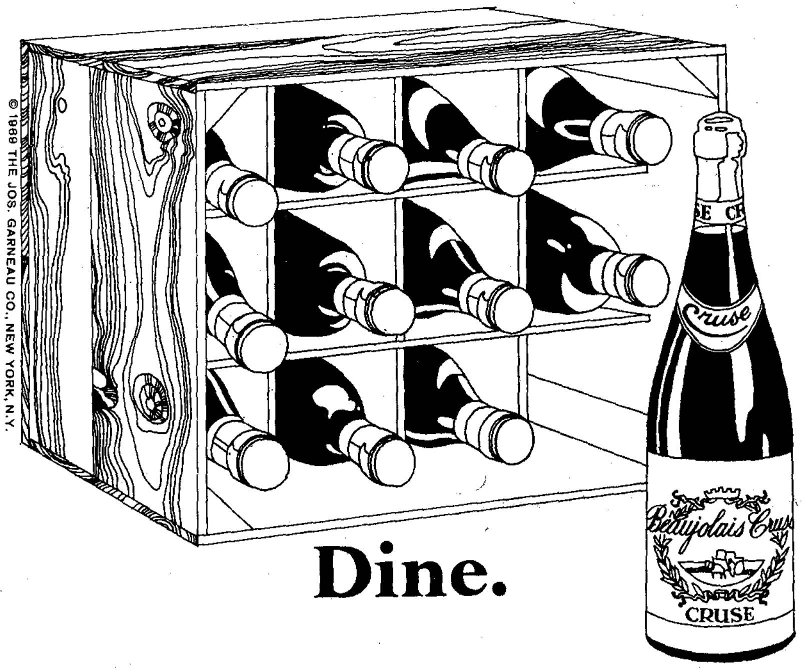

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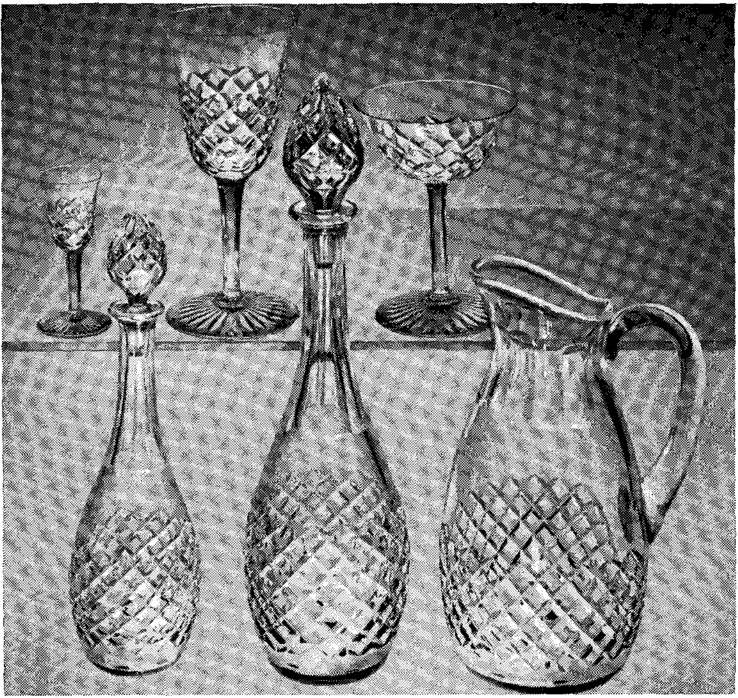

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realize in time what was lost through abandoning a common language for national tongues is difficult to explain, since it limited the range of communication—all the more because at the same time a cumbrous Greco-Latin vocabulary, unintelligible even in languages derived from Latin, was introduced into scientific description. Nothing could better have demonstrated the loss to science itself through its separation from humanistic studies. Today, desperate efforts are made to program computers to translate scientific reports into other languages, but the crude, inaccurate translations so produced have already demonstrated that, whenever qualitative judgments are involved, an electronic brain is no substitute for the human mind.

The second critical point in Bacon's program came in the nineteenth century. At this juncture, for the first time, scientific experiments in physics by Volta, Galvani, Ohm, Oersted, Henry, and Faraday resulted almost within a single generation in inventions that derived nearly nothing from an earlier technology—the electric telegraph, the dynamo, the electric motor—and within two generations or so came the electric lamp, the telephone, the wireless telegraph, and the X-ray. All these inventions were not merely impracticable but technically inconceivable until pure scientific research made them live possibilities. The methods that had proved so fruitful in mechanics and electronics were then applied, with growing success, in organic chemistry and biology, though, significantly, those parts of technology with the oldest accumulations of empiric knowledge, like metallurgy, long remained almost impervious to the advances of science. Though in England fresh technical inventions were protected, from the seventeenth century on, by royal patents, so the inventor, or those who took advantage of the inventor, would have a monopoly in exploiting the idea economically, at any rate for a limited period, it was originally an honorable point of pride among scientists to claim no personal advantage from their discoveries. There might be occasional sordid squabbles over priority, aggravated sometimes by national antagonisms, like the deplorable quarrels between Newton and Leibnitz or between Pasteur and Koch, but science was by definition public knowledge, and its publication and circulation without restriction was essential to its critical evaluation and validation. Pascal pointed out that people often spoke of "my ideas" as complacently as middle-class people talked of "my house" or

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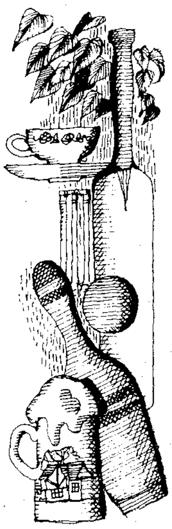

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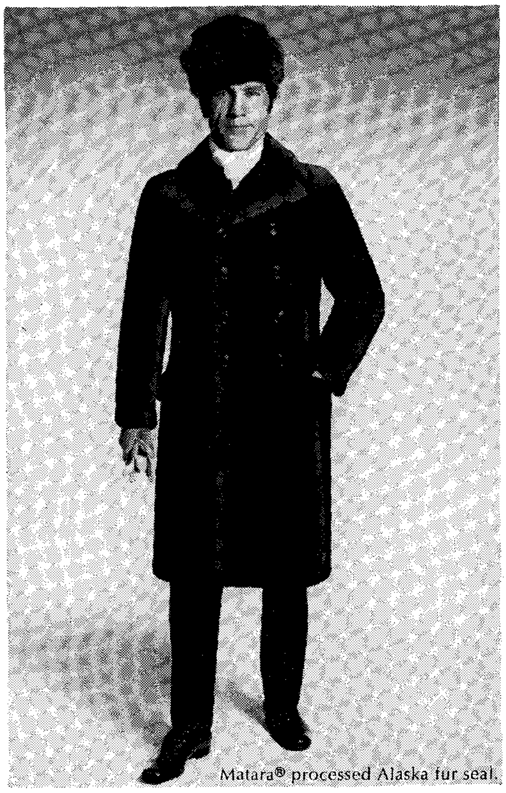
"my paintings" but that it would be more honest to speak of "our ideas." This trait became so deeply a mark of the finer scientific mind that my own master, Patrick Geddes, was pleased rather than offended when others put forth his most original ideas as their own. He gleefully described his habitual practice as that of the cuckoo bird, who lays her eggs in the nests of other birds and gives them the trouble of hatching and caring for the offspring.

The third critical point came in the twentieth century, through a change in scale, in magnitude, and eventually of purpose. This was brought about, almost automatically, by the expansion of new facilities for communication and the exploitation of new modes of reproduction in printing, photography, and motion pictures. This series of transformations lifted once inviolable limits on human activities. A shot could be heard around the world by means of radio more than thirty times faster than it could be heard by the unaided ear only a mile away. Scientific discoveries in new fields no longer remained aloof and inert; they lent themselves to immediately profitable exploitation for industry or war. At this point, science itself became the master model, the technology of technologies. In this new milieu, the mass production of scientific knowledge went hand in hand with the mass production of inventions and products derived from science. Thus the scientist came to have a new status in society, equivalent to that occupied earlier by the captain of industry. The scientist, too, was engaged in mass production; he, too, dealt in standard units, and his product increasingly could be evaluated in terms of money. Even his scientific papers, his prizes and awards, had "exchange value" in pecuniary terms: they determined university promotions and raised the market price of lectureships and consultantships.

The old image of the self-directed scientist, abstemious, even ascetic, remains popular, surviving particularly among "old-fashioned" scientists. But with the expansion of science as mass technology the scientist himself no longer need practice self-denial in any form. His scientific status rises in proportion to his contributions to the affluent society, and his success may even be measured quantitatively, by the number of assistants in his laboratory, the annual budget for apparatus, mechanical aids, computers, and, finally, by the mass output of scientific papers to which his name may be unblushingly signed.

As an operator in this power-ori-

LIKE MANY PEOPLE, YOU PROBABLY CONFUSE THIS WITH TIGER.*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Many people think it's also the plight of the Alaska fur seal.

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Sixty years ago, it was a different story. The Alaska fur seal was close to extinction, as a result of open sea sealing and the indiscriminate slaughter of fur seals since the discovery of the Pribilof Islands in 1786.

In 1911, an international treaty, signed by Russia, Japan, Great Britain and the United States, went into effect. And the United States was given the responsibility of saving the Alaska fur seal.

Today it's called one of the great conservation movements of our history. And for good reason.

The Alaska fur seal population has increased more than seven-fold. From less than 150,000 to 1½ million, the maximum number the breeding grounds can sustain.

To exceed this number is to invite the terrible consequences of overcrowding of the rookeries: painful death by disease, starvation and injuries. Especially to the younger seals.

To prevent such consequences, the native Aleuts, under the strict supervision of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, take a limited number of surplus seals every year. (Approximately 3% of the total herd, and primarily 3 and 4-year-old bachelor males — pups or babies are never taken.)

If in any given year there is no surplus, no seals are taken, as required by the treaty.

Without a doubt, it is an outstanding program, in addition to the fact that the fur seal harvest and its related industry provide almost the sole source of income for the Aleuts.

But the most important point is, if the market for Alaska fur seal should ever cease to flourish, so might the program.

If that happens, it would mean the end of the treaty and the return to open sea sealing.

And that would mean the Alaska fur seal might eventually face the same end as the tiger.

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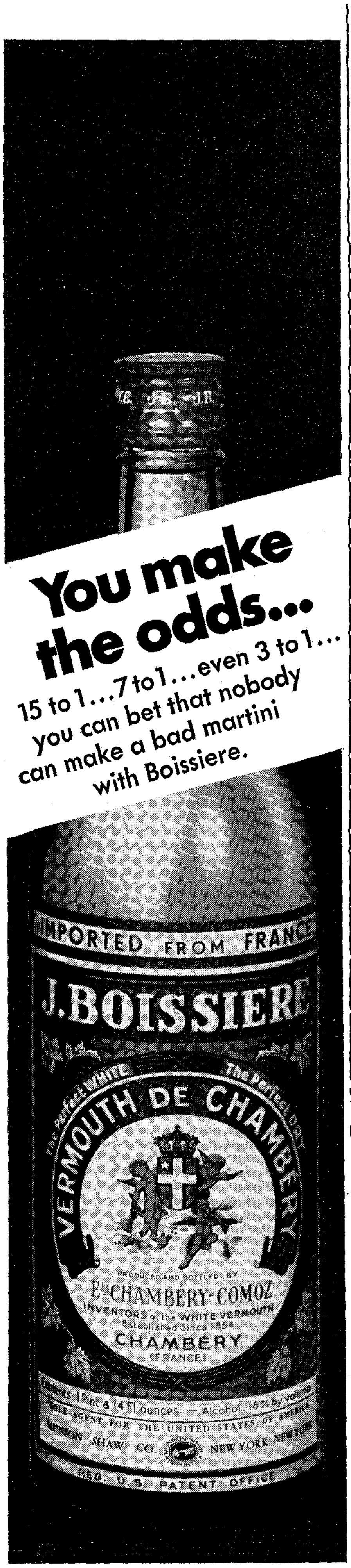
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ented technics, the scientist himself becomes a servant of corporate organizations intent on enlarging the bounds of empire—by no means always Bacon's "humane empire." Increasingly, the gross national product of industry reflects the gross national product of science. Every theoretic innovation, however innocent in intention, automatically multiplies the number of practical products—and, more significantly, profit-making wants. By participating in this transformation, the scientist has forfeited the qualities that were exalted in the past as his special hallmark—his detachment from worldly gain and his disinterested pursuit of truth. To the extent that the scientist's capacity for pursuing truth depends upon costly apparatus, institutional collaboration, and heavy capital investment by government or industry, he is no longer his own master. A growing corpus of scientists has lost the ability to stand alone or to say no, even on grave matters that threaten the existence of the human race, like the exploitation of nuclear or bacterial knowledge for mass genocide.

Graphically though Bacon was able to anticipate the immense potentialities of a corporate organization of science, he was still too remote from their actual development to be able to foresee any but favorable consequences. He could not guess that the very ability to augment power mechanically and electronically would create the perfected twentieth-century Megamachine, far surpassing in all its evil potentialities the archaic Egyptian and Mesopotamian model. In conceiving a social organization that could make a fuller use of machines, the best minds of the seventeenth century failed to foresee that society itself might take on the characteristics of an increasingly automatic machine, run by machine-conditioned personalities, in a machine-fabricated habitat, for purely abstract mechanical-electronic ends. These leaders could not, in short, picture the air-conditioned nightmare of twentieth-century existence, in which almost no malign hallucination or psychotic impulse would be technically impossible to carry out, and in which no product of technics would, were it able to fulfill its own specific requirements, be regarded as humanly undesirable if only it promised increasing money or power or prestige to investors, fabricators, or financial and political exploiters.

Bacon, even more than Galileo or Descartes, was still living bodily and mentally in an earlier world not yet stripped of its historical achievements or its human traits. His references to theology, philosophy, and humanistic learning continued to balance off his preoccupation with material advances and scientific audacities. Unlike some of his more rigorous successors, he was even ready to admit some cogency in dreams, or some reality in the hypnotic powers of the imagination—elusive and dangerous though he might feel all these phenomena to be. This was the saving grace of his radical empiricism. His philosophic system, more than Galileo's, was still an open one: despite his strong emphasis on science and technics, he did not restrict his own conception of reality to this realm alone. In the twentieth century, science itself, led by Sigmund Freud and his disciples, would have to reclaim some of the territory that Bacon, in his own person, had never entirely abandoned. Ironically, Freud doggedly believed that his daring interpretations of dreams and other forms of psychal symbolism were still strictly in the spirit of "objective" scientific materialism. But if anything proves how deeply the myth of the machine was stirring in the Western mind, it was Bacon's own personality and his work, for his concern to explore the new world of the machine was the result not of his mature reflection but of the earliest intuition of his youth. Admittedly, he was no mechanical genius, like Leonardo, no keen mathematical mind, like Kepler, no shrewd anatomist and dissectionist, like Vesalius. Far from it. No one better appreciated the gallantries and intrigues of courtly life, no one could have been further from the classic scientist's renunciation of the pomps and vanities of the visible world than this worldly courtier. Yet no contemporary was more vividly conscious of the prospective triumphs of a science in what is its now dominant mid-twentieth-century form, pursued relentlessly for practical ends: material wealth, political control, and military power, all ostentatiously dressed up and prettified as "the relief of man's estate." Did Bacon not die as a result of pneumonia brought on by an experiment in preserving a chicken by packing it with snow? A first effort at swift refrigeration for preserving food. Bacon lived in the style of the past, he pursued his ideas in the new style of his own day, but he died in the style of the future—a style he himself had helped to create.

Within this generous Baconian synthesis, unfortunately, the serious metaphysical errors later made by Galileo,

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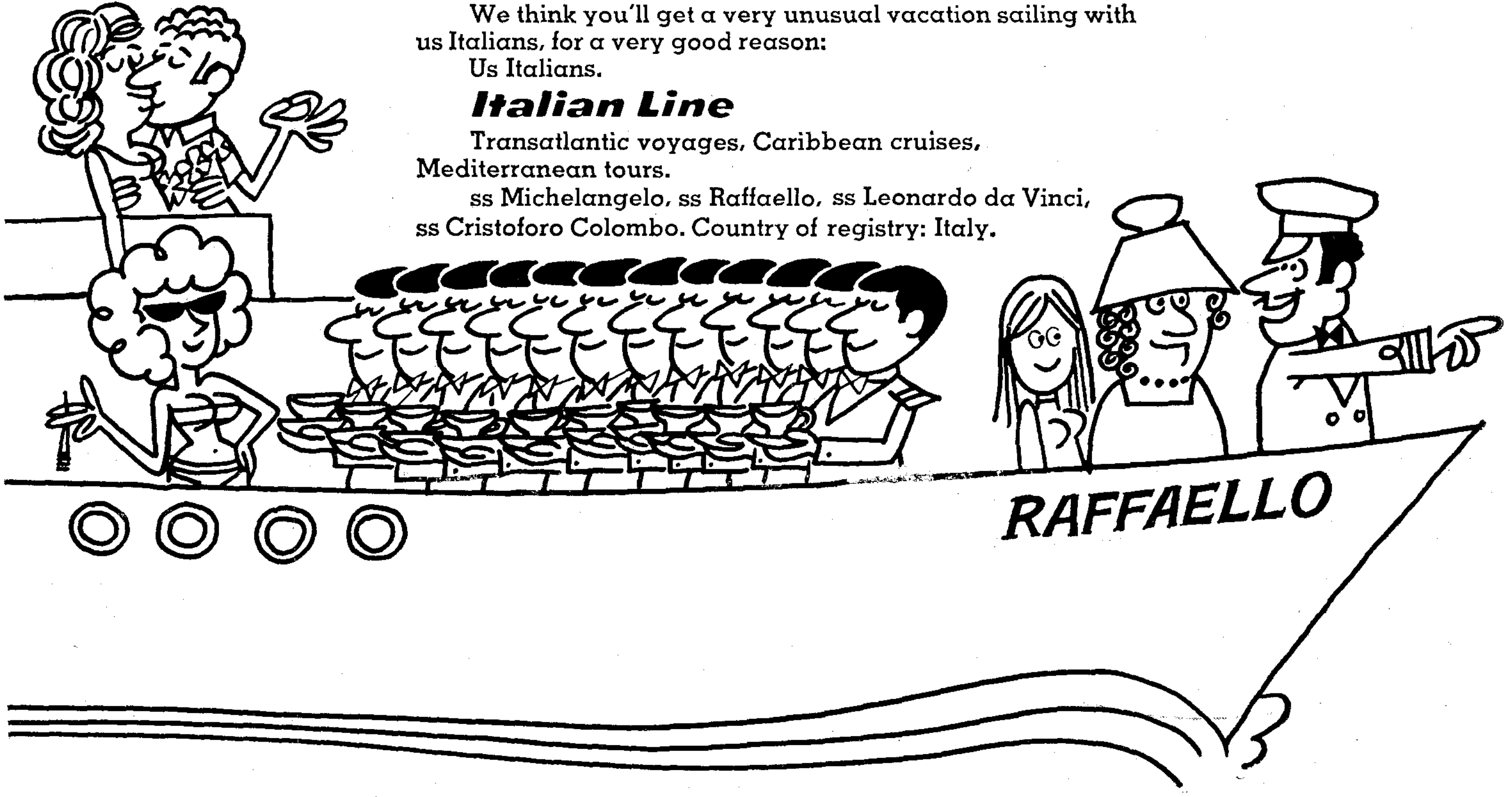

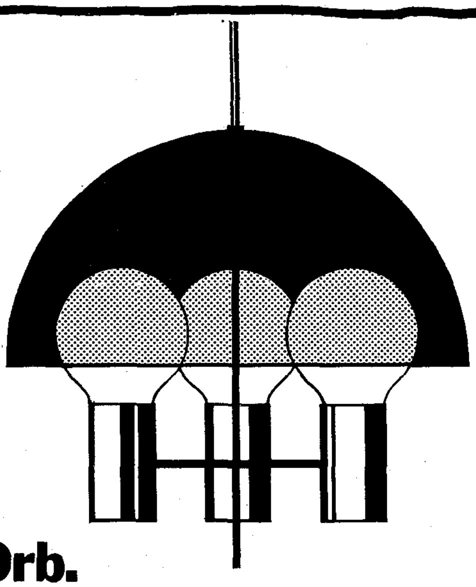

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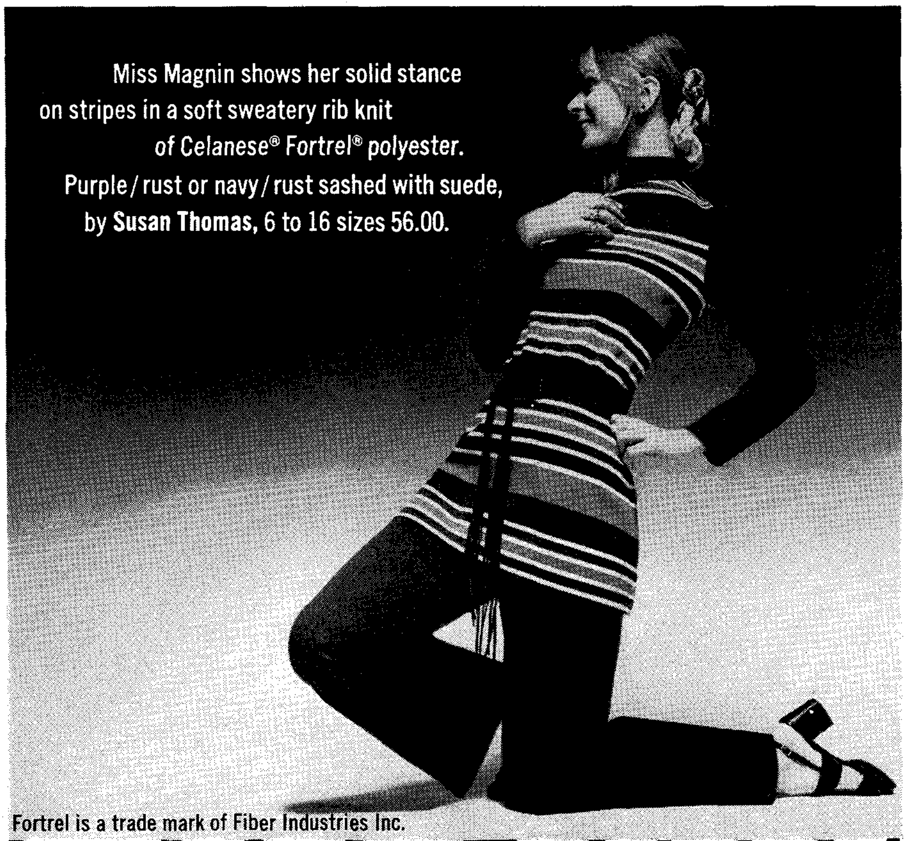

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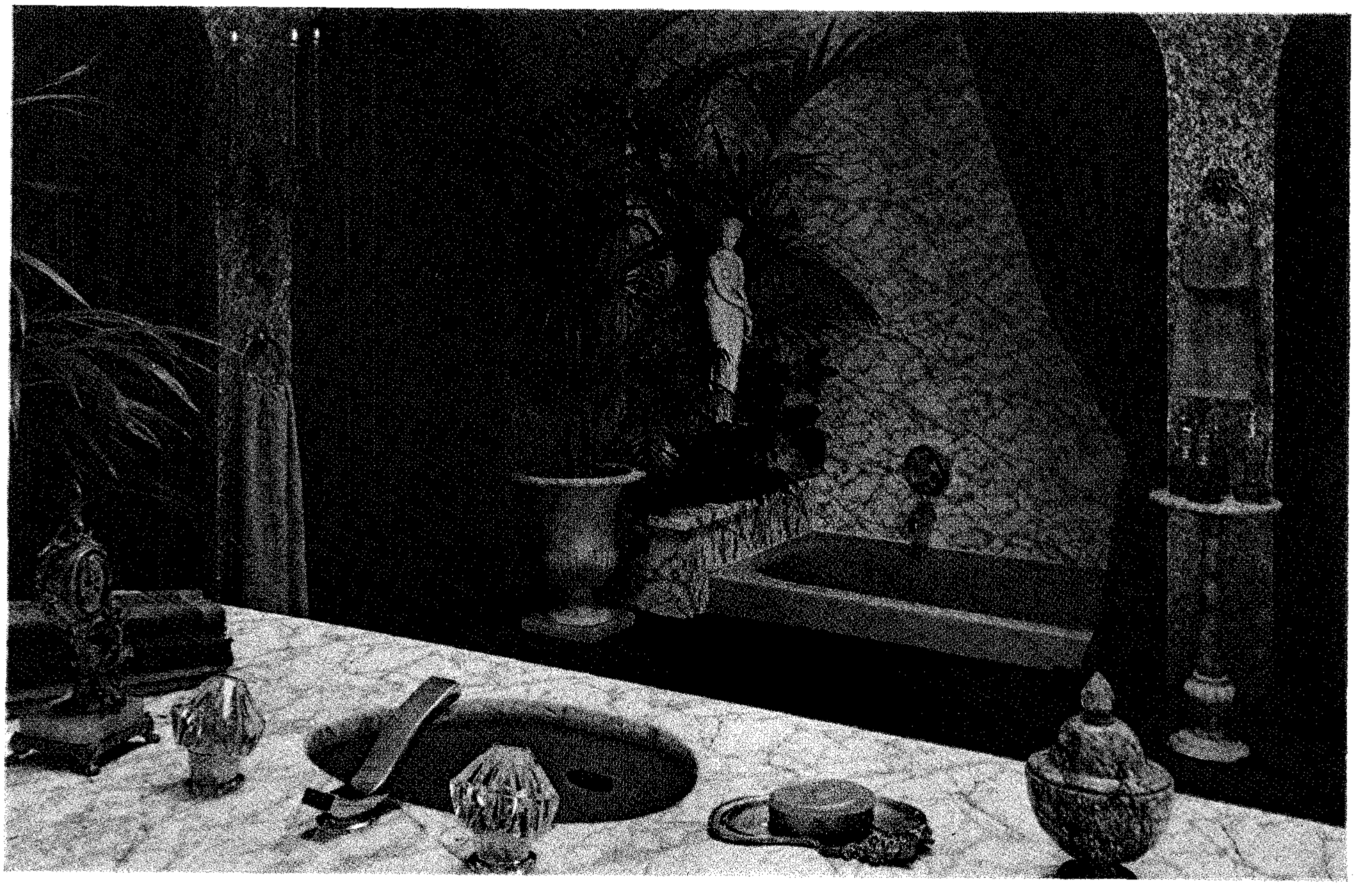
Descartes, and their fellow-travellers in scientific exploration were already deeply embedded. Within this whole movement of thought, we can now see—though it was for long disguised by the variety of immediately fascinating discoveries and serviceable practices that it furthered—were two guiding aims whose magical nature has only now become apparent, and whose undeclared ultimate goals are now at last visible. First: he who creates a perfect automaton is in fact creating life, since, according to mechanistic doctrine, there is no essential difference between living organisms and machines, provided that they work. Even such a percipient and sensitive mind as that of Norbert Wiener came increasingly to endow his Golem with the ultimate properties of life. But, second, beneath this magic wish was a more insidiously flattering idea: *he who creates life is a god.*

Thus a secret sense of omniscience, which grew with the rapid increase of certified knowledge in every area, reinforced science's sense of omnicompetence—and ultimately its omnipotence. By the twentieth century, it seemed likely not merely that these new rulers would be able to control all existing manifestations of life but that they would eventually be able to create a new species of *organisata* superior to any existing race of man. The final act of creation, the author of "The Phenomenon of Man" pointed out, would be to surrender man's own identity to the planetary super-brain he had, by the one-sided development of his own intelligence, brought into existence. Even a few years ago, this interpretation might have seemed unacceptable except in an avowed science-fiction tract. But in 1965 a famous chemist put this ambition into so many words. "Let us marshal all our scientific forces together," he urged his colleagues, "in order to create life!" Thus the alchemist's rejected dream of creating a homunculus in a test tube has now been translated into the sober chemist's dream of creating not a little man but at least a virus—perhaps eventually a bacterium . . .

On the surface, this seemingly audacious proposal suggests a deadly bit of Swiftian irony, coming from the sciences that have put all modes of life in jeopardy by their misapplications in the production of herbicides, pesticides, and homicides. The leading minds of science, it seems, would avert this devastating threat by beginning all over again in the hope of turning a large, complex molecule into an organism. What an audaciously stultifying proposal! One would hardly guess from



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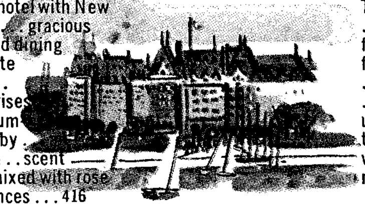

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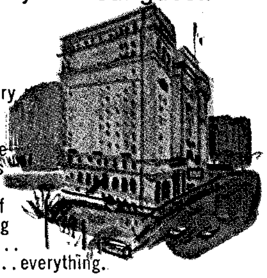

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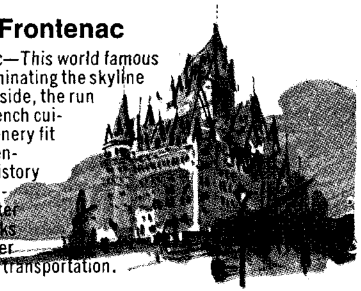

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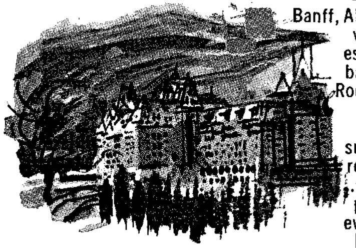

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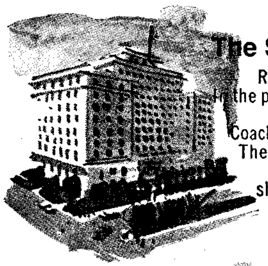

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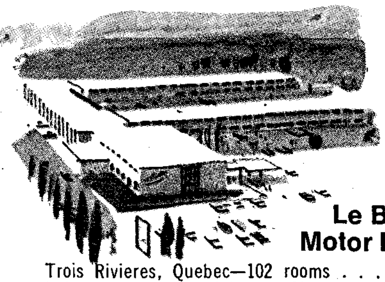

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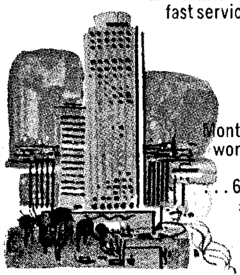

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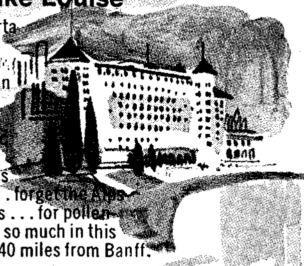

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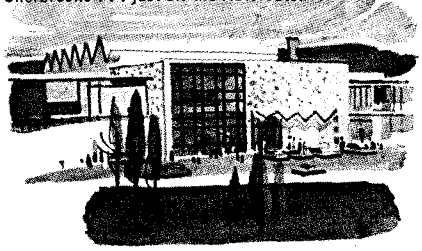

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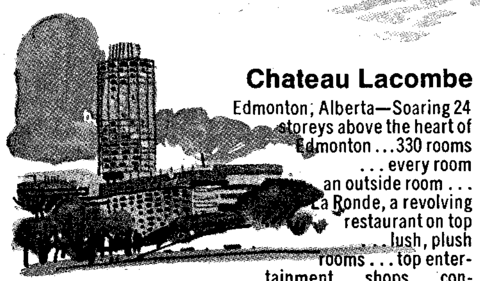

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this project that life already exists and has penetrated every nook and corner of this planet. Observe: billions of dollars, thousands of hours of valuable time, the best brains in science would be marshalled together to bring into existence by artificial means something that already exists in abundance in billions of different forms, in the air one breathes, in the soil one walks on, in the ocean and the seashore and the forest—in short, in every part of man's habitat. As if the planet itself, as the biochemist Lawrence J. Henderson brilliantly demonstrated almost half a century ago, were not predisposed by the nature of its chemical elements and their physical properties to produce life. To begin organic evolution all over again in the laboratory would be, to put it in the blandest possible way, a redundancy.

This fantasy of creating life has taken hold not only of many members of the scientific élite but of younger minds who have been sedulously conditioned to regard the expansion of science and megatechnics as the basic reason for human existence. When the distinguished biochemist George Wald recently addressed a university audience, some of the students demanded eagerly that he comment on the prospect of creating an artificial human being within the next ten years, and when he dismissed this callow fantasy as laughably improbable even in a far longer period they were openly disappointed and would not accept his verdict. But neither they nor their science-fiction mentors had asked themselves why they regarded such a feat as desirable. Nor, granting the impossible prospect that such an artificial organism could be created, did they ask themselves what kind of behavior could be expected of an organism without a history—though if they had read Mary Shelley's description of Frankenstein's monster they might have found out.

The creation of life in the sense proposed by our distinguished chemist would be a sufficiently backward step—more than three billion years backward—but the creation of life by increasing the number of automatons and fabricating whole societies of automatons that would take over, one by one, the functions now exercised by man is actually in operation. Most of the technical difficulties in the way of such creation have been overcome, but the psychological and cultural results have still to be reckoned with. Already we have seen some of these results—drastically lessening man's sense of his worth and his significance, and depriving him of the resources, external and internal,

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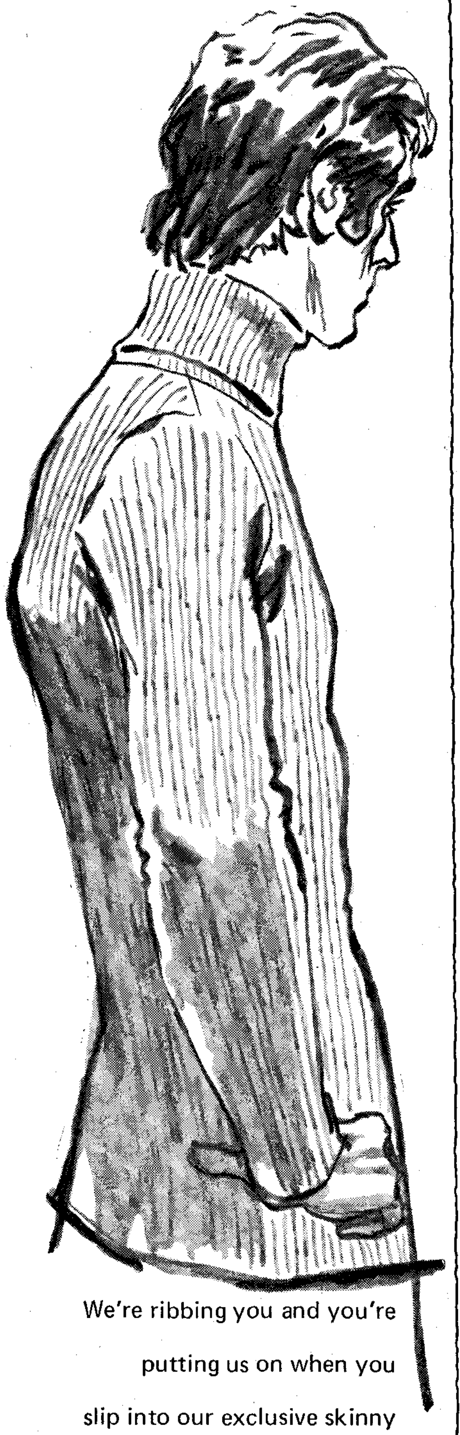
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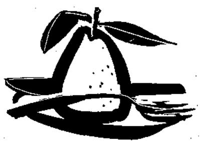
needed for his further development. The ultimate success of all this, already visible, would wipe out all the putative immediate benefits.

NOW, if the fulfillment of Bacon's dream deserves our respectful recognition of his prophetic insights, it also imposes upon us a special duty—that of dissociating ourselves from the mythology he so largely helped to promote. Only thus shall we be able to appraise, in the light of historical experience, his so far unexamined premises. These premises are now so thoroughly institutionalized that most of our contemporaries continue to act upon them without even a quiver of doubt. But we proceed further at our own risk, for science as technology today presents a series of problems that science as the disinterested examination of nature in search of rational understanding never had to confront. Already the scientific Establishment shows the same irrationalities and absurdities that mass production in other fields has brought about.

The chief premise common to technology and science is the notion that there are no desirable limits to the increase of knowledge, of material goods, of environmental control—that quantitative productivity is an end in itself, and that it is our sacred duty to insure that every means be used to expand the facilities for quantitative expansion and production. This was a defensible position in the seventeenth century, when an economy of scarcity still prevailed everywhere. Then, each new facility for production, each fresh increment of energy and goods, each new scientific observation or experiment was needed to make up the terrible existing deficiencies in consumable goods and verifiable knowledge. But today our situation is precisely the opposite of this. Because of the success of the sciences in widening the domain of prediction and control, in penetrating the hitherto inviolable mysteries of nature, in augmenting human power on every plane, we face a new predicament, derived from this very economy of abundance: deprivation by surfeit. The overproduction of both material and intellectual goods poses—immediately for the Western world, and in the end for all mankind—a new problem: the problem of regulation, distribution, assimilation, integration, purposeful direction.



As science approximates more closely the condition of technology, it must concern itself with contemporary technics' great weakness: the defects of a system that, unlike organic systems, has no built-in method of controlling its growth or modulating the enormous energy it commands in order to maintain, as every living organism must, a dynamic equilibrium favorable to life and growth. No one questions the immense benefits already conferred in many departments by science's efficient methodology. But what one must challenge is the value of a system so detached from other human needs and human purposes that the process itself goes on automatically without any visible goal except that of keeping the corporate apparatus in a state of power-making, profit-yielding productivity. What is now called "research and development" is a circular, self-absorbent process. In the exploding universe of science, the scattered parts are travelling at an accelerated rate ever farther from the human center. Because of our concentration on speed and productivity, we have ignored the need for evaluation, correction, selection, and social assimilation. In practice, this results in an inability to use more than a small fragment of the existing corpus of knowledge—namely, that which is fashionable or immediately available, because it can be commercially or militarily exploited. This has already worked havoc in medicine, as any competent and morally trustworthy physician will testify, and the results are increasingly visible in every other professional activity.

Is it not time, then, that we began to ask ourselves certain questions about science as technology that Bacon, by reason of his historical position, was too uninformed to put to himself? Are we sure that the control of all natural processes by science and technics is an effective way of relieving and improving man's estate? Is it not possible to have a surfeit of inventions, like a surfeit of food—with similar distress to and derangement of the organism? Have we not already evidence that science as technology may, through its inordinate growth, become increasingly irrelevant to any human concept whatever, except that of the technologist or the corporate enterprise—that, indeed, as in the form of nuclear or bacterial weapons, or space exploration, it may be not merely coldly indifferent but actively hostile to human welfare?

But I would go further. By what rational canon do we seek, on purely Baconian premises, to save time, shrink space, augment power, multiply goods, overthrow organic norms, and displace real organisms with mechanisms that

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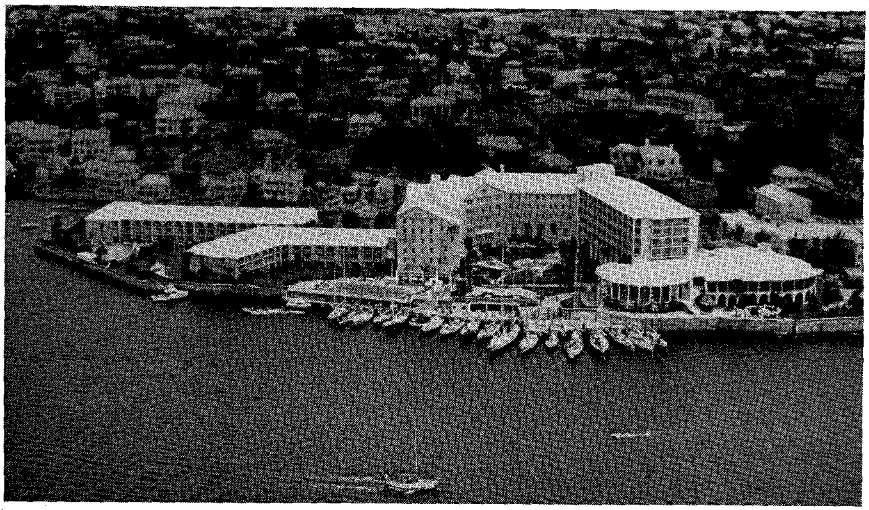

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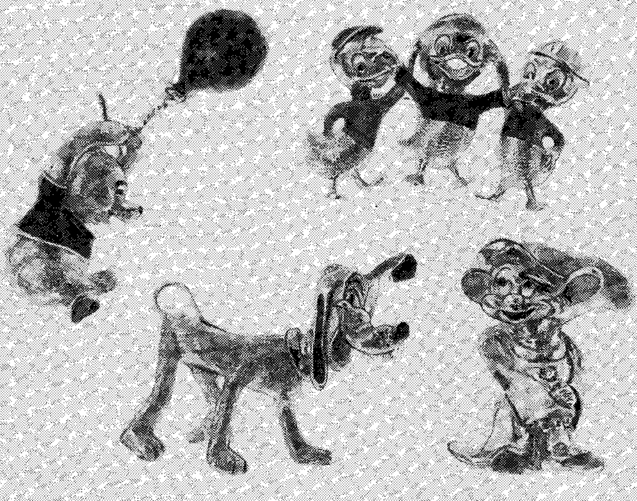

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simulate them or vastly magnify some single function they perform? All these imperatives, which have become the very groundwork of science as technology in our present society, seem axiomatic and absolute only because they remain unexamined. Just because science as technology has begun to dominate every other aspect of science, we are bound, if only in self-preservation, to correct the mistakes Bacon sanctioned and unwittingly fostered. Science now makes all things possible, as Bacon believed would happen, but it does not thereby make all possible things desirable. A sound and viable technology, firmly related to human needs, cannot be one that has maximum productivity as its supreme goal. It must, rather, seek, as in an organic system, to provide the right quantity of the right quality at the right time and the right place in the right order for the right purpose. To this end, deliberate regulation and direction, to insure continued growth and creativity of the human personalities and groups concerned, must govern our plans in the future, as indefinite expansion and multiplication have done during the last few centuries.

Has the time not come, then—in technology as in every other aspect of the common life—to reëxamine our accepted axioms and practical imperatives and to release science itself from the underdimensioned mythology of power that Galileo, Bacon, and Descartes unguardedly subscribed to and helped to promote? With this aim in view, I shall turn to the development of technics itself.

WHICH TECHNOLOGICAL REVOLUTION?

FOR the last century, even before Arnold Toynbee (1852-83) coined the term "the Industrial Revolution," the whole history of modern technology was misinterpreted—a result of the Victorian overvaluation of the mechanical inventions of the eighteenth century and after. Those who believed that a radical departure had taken place at this point not only overlooked the long series of preparatory efforts, dating from the twelfth century, but attributed an immediate result to changes that were not fully established till the second half of the nineteenth century—the period in which they were writing. Curiously, the scholars who popularized the notion of medieval backwardness read their documents with spectacles invented in the thirteenth century, published their ideas in books produced on the printing press of the fifteenth century, ate bread

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made of grain ground in windmills introduced in the twelfth century, sailed the sea in three-masted ships designed in the fifteenth century and reached their destination with the aid of the mechanical clock, the astrolabe, and the magnetic compass, and defended their ships against pirates with the aid of gunpowder and cannon, all dating from before the fifteenth century, while they wrote on paper and wore woollen and cotton clothes fabricated in water mills that dated back at least to the third century B.C. in Greece.

Since many scholars persist in treating the eighteenth century as an unmistakable watershed, a more accurate characterization of the technological complex that existed before "mechanization took command" should now be presented. As it happens, the current attempt to amend the first budget of errors by dividing a single industrial revolution into three periods—one of mechanical invention preceded, and now finally completed, by a scientific revolution—is equally misleading in that it ignores the impression that the earlier technical changes had themselves made on the scientific thought of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. A more careful reading of the evidence shows that the most radical technical mutations that preceded those introduced by scientific discoveries in electricity came about early in the Middle Ages, and if one is to understand under what conditions they flourished one must follow them back to their source. What we have to do is to trace the stages by which the rich and varied polytechnics that was available in the late Middle Ages (thirteenth to fifteenth century), with their masterpieces of art and engineering and their first essays in mass production through printing, was transformed, under the influence of political absolutism and capitalist enterprise, into the present system of high-speed megatechnics, out of which a new type of megamachine, more powerful than that of the Pyramid Age, has come into existence.

Now, one of the most significant facts about the great transformation of mechanical industry that took place in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries is that its effective inventions, apart from the steam engine (notably the spinning jenny, the flying shuttle, the power loom), occurred in the ancient neolithic industries: spinning, weaving, and pottery. In these areas, the large-scale application of power to mass production in huge factories came mainly not through the steam engine but through the increased use of water mills. This utilization of water power

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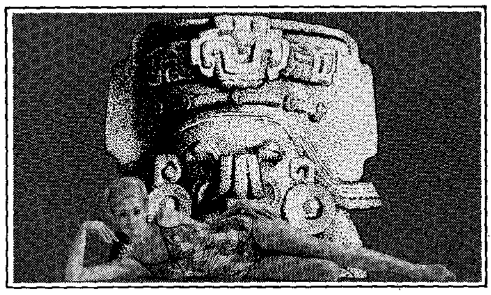

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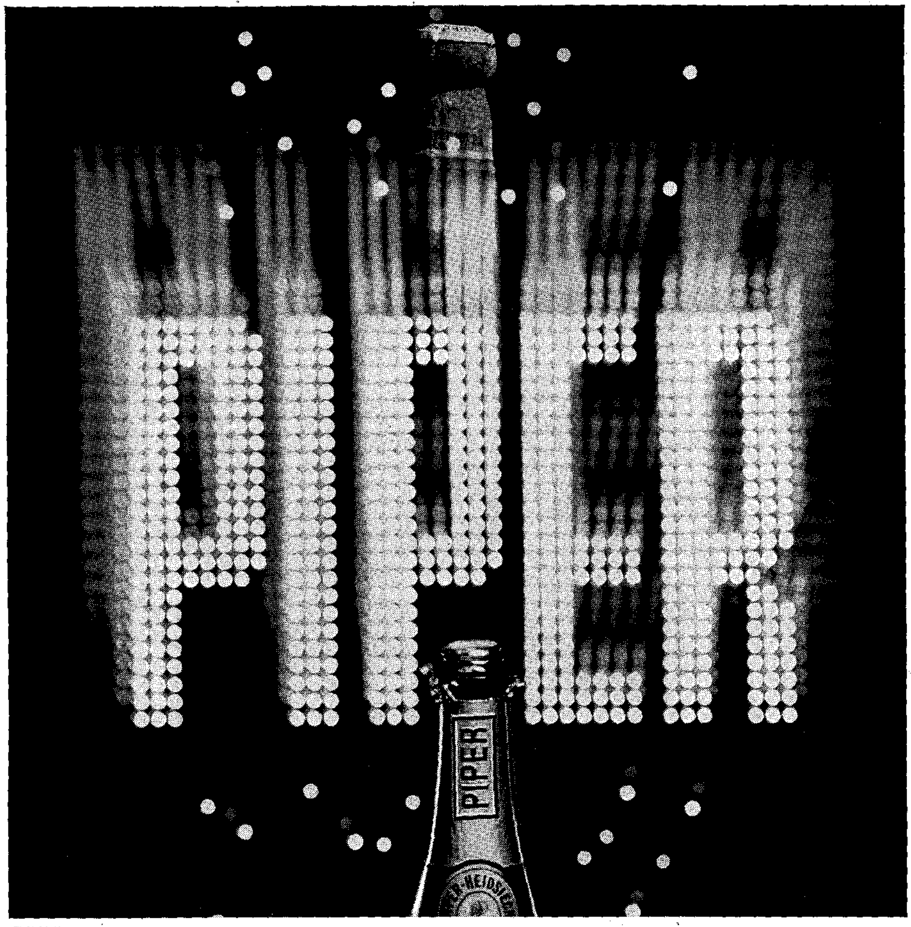

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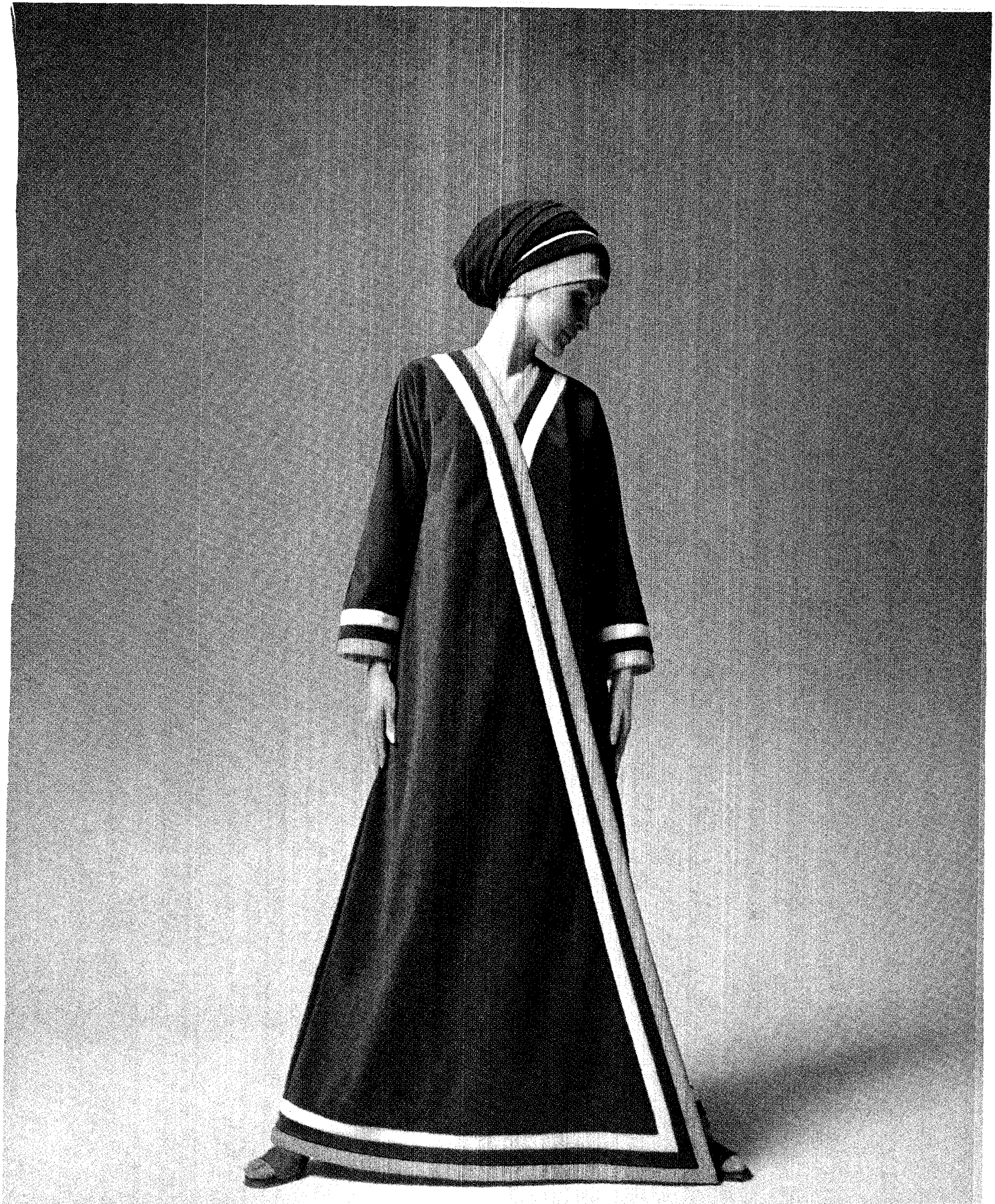
was what confined the textile industries for such a long time to the fast-flowing streams of England and New England. Indeed, hydraulic energy was used in many mills to the end of the nineteenth century and even later; it thus eased the way for hydroelectric installations. So slow was the introduction of the steam engine as a prime mover that in Britain—the home of James Watt, where coal and iron were available in quantity—there is not even a mention of it in Thomas Martin's "Cyclopedia of the Mechanical Arts," published in London in 1818, and in the United States the first use of steam power in cotton mills was in Newburyport, Massachusetts, in 1836. The other great inventions of the nineteenth century—the Bessemer furnace and the open-hearth furnace—were likewise end products of the Iron Age, whose vastly improved techniques in mining had been introduced not in the eighteenth century but in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, in response to the military demand for iron for armor and cannon. The great and rapid changes that did in fact take place in the eighteenth century were due not alone to its absorption in mechanical improvements but to a loss of concern with many aspects of life that had kept technology in balance with other institutions. The mere fact that medieval technology cherished other interests and pursued other aims than those focussed on mechanical expansion has long been treated, without rational justification, as an evidence of technical ineptitude.

From the eleventh century on, all over Europe, but beginning in Italy, there was a resurgence of technical activity, stimulated by contact, direct and indirect, through trade and war, with the more advanced technological cultures of the East: Byzantine (mosaics, textiles), Arabic (irrigation, chemicals, horse-breeding), Persian (tiles, rugs, and, if Arthur Upham Pope was right, the Gothic arch and vault), Korean (wood-block printing), and Chinese (porcelain, silks, paper—paper money, wallpaper, toilet paper). After the fifteenth century, the opening up of the New World, along with the Near and Far East, immensely increased the supply of raw materials and technological resources—not merely large quantities of gold, silver, lead, silk, cotton, along with a wide variety of woods such as teak and ebony, but also the food plants, florals, and medicinals, from Persian lilacs and tulips to the South American potato, maize, cocoa, cinchona bark (quinine), and tobacco. Long before rapid transportation and communication became mechanically possible, this polytechnics had broken through national barriers and drawn upon a planet-wide culture. Since this vital agricultural revolution owed nothing to mechanization till the middle of the nineteenth century, its significance has been played down or completely overlooked. The basic source of energy and the chief mode of production, right up to that period, even in "progressive" machine-committed countries like Britain, was agriculture, and the crafts and prime movers directly associated with agriculture. In Britain, in the fifteenth century, more than ninety per cent of the population lived in the countryside, and as late as 1940 four-fifths of the population of the planet, according to the French geographer Maximilien Sorre, lived in agricultural villages. Back in 1688, when fairly reliable estimates became available, seventy-six per cent of the entire population of England was engaged in agriculture and related rural activities.

Until the nineteenth century, in fact, when one speaks of crafts, trades, and technologies one must give first place to agriculture, and it was the many advances made there that laid the basis for the later machine economy, long before machines became available for plowing and reaping. To equate technical improvement with the machine alone is literally to place the cart before the horse. The very term we use for units of work—"horsepower"—betrays this debt to medieval technics, with its improved shoeing and harnessing of horses. Where water and wind power could not be developed, horse mills were common. The careful breeding of horses—doubtless stimulated by early contact with the Arabs, and later by the introduction of a Persian fodder, alfalfa—went on during this whole period, as a series of specialized breeds, from Percherons for military uses and heavy drays to high-tempered fast horses for hunts and races, bears witness. Inventions for transport and weight-lifting freed manpower for other tasks, as did the series of improvements brought about in pulley hoists and derricks, which finally resulted in the maneuverable and seaworthy three-masted sailing vessels. More significantly, this increase of horsepower, water power, and wind power created for the first time in history an advanced economy based entirely on "free" (non-slave) labor. By the seventeenth century, that economy



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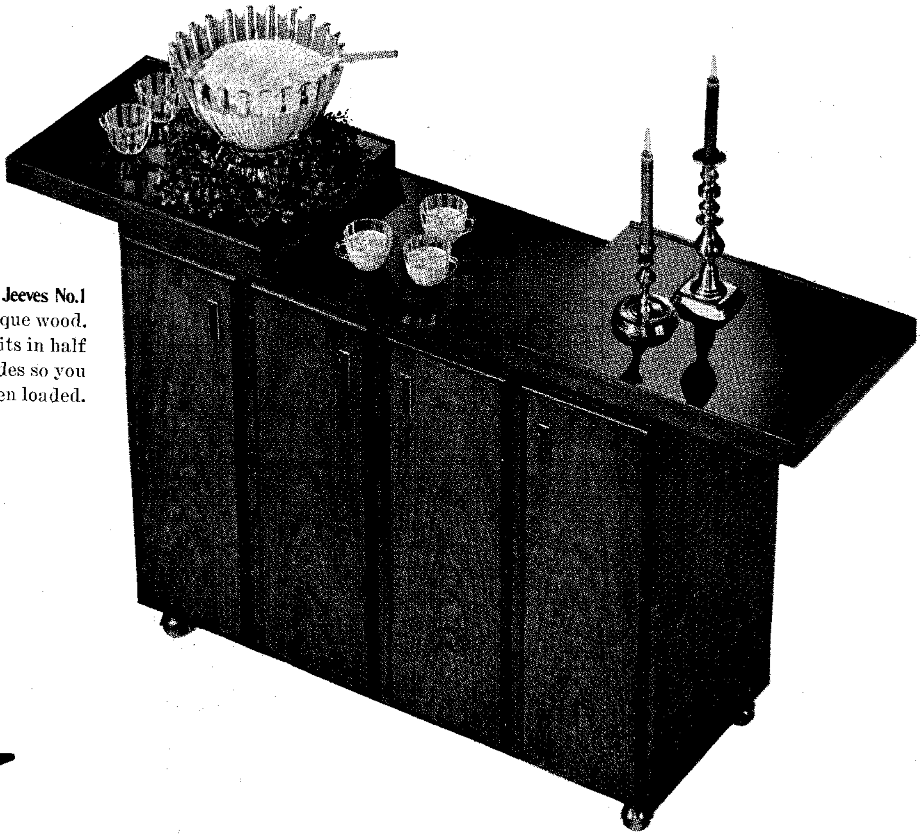

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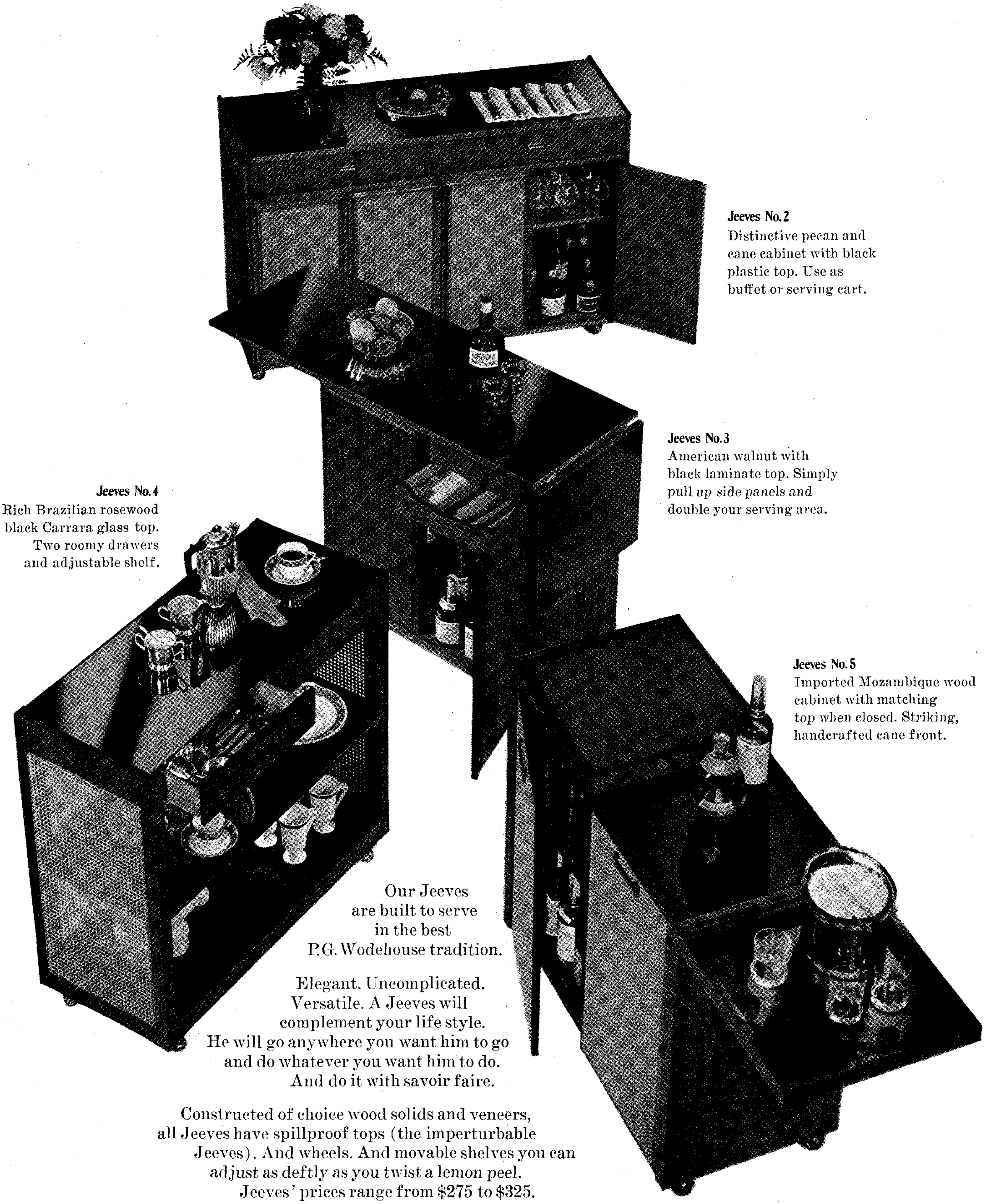

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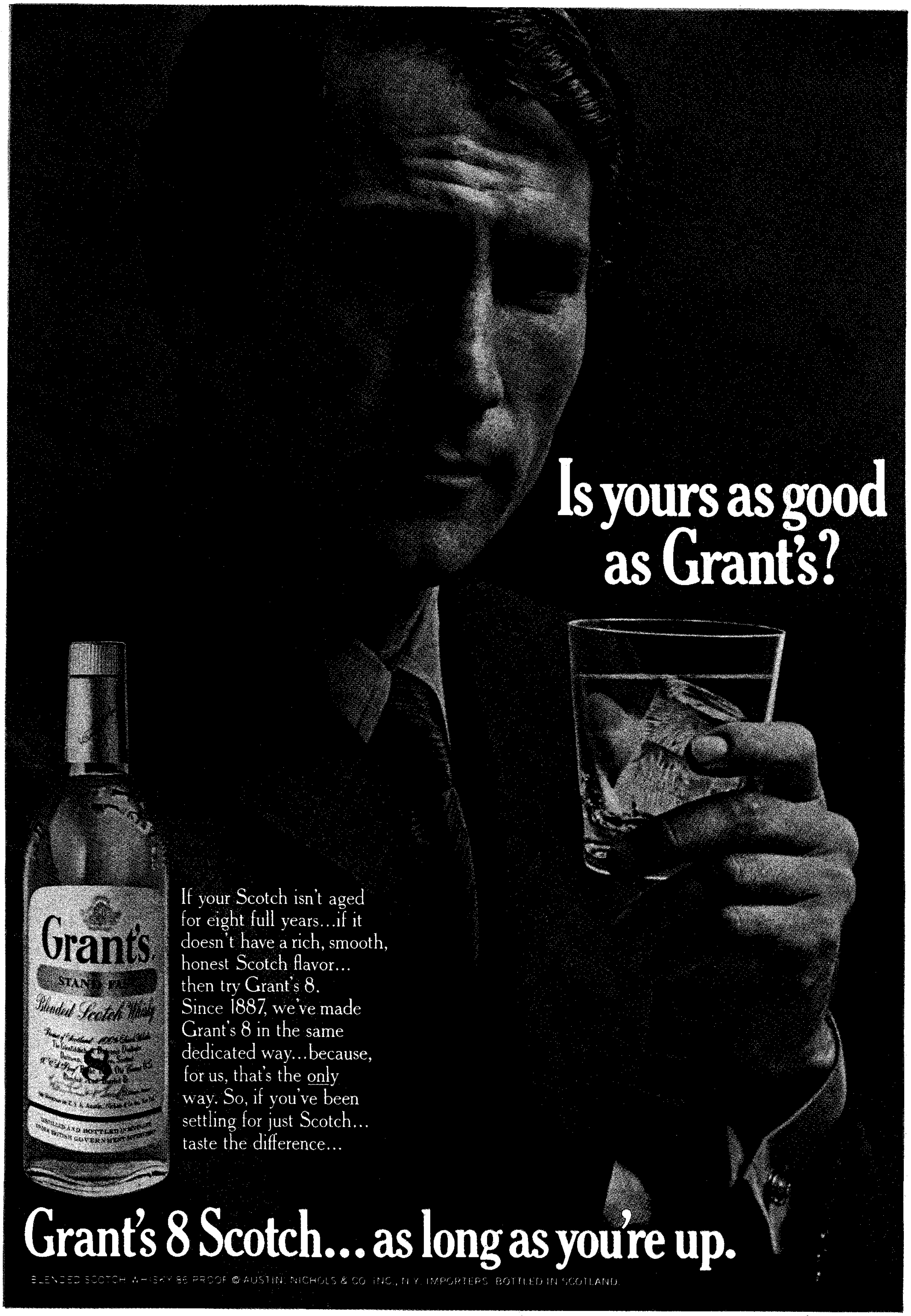

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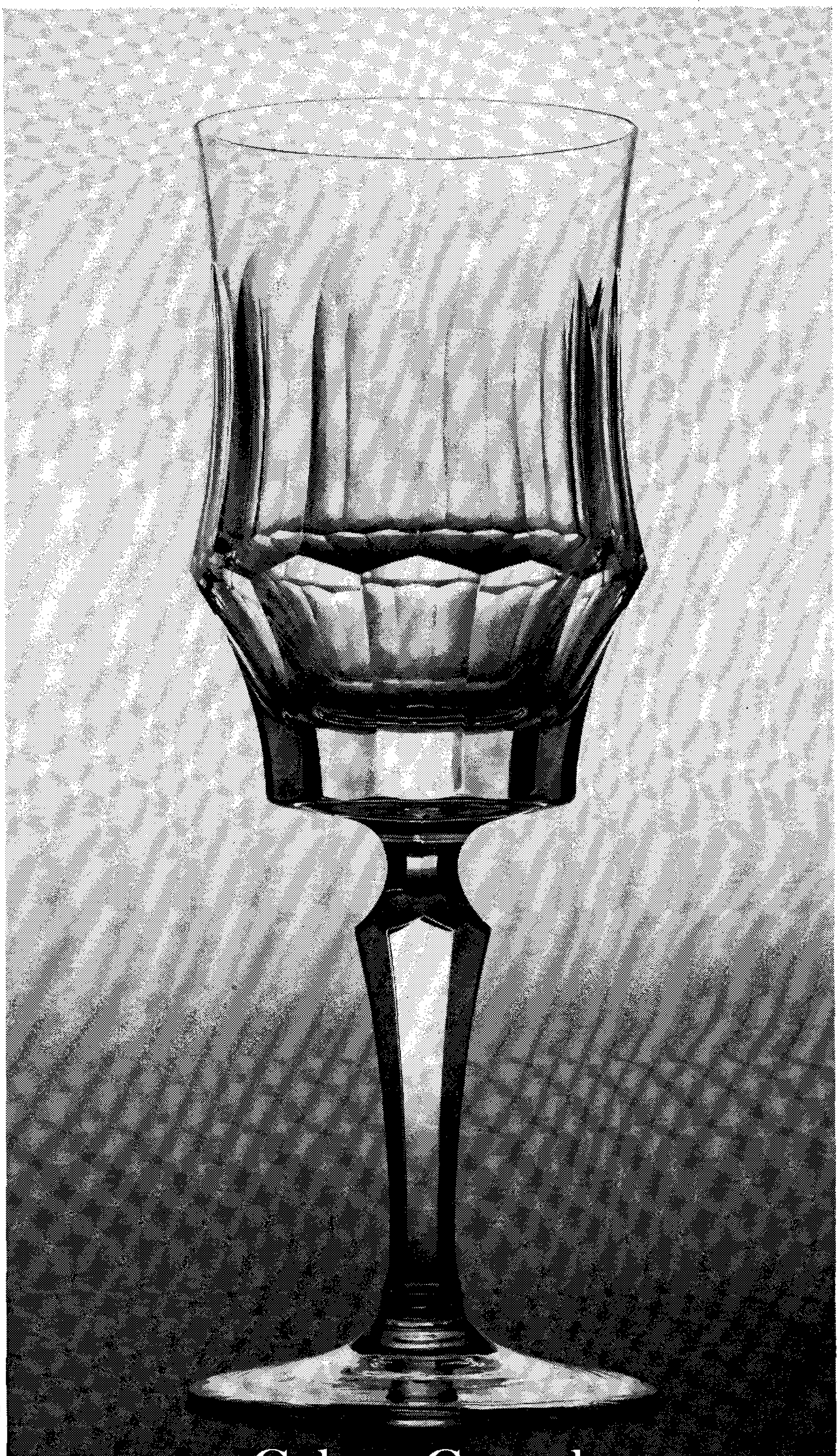
prevailed over the better part of Europe, except in backward pockets where serfdom lingered into the nineteenth century.

The prime instruments of this industrial freedom were the craft guilds—independent, self-governing bodies, established typically in equally self-governing cities—which provided for the education, the discipline, and the sustenance of their members, from youth to old age, in sickness and in health, and cared for the widows and orphans of their brothers. Not least, the guilds set for themselves standards of qualitative performance; quantity production did not play a part except where the guild system itself had broken down. As late as the eighteenth century, it is interesting to note, the builders of the Carpenters' Company of Philadelphia were paid for their work *after* the building was constructed, on the basis of an evaluation made by an independent assessor of both the labor consumed *and* the quality of the workmanship. Quality deliberately held quantity in check.

But even before the mechanization of production some of this freedom had been whittled away by mercantile practices that favored the bigger masters in the wholesale trades, who formed a ruling oligarchy and who, after the sixteenth century, farmed out work to unprotected handicraft workers in rural or even suburban areas outside the jurisdiction of the guild. The legal abolition of the guilds opened the way for the dehumanized practices of early machine industry. Thus the new freedom proclaimed by the advocates of laissez-faire, like Adam Smith, was freedom to abandon the medieval system of guild protection and social security and to be exploited by those who owned the costly new machinery of production. By a mental sleight of hand, this by-product of mechanical progress was minimized by those committed to the system. In proclaiming the immense economies of mass production, they ignored the fact that the landless and the homeless proletarians, forced into the new factories by the price-undercutting of handicraft labor, were worse off—in food, sanitary facilities, water supply, and environmental amenities—than the agricultural workers of their own time: a fact established by the English life-insurance tables, which showed that farm laborers had a notably higher expectation of life.

As it happens, these depressing social consequences were most visible in the very departments where great technical improvements were being made. The undoubted gains, through organi-



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zation and mechanization, apparent from the very beginning, were offset by the merciless regimentation and exploitation of the workers, particularly the child laborers and women. These facts are still glossed over by those who believe that technological progress automatically brings social improvements and who do not bother to appraise the actual results. In this they only imitate the Victorian apostles of industrialism, like Andrew Ure, who dismissed the now scientifically established fact that the prevalence of rickets in factory children working fourteen hours a day was due to lack of sunlight—gaslight, he ignorantly proclaimed, was quite as good, and more progressive.

BECAUSE the era before the eighteenth century is mistakenly supposed to have been technically backward, one of its best characteristics has been overlooked; namely, that it was still a mixed technology, a veritable polytechnics, for the characteristic tools, machine tools, machines, utensils, and utilities it used did not derive solely from its own period and culture but had been accumulating in great variety for tens of thousands of years. Consider this immense heritage. If the water mill went back to pre-Christian Greece and the windmill to eighth-century Persia, the plow, the loom, and the potter's wheel went back two or three thousand years further, while the grains, fruits, and vegetables derived from a much earlier period of paleolithic food-gathering and neolithic domestication. The bow that won the battle of Crécy for the English was a paleolithic invention, once used in hunting Magdalenian bison. As for the paintings and sculptures in public buildings, these issued from an even more ancient paleolithic past—the Aurignacian caves.

Not the least significant fact about this "backward" technology is that the areas in which technical skill and engineering audacity were highest—in the massive Romanesque and the towering Gothic cathedrals—drew on the oldest parts of our technical heritage, and were associated directly not with any utilitarian purpose but solely with attempts to add significance and beauty to the necessitous round of daily life. It was not the need for food or shelter, or the desire to exploit natural forces, or the effort to overcome physical obstacles that raised this constructive technics to the highest pitch of effort. To express their deepest subjective feelings, the builders of these monuments posed for themselves the most difficult technical problems, often be-

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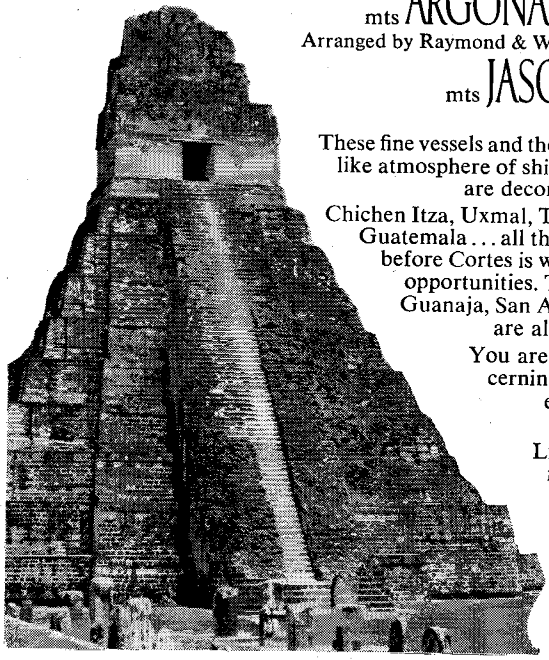

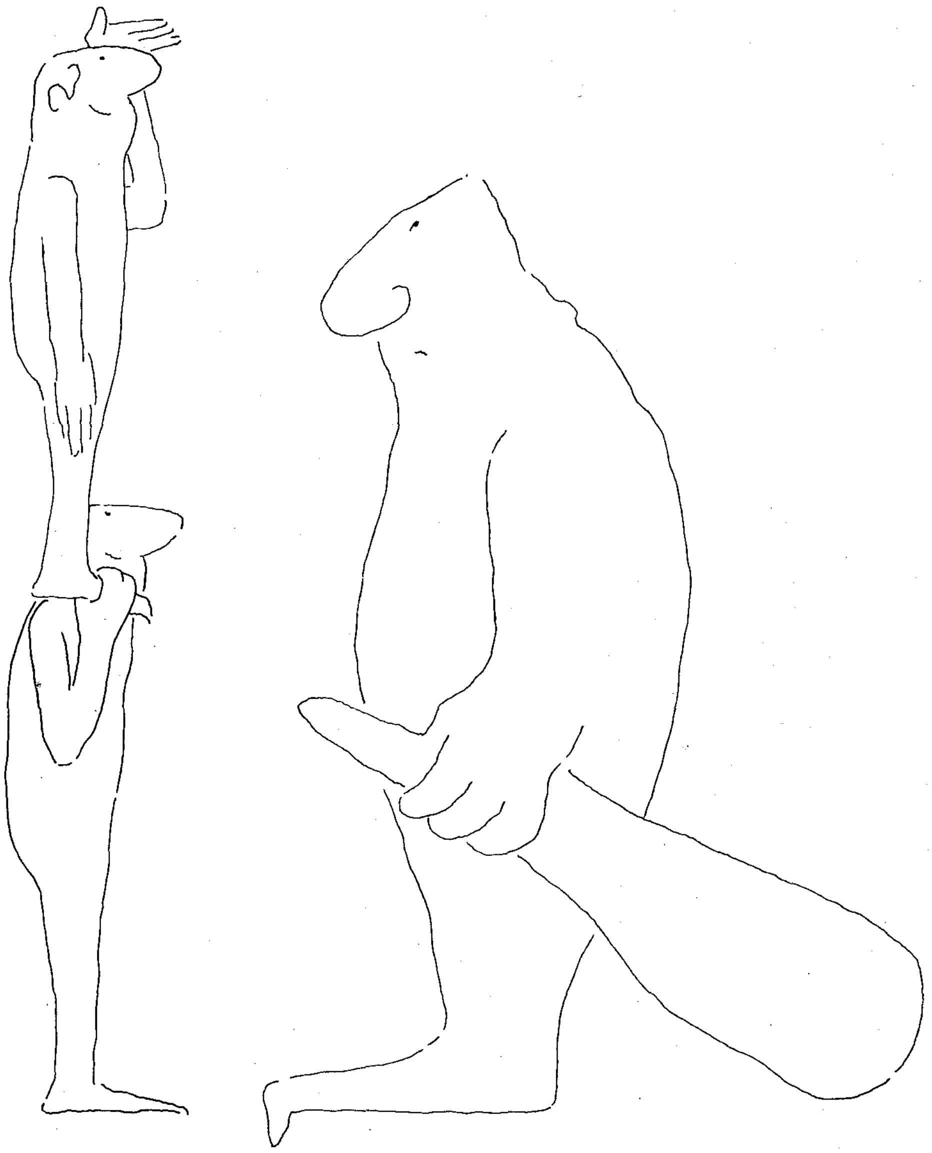

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yond their mathematical insight or craft experience, but calling forth a daring experimental imagination, so daring that it sometimes fatally outran their capacities—as more than one toppled tower revealed. To build these monumental structures, groups of workers of diverse capabilities and talents were assembled to perform a wide variety of tasks, from the monotonous shaping of stones into square blocks, small enough for a single man to handle, to the acrobatic feats needed to place the carved stones on the topmost pinnacle. Not merely muscular strength, mechanical skill, and physical courage went into the fabrication of these buildings; emotions, feelings, fantasies, remembered legends—in fact, the community's total response to life—took form in these supreme technological achievements. Technology was a means to a greater goal, for the cathedral was as near to Heaven as any earthbound structure could get. Such mastery of the complex processes of architectural creation was not for the purpose of either "making work," as in ancient Egypt, or doing away with work, as under today's automation. Neither was it merely to increase the personal prestige of the master mason or the incomes of the workers, still less to "expand the economy." The ultimate end of such a magnificent technical effort was not just the building itself but the vision it promoted: a sense of the meaning and value of life. This achievement has proved so valuable that successive generations of men, with far different religious beliefs and aspirations, have nevertheless felt a fresh infusion of spiritual vitality on beholding these buildings, even as William Morris did, at the age of eight, when he first beheld, breathlessly, the marvel of Canterbury Cathedral.

Not every aspect of handicraft, it goes without saying, offered such happy working conditions or such rewards. There was backbreaking drudgery, hardship, crippling organic maladaptation, and chronic disease in occupations such as mining, smelting, dyeing, and glassblowing. Yet today, despite our superior medical diagnosis and treatment, many of these disabilities still exist, and have even been magnified in technically "advanced" industries whose workers are exposed to radioactivity, to lead poisoning, to silicate and asbestos dust, or to malign pesticides like malathion and dieldrin. The human weaknesses of some handicraft industries, such as weaving—their fixation in routine motions and their unrelieved monotony—helped to bring about mechanization. But the effect of

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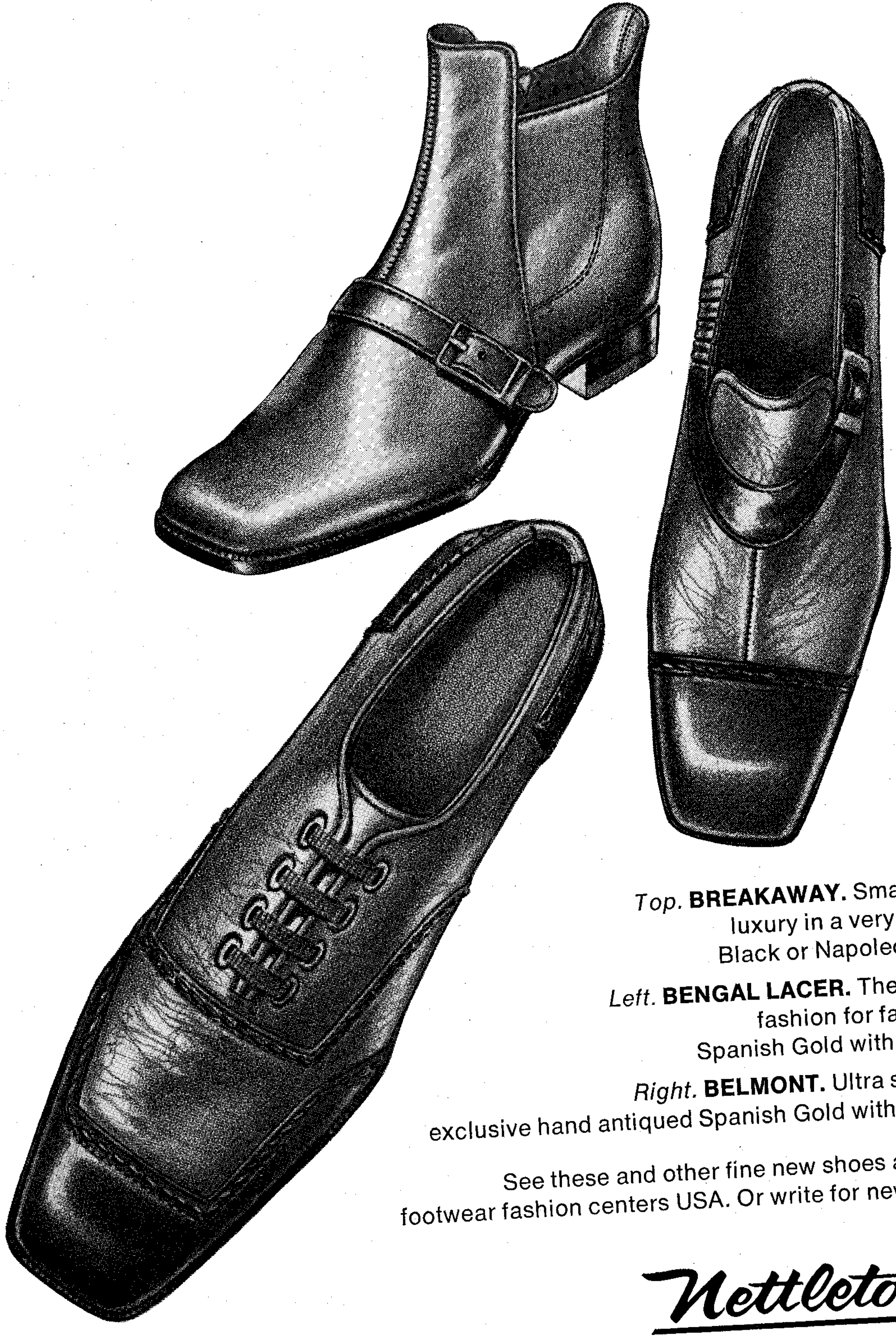

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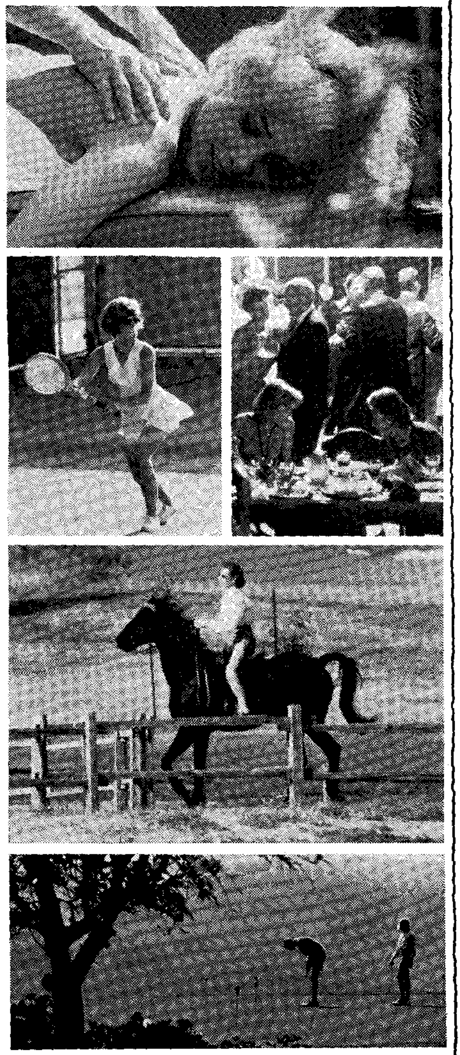

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the machine work, until automation took over, was to intensify the boredom, while the speeding up of the processes took away the soothing effect of repetition that makes such crafts so useful to the psychiatrist in the concluding phases of psychotherapy, as William Morris discovered during a troubled period in his marital life.

In certain departments of handicraft, the rewards and the penalties were, admittedly, almost inseparable. In some of its highest reaches, as in the Persian rugmaking of the sixteenth century, the perfection of both the design and the process of work—demanding as many as four hundred knots to the square inch—might call for the lifetime enslavement of the worker to reach such a pitch of artifice. There is no need to conceal these ugly blemishes, but also no excuse for hiding one of the great compensations: the work itself was prized and preserved. One beautiful rug, which now covers a wall in the Victoria and Albert Museum, in London, demanded the whole lifetime of the temple slave who made it. But this slave was an artist, and in his art he enjoyed the freedom to create. At the end of his task, he proudly signed his name to the masterpiece. He had not lost his identity or his self-respect; he had something to show for his working life. Compare the death of this slave with Arthur Miller's "Death of a Salesman."

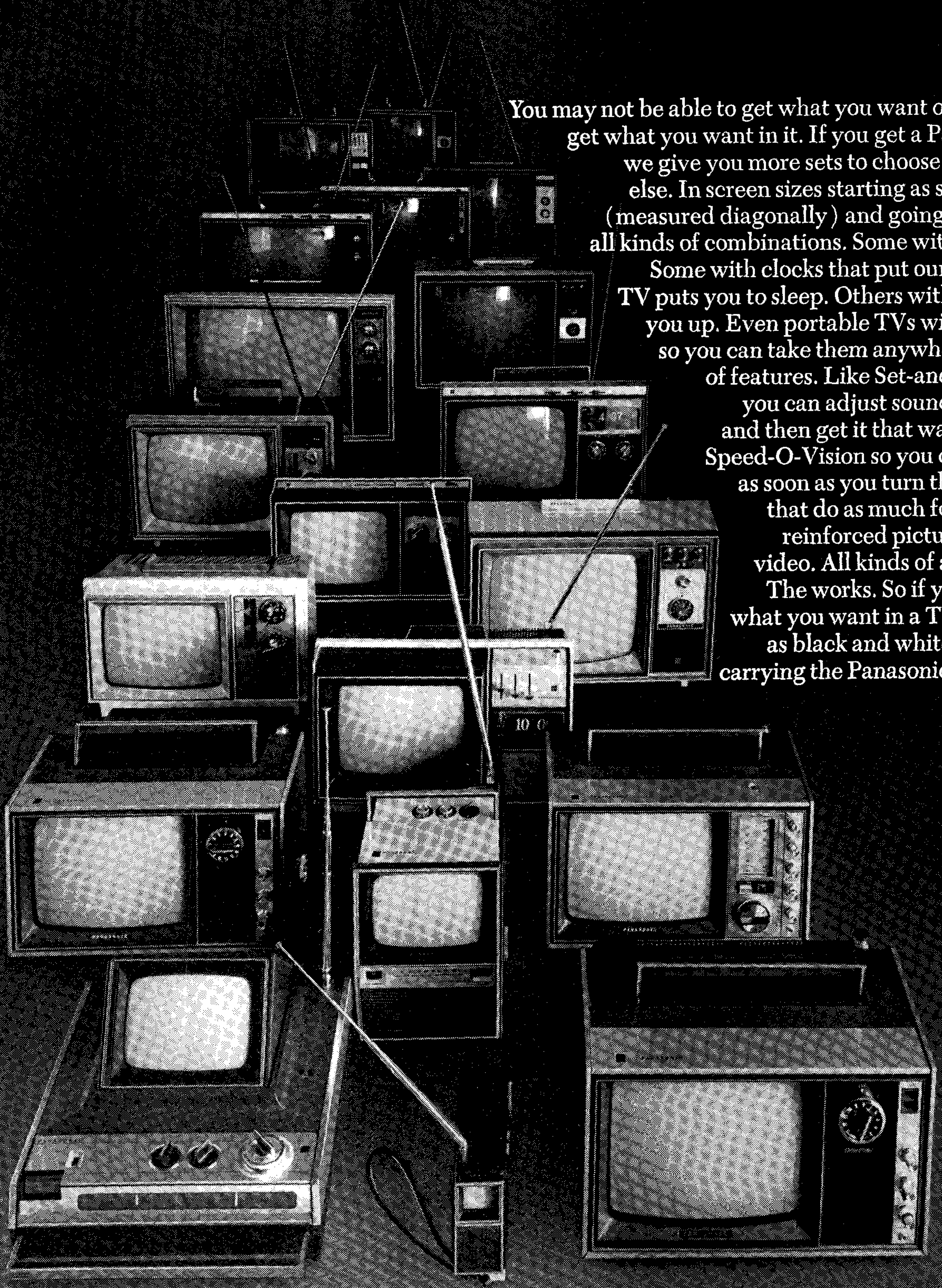
To understand the older polytechnics, partly mechanized by the sixteenth century but not wholly committed to mechanization, one must remember that its dominant arts were solidly based on ancient neolithic foundations: mixed farming—grains, vegetables, orchard crops, domestic animals—and constructions of every sort, from houses and barns to canals and cathedrals. All these arts required an assemblage of craft knowledge and skills, and the work, in the process of growth and construction, changed from hour to hour and from day to day. The process itself did not demand staying in the same position, performing a single uniform task, accepting monotony and uniformity, without at least the relief of a change of weather or season, or a change of pace. In the workshop and the household there were plenty of tedious tasks, but they were done in the company of one's fellows, at a pace that allowed for chatting and singing; there was none of the loneliness of the modern housewife presiding over a gang of machines, accompanied by the insistent rumble and clatter and hum of her assistants. Except in servile industries like mining, playful relaxation, sexual delight, domestic tenderness, aesthetic stimulation were not spatially or mentally separated completely from the work in hand.

Though hand labor brought many skills to the highest point of perfection—no machine can weave a cloth as fine as Dacca muslin—an even more important characteristic was its wide diffusion, which is another way of referring to the tool-user's essential autonomy and self-reliance. Nothing proves this better than the annals of overseas exploration, with their repeated record of building seaworthy ships to take the place of wrecked vessels. "The ship's carpenter who marched in Cortes' army directed the building and launching on Lake Texcoco of a whole fleet of brigantines big enough to carry cannon." Such a mode of work was equal to any emergency; neither the skill nor the over-all knowledge of design was restricted to a few specialists. That our present gains in horsepower have been diminished by a loss of effective manpower, and above all *coöperating* mind power, has still to be sufficiently appreciated.

By now, urbanized and mechanized populations are so far removed from this old life, even in rural areas, that they are ignorant of the fact that the daily routines of the workshop and the field and the home were once enhanced by songs, chanteys, rhythmic tattoos, and that the year's round was punctuated by many seasonal festivals, with dances, games, pageants, ceremonies, dramas, and other forms of play. Karl Buecher gave an account of this interrelation between handicraft work and aesthetic expression in his classic study "Arbeit und Rhythmus," unfortunately never translated into English, and I have long ago emphasized the fact that mechanical invention and aesthetic expression were inseparable aspects of the older polytechnics, and that, up to the Renaissance, art itself remained the principal field of invention. The purpose of art has never been labor-saving but labor-loving—a deliberate elaboration of function, form, and symbolic ornament to enhance the interest of life itself.

This ancient reciprocity between folk work and folk art reached its apogee in music between the seventeenth and the nineteenth century: witness Samuel Pepys choosing a serving maid partly for her qualifications in holding her part

It's all here in black and white.



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in song around the family dinner table, or Franz Schubert, who, according to legend, translated the work song of the pile drivers on the river into the melody and rhythm of his Nocturne in E Flat Major. If orchestral music reached its climax in the symphonic works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert, that was perhaps because it still obviously drew upon the wealth of folk songs and dances tied to the rural crafts—a heritage that Verdi later, in an industrially "backward" country like Italy, could still draw on.

Had this craft economy, prior to mechanization, actually been ground down by poverty, its workers might have spent the time given over to communal celebrations and church-building on multiplying the yards of textiles woven or the pairs of shoes cobbled. Certainly an economy that enjoyed a long series of holidays free from work, only fifty-two of which were Sundays, cannot be called impoverished. The worst one can say about it is that in its concentration on its spiritual interests and social satisfactions it might fail to guard its members sufficiently against a poor winter diet and occasional bouts of starvation. But such an economy had something that we now have almost forgotten the meaning of—leisure. Not freedom from work, which is how our present culture interprets leisure, but freedom *within* work, and, along with that, time to converse, to ruminate, to contemplate the meaning of life.

The most radical weakness of the older handicrafts, except in agriculture and construction, was their excessive craft specialization, which prevented the free circulation of knowledge and skill, and deprived the individual crafts of the great corporate assemblage of knowledge that had made the engineering feats of the cathedral builders such marvellous vehicles of cultural expression. At the end of the Middle Ages, this excessive specialization began to break down. Note that Rabelais made the study of arts and crafts part of Gargantua's education; on cold and rainy days, he devoted himself to carving and painting and went with his tutor to observe "the drawing of metals or the casting of cannon, or paid visits to jewellers, goldsmiths, and cutters of precious stones; or to alchemists and coiners, or to tapestry makers, printers, musical instrument makers, dyers, and other craftsmen of that sort; and everywhere . . . they learned and considered the processes and inventions of each trade." In this description, Rabelais was recording, in effect, the great innovation brought about in reality by the Renaissance artist, that audacious

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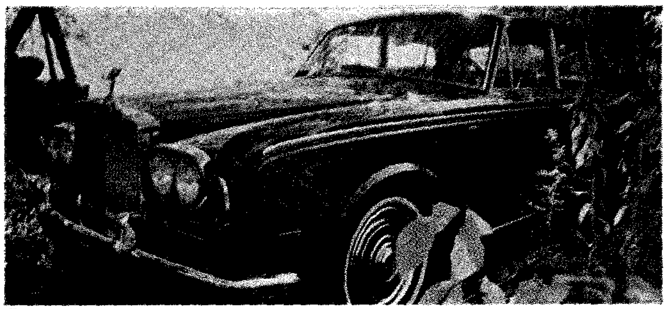
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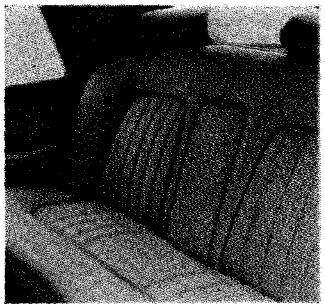
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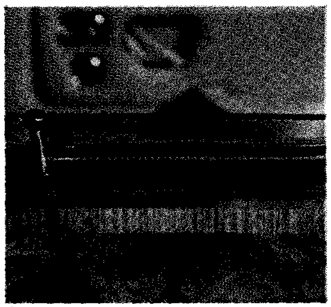
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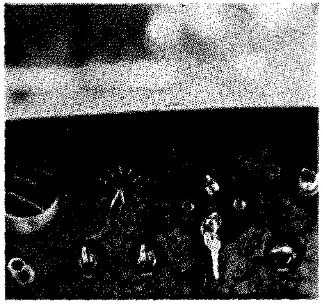
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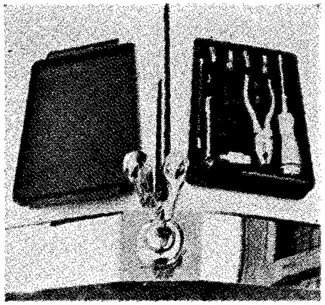
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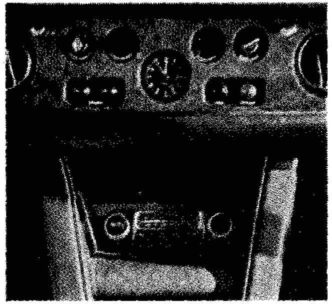
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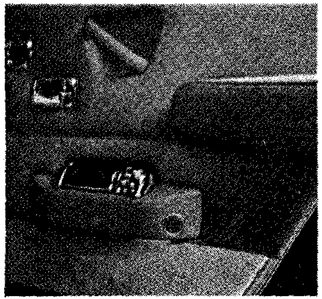
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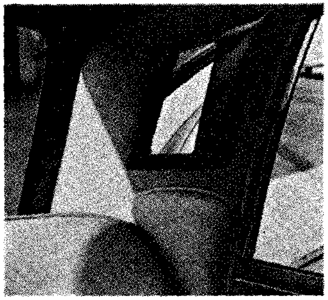
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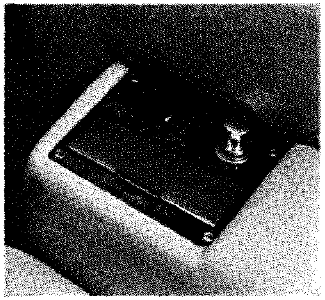
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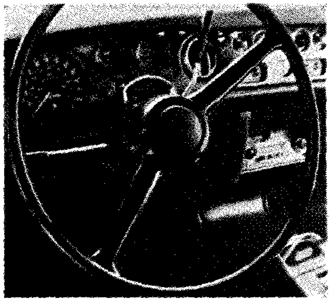
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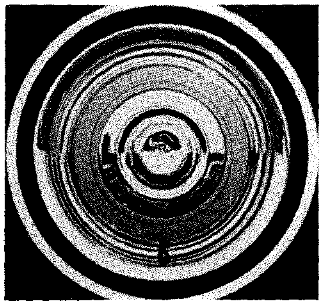
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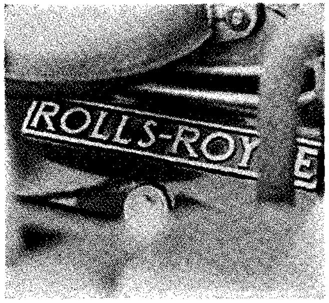

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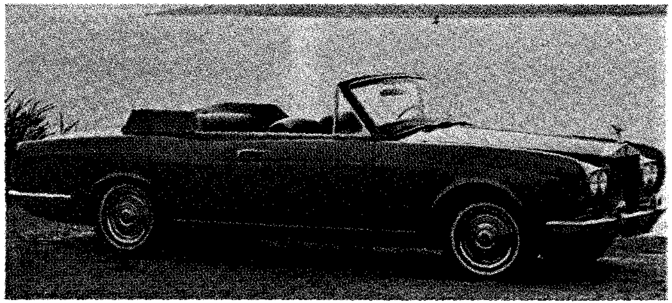
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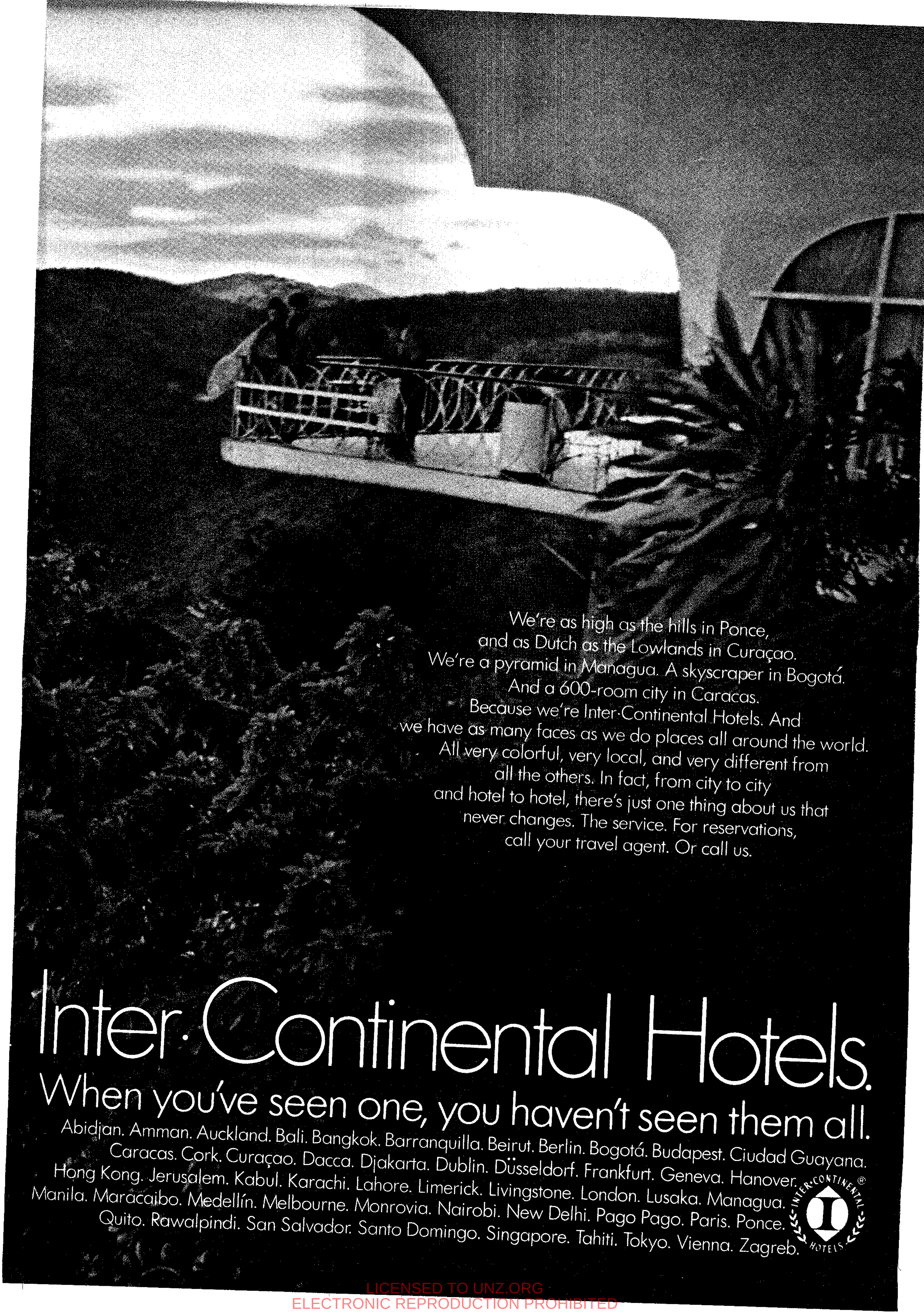

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all-round amateur who, though he might still have to attach himself to the Goldsmiths' Guild, was actually breaking through a cramping and obsolescent craft isolationism, for this new figure was equally ready to paint a picture, cast a bronze, plan a fortification, design a pageant, or construct a building. Whatever he could think he could draw; whatever he could draw he could do. Through defying the constrictions of craft specialization, the artist restored the full exercise of mind.

This facility was not the product of a special genius: was Vasari a genius? It was due, rather, to a disruption of older municipal, guild, and ecclesiastic institutions by princely despots and patrons. This gave an opportunity to detached, non-specialized minds to move freely from one craft to another, utilizing their hoarded skills but not having to invent them alone, *de novo*, as the early machine designers were largely forced to do. But note: the most successful of these artists—Brunelleschi, Michelangelo, and Christopher Wren—derived their strength mainly from the ancient, if highly organized, building crafts.

THOUGH slow in pace, pre-mechanized industry and agriculture relied so largely on manual labor that they enjoyed a freedom and flexibility a system more dependent upon a permanent assemblage of specialized machines demanding a heavy capital investment ceased to enjoy. Tools have always been personal property, selected and often reshaped, if not directly made, to fit the needs of the individual worker. Compared to complex machines, they are cheap, easily replaceable, easily transported—but worthless without manpower. With his kit of tools, the urban journeyman, once his apprenticeship was over, could and did travel abroad, surveying new scenes, learning new technical tricks, overcoming in some degree the traditional craft stratifications. Far from being stagnant, medieval technics not merely introduced new inventions—such as the silk-reeling machine (1272), block printing (1289), the spinning wheel (1298), and the wire-pulling machine (1350)—but expanded and perfected older industries, like glassmaking and glassblowing: skills, as I have already pointed out, that provided the indispensable flasks and alembics for later chemical experiments. But here again, be it noted, the first large-scale use of glass was not utilitarian but aesthetic: the great windows of the Lady Churches of the thirteenth century. Thus, until the seventeenth century this polytechnic

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tradition performed the feat of transmitting the major technical heritage derived from the past and also introduced many fresh mechanical or chemical improvements—sometimes inventions as radical in technical conception and as profound in social effects as the printing press.

The rapid success of the printing press, which brought about the transition from manuscript writing to printing from type in less than a century, was in itself proof of how effectively handicraft had prepared the way for this further step, and no inherent hostility to such an improvement was in evidence, though there was a passing resistance by the old manuscript copyists. Thus the new invention spread swiftly, because the initial step in mechanization—the creation of perfectly standardized hand-lettering—had long before been achieved in the monastery, where a deliberately mechanized habit of life laid the groundwork for wider mechanizations. As a contribution to the growing sense of liberation and autonomy that accompanied the first mechanical innovations, the hand-operated printing press had a central place. Almost no one doubts the social advantages of multifolding the printed word, for this invention broke down the class monopoly of written knowledge and opened the world of time as decisively as the new explorations that were contemporary with it opened the world of space. Until the sixteenth century, the enormous amount of empirical knowledge that had been preserved within each craft had lain under a limitation: it never was transferred to the permanent record, and when, unfortunately, the human links were broken by plague or war, essential elements in the tradition might disappear.

With the invention of printing, it was possible to collect and diffuse technological knowledge on a wide scale, and it is not without significance that one of the greatest of technical compendiums, Agricola's treatise on mining and the metallurgical arts, "De Re Metallica," appeared within a century of Gutenberg's innovation—not merely conveying accurate scientific information, abundantly illustrated, but displaying an extraordinary grasp of many other crafts. In time, "De Re Metallica" was followed by other useful handbooks and recipe books, as well as by a series of wood engravings, such as those of Jost Amman, illustrating the progress of the arts. With the technological portions of the great French Encyclopédie, done under the supervision of Diderot, this movement came to a temporary climax. The increased

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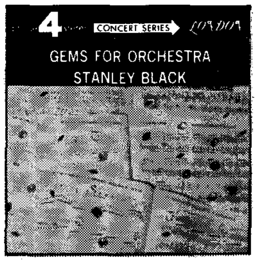
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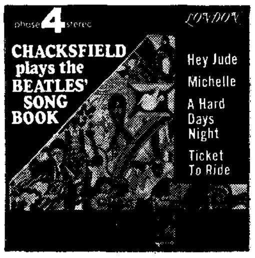
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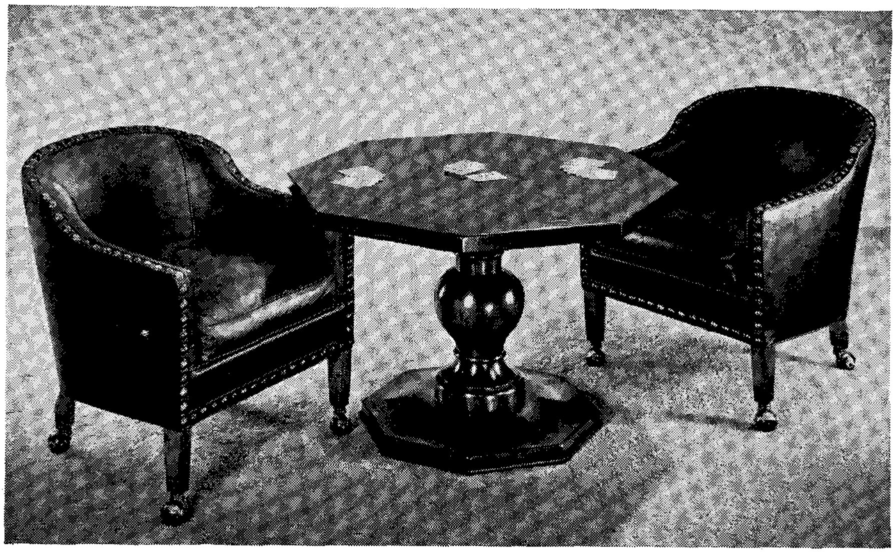
consciousness of technology seems to have been part of a synchronous world-wide movement, hardly to be accounted for by direct contact, inasmuch as Chinese and Japanese prints, from the sixteenth century on, strangely show a similar interest in craft skills, in technical processes, and even, in many cases, in the characteristic environment of the worker.

The great feat of medieval technics, then, was that it could promote and absorb many important changes without losing the immense carryover of inventions and skills derived from earlier cultures. In this lies one of its vital points of superiority over the modern mode of monotechnics, which boasts of effacing, as fast and as far as possible, the technical achievements of earlier periods, even though the result, as in the case of monotransport by motorcar or jet plane, may be far less flexible and less efficient than the more diverse and many-paced system that preceded it. Some of this polytechnic advantage was due to the fact that the skills, the aesthetic judgment and appreciation, and the symbolic understanding were diffused throughout the whole community, not restricted to any one caste or occupation. By its very nature, polytechnics could not be reduced to a single, standardized, uniform system, under centralized control.

Not the least part of polytechnic tradition lay in the arts derived from neolithic culture, in which woman's interests and woman's modes of work continued to play a role—not only in potmaking, basketwork, and spinning and weaving but in the specifically domestic arts that account for such a large part of human work: cooking, preserving, brewing, dyeing, washing, even soapmaking. Many of the prime inventions in this area remained unaltered for thousands of years; for example, the shapes of pitchers and vases, and four-legged furniture, because they had achieved a satisfactory form at an early date. When one is counting up the accumulated richness of this tradition, one must remember, too, the wealth of recipes for cooking and baking that each separate regional culture produced—the endless combination of nutrients and tempting flavors that helped turn the animal process of private maceration into the social art of enjoyable eating. This is as much a part of our technical tradition as the medical pharmacopoeia. In a period such as the present, which takes pride in its ability to produce ever larger quantities of food—pasteurized, homogenized, sterilized, frozen, or otherwise reduced to an infant's standard of tastelessness—the



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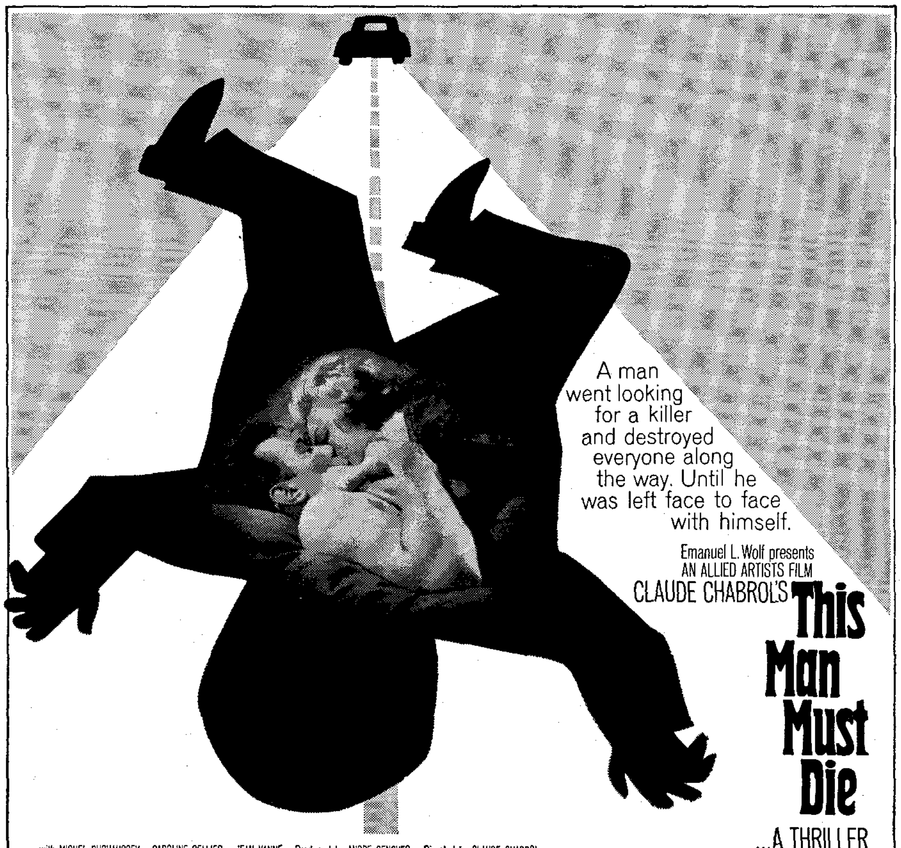

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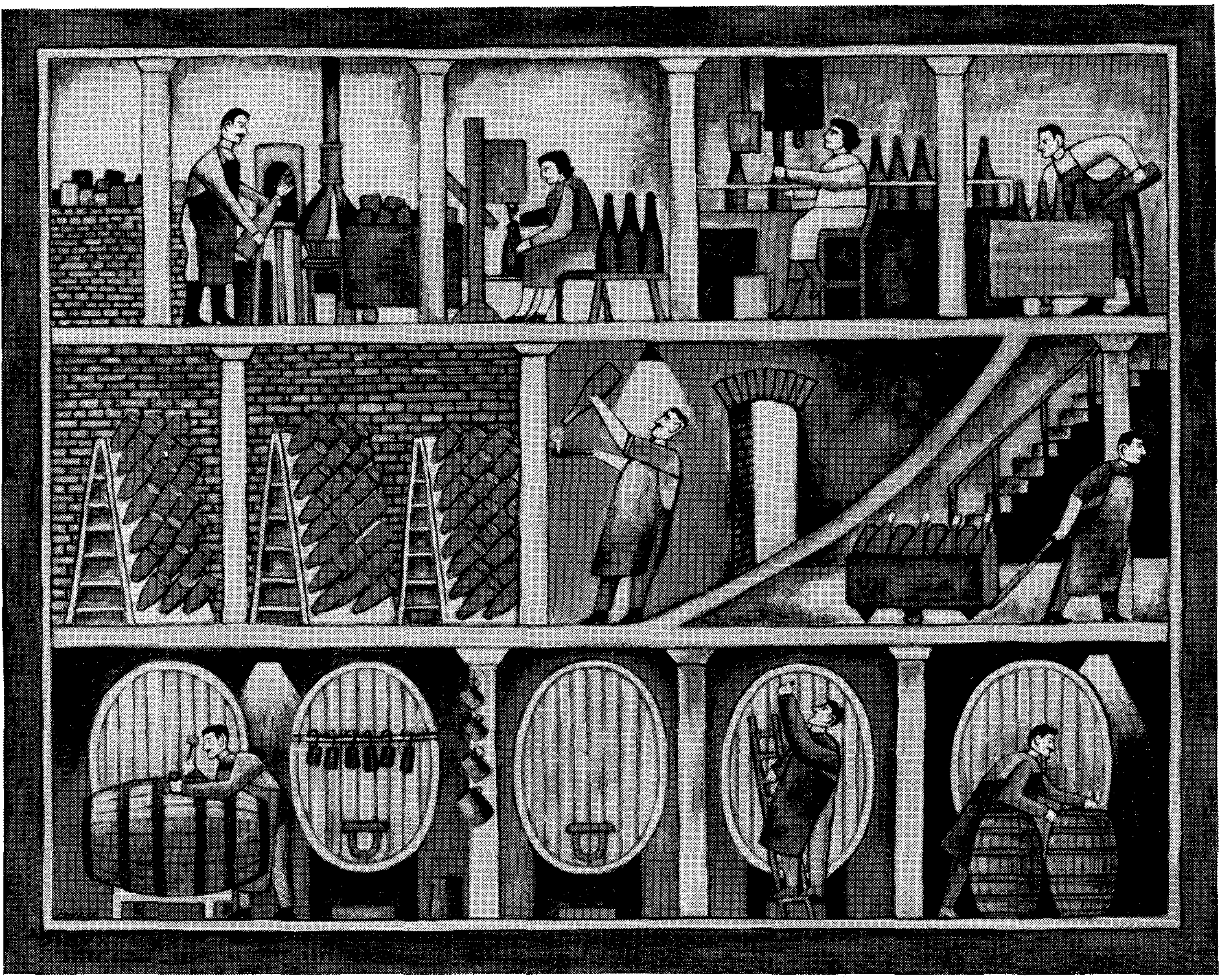

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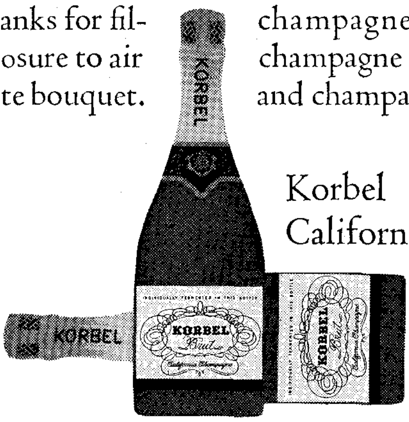

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disappearance of this heritage has become a necessary condition for meekly accepting the space capsule's requirements for nutrition as the standard human diet. Here again the polytechnic tradition stands for variety and aesthetic discrimination as essential conditions for heightening organic activity. In cooking, clothing, bodily ornament, and gardening, as in painting and sculpture, no culture had to wait until the "industrial revolution" for endless modifications and qualitative improvements.

The medieval social order could not be completely mechanized or depersonalized because it was based, fundamentally, upon a recognition of the ultimate value and reality of the individual soul—a value and a reality that related it to equally identifiable groups and corporate associations. The relation between the soul and its God, between the serf, the armed retainer, and the lord, between the apprentice and his master, between the guildsman and his city, even between the king and his people, was a personal relation, too complex and too subtle to be confined to a specific function or limited to a specific contractual agreement, since it involved one's entire life. One of the favorite themes of medieval folk tales is the brave peasant or miller who talked back to the king and told him off—such a tale as I once heard the Mayor of The Hague repeat, with a twinkle in his eye, on a great civic occasion when the Queen of the Netherlands was present. But who has ever told off a computer?

In countries like England and Holland, moreover, written constitutions and parliamentary rules of order were established in many informal local units before they were established in bigger organizations. At the very moment that the great crafts and merchant guilds, already corrupted by wealth or made subservient to the state, ceased to exercise their old functions, the English working classes, in desperation, revived the Friendly Societies and the Burial Societies for the support of the sick, the widows, and the orphans—associations that had originated in the Roman Empire and had never been entirely obliterated, it would seem, from the mind even when they disappeared from the historical scene.

This social background of medieval polytechnics is often overlooked by the specialized technical historian, who treats technology without reference to either the political or the personal forms that it helps to bring into existence. As late as the sixteenth century, this dynamic and enterprising polytech-

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nics not only was intact but was still developing, as the wider exploration of the planet brought into Europe both natural resources and technical processes it could use to advantage. For the first time in history, the arts and technics of the world as a whole were ready to intermingle, to learn from each other, to increase the range of both their practical effectiveness and their symbolic expression. Unfortunately, at that point a change came about that fatally arrested this growth. A system of one-sided political and military domination produced a counterpart in a system of mechanization and automation that ignored the human premises upon which the older agricultural and handicraft technologies had been founded. Not that the handicrafts died out quickly. The great improvements in fabricating automatic spinning and weaving machinery, in clocks and watches, could not have taken place except with the aid of handicraft workers, who moved from wood-turning to metal-turning and pattern-making, and who used their craft experience to interpret the instructions of engineers and scientists. For the new, complex machines could not be designed in detail on the drafting board, or even in outline. Before anything could happen, the working parts themselves had to be reworked and shaped by hand.

England's leadership in the production of automatic machines from the beginning of the nineteenth century onward derives from a succession of such master craftsmen, beginning with Joseph Bramah and Henry Maudslay and continuing through Nasmyth, Whitworth, Muir, Lewis, and Clement—men who made inventions like the screw-cutting lathe (Maudslay), which in turn made more complex machines possible. One of Maudslay's fellow-workmen bore testimony to the qualities of his art: "It was a pleasure to see him handle a tool of any kind, but he was *quite splendid* with an eighteen-inch file." As with the meticulous craftsmanship that went into the building of the Egyptian pyramids, the last refinement of accuracy was that achieved by the human hand.

By the middle of the nineteenth century, this form of craftwork had in some departments reached a higher pitch of technical perfection in the metallurgical arts than ever before. With the aid of power machinery, harder steel, a wider range of metals and alloys, accurate lathes and dies, increased control over temperature and speed, there was no mechanical problem that the craftsman could not master. Until all this was achieved, ma-

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chines could not produce machines. The great proof of the craftsman's skill and resourcefulness was the construction of the Crystal Palace in London in 1851—a building prefabricated and put together with a speed that could hardly be equalled, starting from scratch, today. The point I am making is that if craftsmanship had not been condemned to death by starvation wages and meagre profits, if it had been protected and subsidized, as so many of the new mechanical industries were extravagantly subsidized, right up to jet planes and rockets today, our technology as a whole, even that of "fine technics," would have been immensely richer—and more efficient.

What is not generally recognized is that, during the long transitional period from handicraft to complete mechanization, the crafts themselves had been multiplying and becoming more differentiated, and had taken advantage of small-scale mechanization in power-driven fulling mills or in precision machines like lathes. In 1568, Jost Amman enumerated ninety different crafts, but two centuries later Diderot's encyclopedia counted as many as two hundred and fifty. As late as 1858, in England, in the little town of Lincoln alone, at a time when machine-made goods were beginning to invade every market, so Norman Wymer reports, over fifty crafts and trades were still being practiced, though by the end of the century all had dwindled and many had disappeared.

In another century, the physical lot of the workers had notably improved, with unemployment insurance, social security, and the new health services, while their children's education was assured by government-operated schools; in addition, they had, for intellectual or emotional stimulus and diversion, the radio and television. But the work itself was no longer as various, as interesting, or as sustaining to the personality, and if there was any large breakdown in the mechanical system there would not be enough craft skill left, or the necessary tools and self-confidence, to improvise even a temporary substitute. Seebohm Rowntree's surveys of York, published in 1902 and in 1941, amply document this change.

Whatever the advantages of a highly organized system of mechanical production, based on non-human sources of power—and, as everyone recognizes, there are many advantages—the system itself tends to grow more rigid, more inadaptable, more dehumanized in proportion to the increase in its automation and in its extrusion of the worker from the process of production. At this point, I wish only to emphasize that the deliberate maintenance of a widely diffused and varied group of handicraft occupations would have been a guarantee of human autonomy and an essential factor of economic safety, and that the recovery of many of these all but lost arts, which William Morris began in the middle of the nineteenth century, was—and remains—an indispensable counterbalance to overmechanization. Where surplus manpower is available—in a world, indeed, threatened by an overproduction of manpower, with millions misemployed or out of work, and in either case demoralized—manual labor should still perform important productive tasks and human services that the machine must either leave undone or accomplish only at an excessive cost.

Felix Greene's film on Vietnam made this point with startling force. In North Vietnam, between 1965 and 1968, the United States Air Force destroyed the principal cities and industrial plants, along with the railroads and highroads—not once but again and again—with the object of making it impossible to manufacture weapons, build up supplies, or transport troops and munitions to the South. In the course of three years, this effort proved utterly unsuccessful. The North Vietnamese, by calling on the diffused manual labor and craft ingenuity of the people, by enlisting human muscles rather than machines, by using simple weight-lifting and water-transport devices, worked by hand, were able rapidly to repair the damage, and they not merely have refused to accept defeat but have continued to carry the war itself into the South. Thus this residual craft culture and almost neolithic economy, utilizing home-grown materials and home-taught skills, all still available in a farming community, were able to counteract the powerful mechanized instruments of the invader and to make fools of the Pentagon strategists who were sure they could terrorize the North Vietnamese into surrender or paralyze their military effectiveness by destroying their means of production. If, as many anthropologists continue to hold, the making and using of tools were among the chief sources of primitive man's intellectual development, is it not time that we asked ourselves what will happen to man if he departs completely, as he now threatens to do, from his primal polytechnic occupations? Since they can no longer be

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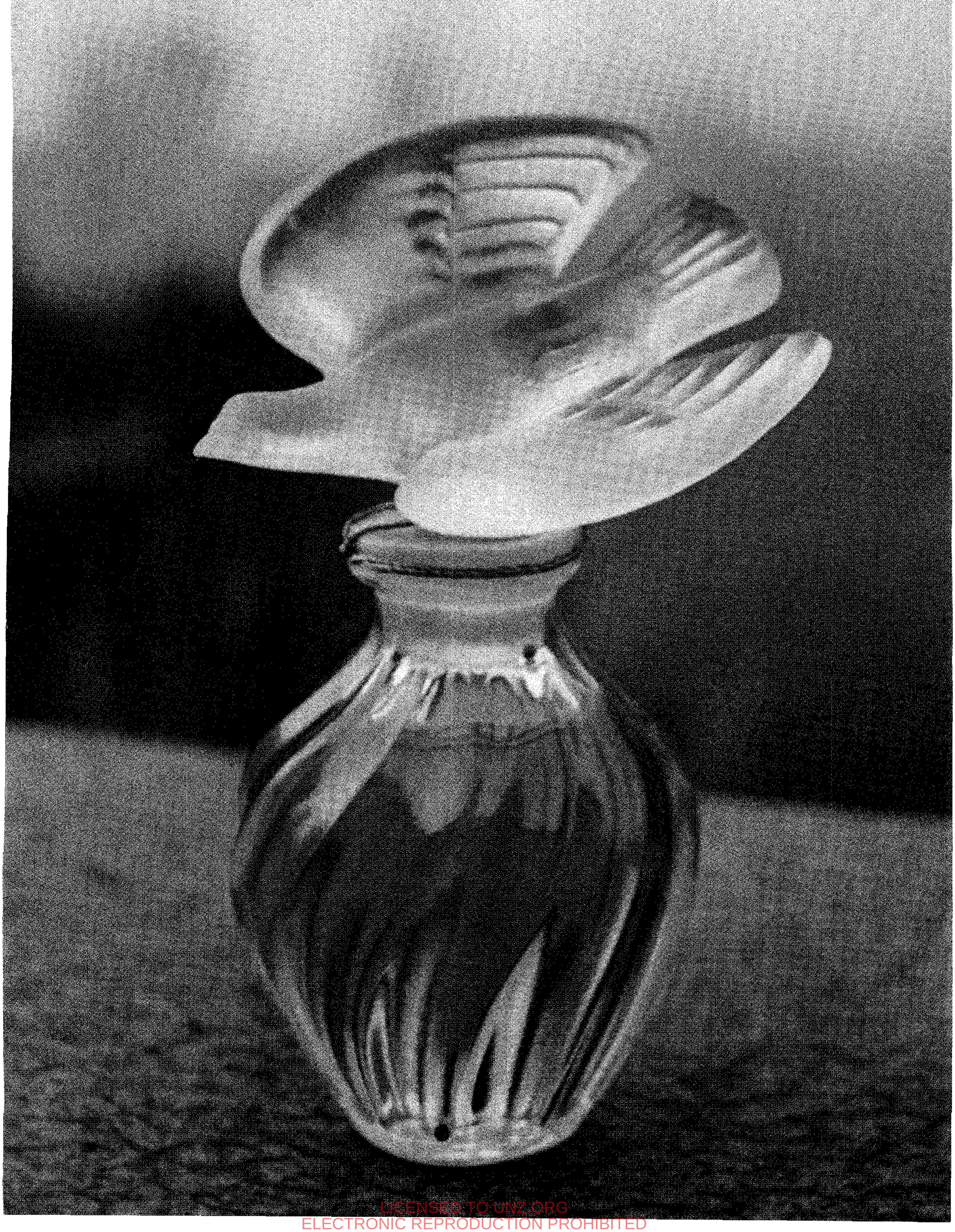

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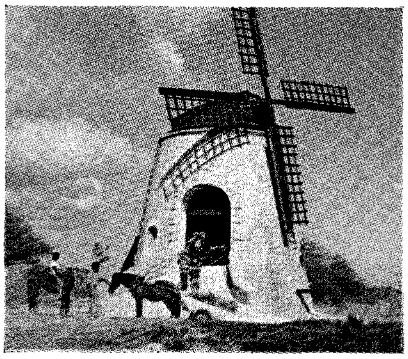

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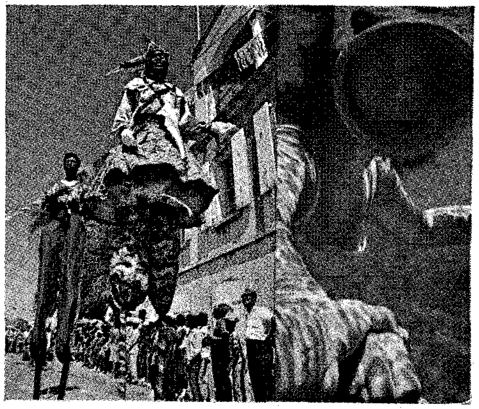

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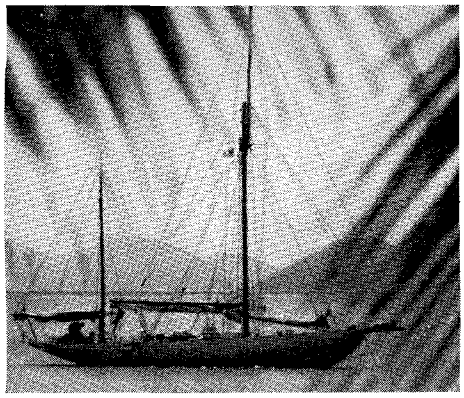

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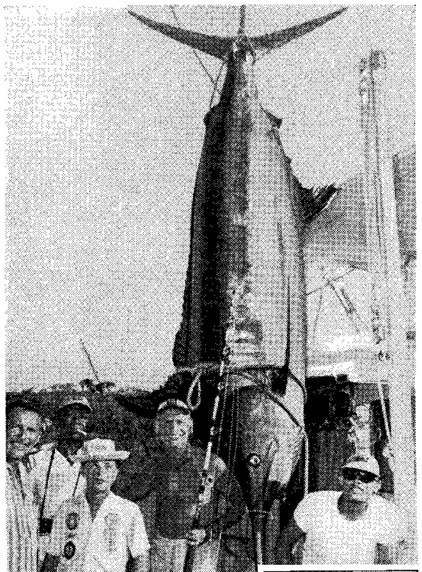

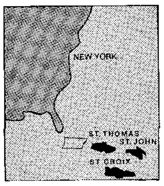

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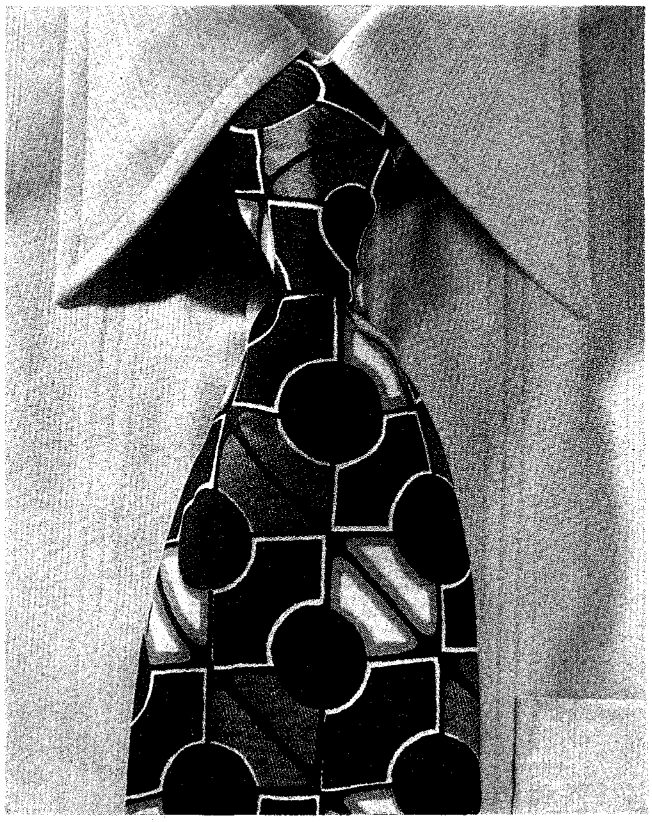

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In this imperfect world,
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:I: INTERMARCO-ELVINGER 1681

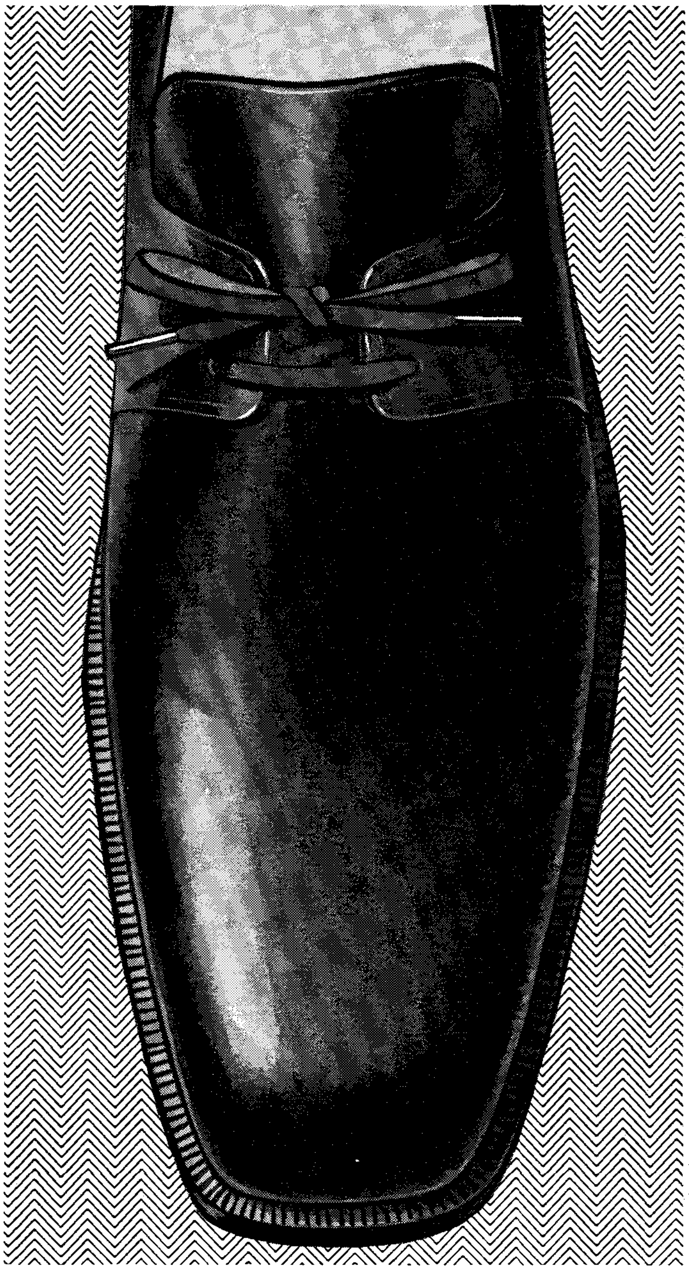
pursued at a profit, perhaps they will have to be restored as modes of sport and recreation.

THE NEW REGIMENTATION

THE common habit in the nineteenth century of equating technical improvement exclusively with power-driven machines, increasingly automatic, led to an underestimation of the advances that had been made between the twelfth and the eighteenth centuries through improvements derived from the fabrication of more adequate containers—both individual containers, such as pots, pans, sacks, bags, and collective containers, such as canals and ships. That containers may transmit power, like a millrace, or utilize power, like a sailboat, is one of those obvious facts that concentration on a purely mechanical world picture has led historians to overlook—partly because containers do not noisily call attention to themselves.

Not the least contribution of late-medieval technics, however, was that it demonstrated how to maintain a balance between the static and the dynamic components of technics, between utilities and machines. As it happened, the first notable improvement that made worldwide transportation possible was the three-masted sailing ship, in which wind power was more effectively applied than ever before to move a large container laden with goods from port to port. Similarly, the first step in speedy transport, with regular deliveries, came through the building of canals in Europe from the sixteenth century on, and the network of canals that spread up the rivers from the Low Countries, finally covering great distances, like the Rhône Canal, brought notable improvements in both shipping and agriculture. Because the Netherlands took the lead in this development, it became, according to Adam Smith's calculations, by far the richest country in Europe, in proportion to the extent of the land and the number of inhabitants—the richest and the best fed.

One might, indeed, compile a long list of the non-mechanical improvements that antedate by two or three hundred years the so-called "industrial revolution." This list would include the introduction of domestic glass windows on a large scale after the sixteenth century, typified by the three-windowed Dutch urban dwelling; the introduction of wallpaper and toilet paper; and the functional organization of the dwelling house into specialized rooms for dining, cooking, sociability, and sleeping. Add to these the multiplica-



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tion of pots and pans, of iron stoves and ovens, of earthenware and glassware; the metal piping of water for domestic use; and, finally, the use of water pipes and waste drains in that most decisive of domestic improvements, the water closet, invented by Sir John Harington in 1596. All this was accompanied by a vastly increased application of non-human energy to industries like brewing, dyeing, pottery-making, brickmaking, salt manufacture, and transportation. John Nef points out, for instance, that between 1564 and 1634 the recorded shipments of coal from the Tyne increased nearly fourteen times over, from 32,952 tons to 452,625 tons, and Braudel estimates a comparable increase in French shipping: the volume increased five times between 1600 and 1787, so that it would be more correct to say, he notes, that the steam engine was launched by the Industrial Revolution rather than that it was the cause of it.

The change of mind that underlay this technical advance likewise underlay the coalescence of the mechanical world picture—a transfer from ritual regularity to mechanical regularity, with an emphasis upon orderly time-keeping, space-measuring, account-keeping, thus translating concrete objects and complex events into abstract quantities, and it was this capitalistic devotion to repetitive order and mechanical discipline and financial rewards that helped to undermine the lively, diversified, but finely balanced polytechnics that came to such full fruition in seventeenth-century Holland.

Mechanization itself had assumed formidable proportions even before the seventeenth century—an event hastened, no doubt, by the processes that were bringing about absolutism in government and capitalistic organization in all the industries in which heavy investments for ships or machinery were essential. Long-distance control through numerous agents favored the enterprises of those who commanded money and were capable of exercising a ruthless, semi-military control over men—the *condottiere;* the piratical sea captain, like Sir Francis Drake; the slave snatcher, like Sir John Hawkins; the efficient organizer and money-maker, like Jakob Fugger the elder, and his rivals, the Welsers, who already had investments in Venezuela. The mechanization of money-making and the making of money by mechanization were complementary processes. Impersonal authority and submissive obedience, mechanical regimentation and the control of humanity went hand in hand. The miner, the soldier, the sailor, eventually the factory laborer performed their tasks on the most harsh and inhuman terms, forced by starvation to accept conditions that provided a minimum of social security, human fellowship, and physical health.

First the increased use of armor in warfare and then the invention of cannon and muskets made fresh demands on the metallurgical industries—mine, furnace, foundry, and forge. By the sixteenth century, as Agricola vividly demonstrates, mining and smelting had become advanced industries, in the sense that many operations were now highly mechanized, and some of them, such as mechanical drainage, became, where water power was available, completely automatic. In the mines of Saxony, in Agricola's day, it was possible to sink deep mines and use water pumps for removing underground water, while tracks shod with metal (railroads) were laid for hauling ores along the rough surface of the tunnels. Forced ventilation—fans operated by water power—was used to clear away noxious gases, and water power was used, too, for crushing ores. And, possibly for the first time in history, wage laborers were used in the mines instead of criminals or slaves.

Thus many of the principal mechanical inventions were derived from the mine—including the railroad, the mechanical lift, the tunnel, along with artificial lighting and ventilation—and were all in existence centuries before the so-called "industrial revolution." Moreover, the steam engine, which was perfected by Watt in 1765, had first been used, in Newcomen's cruder form, to pump water out of mines. In Saxony, the eight-hour day and twenty-four-hour triple shift had their beginning in the mines. Actually, mining operations in early-nineteenth-century England had not yet reached the point, either mechanically or socially, that had been attained in late-medieval Germany. (If this had been generally known, the pious Victorian belief in the superiority of the nation's progress might have been slightly shaken.) Mining set the pattern for later systems of mechanization by its callous disregard for human factors, by its indifference to the pollution and destruction of the environment, by its concentration upon the physicochemical processes for obtaining the desired metal or fuel, and, above all, by its topographic and mental isolation from the organic world of the farmer and the craftsman and the spiritual world of the Church, the University, and the city.

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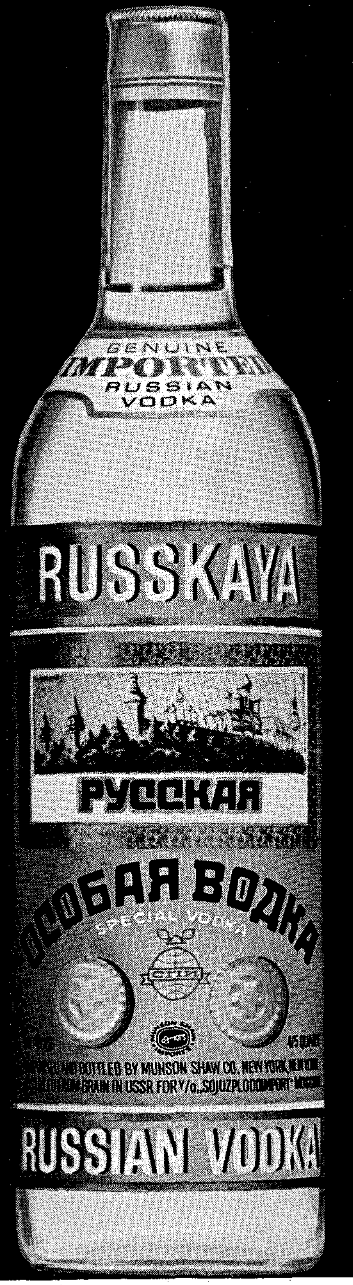

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and its indifference to the dangers to human life, mining closely resembles warfare, though it can be pointed out that often, through its confrontation of danger and death, it brings into existence a tough, self-respecting personality, with capacities for heroism and self-sacrifice not unlike that of the soldier at his best. But the destructive animus of mining and its punishing routine of work, along with its environmental poverty and disorder, were passed on to the new industries that used its products. If mining involved speculative economic risks, it also brought huge returns, and this, too, served as a pattern for both capitalist enterprise itself and for later mechanization. The readiness to make heavy investments in mining was stimulated by this possibility of acquiring extraordinary profits. In the capitalist attack upon polytechnics, war was the spearhead and mining the shaft: both were inured to methodical destruction, both sought to "get something for nothing," both placed physical power above any human need. In the traditional industries, the older concepts of the just price, based on time and skill, standardized by use and want, still held, but in mining, as in the wholesale trades and long-distance commercial adventures, the highest price possible, regardless of justice or equity—"what the traffic will bear"—was the object. Let the worker cringe, let the buyer beware!

As capital gains increased, more capital was available for investment in mines, ships, and factories, as well as in the costly machinery that, from the eighteenth century on, competed with hand labor and drove it out of the market. This general movement was abetted by two other inventions, both social, which gave the advantage to machine operations over the small surviving workshops that utilized local materials and local hand labor. I refer to the patent system, first established in England, which bestowed on the inventor, or, rather, the exploiter of a new invention, an effective temporary monopoly, and to the joint-stock company, with limited liability, which increased the number of possible investors while relieving them of the burden of individual responsibility for bankruptcy that single ownership or partnership entailed. These changes completed the depersonalization of the whole industrial process. After the seventeenth century, an increasing number of anonymous workers were exploited for the benefit of equally anonymous—invisible and morally indifferent—absentee owners.

Thus the various components of mechanized industry conspired to remove the traditional valuations and the human aims that had kept the economy under control and caused it to pursue goals other than power. Absentee ownership, the cash nexus, managerial organization, military discipline were from the beginning the social accompaniments of large-scale mechanization. This removal of limits had the effect of undermining, or almost totally destroying, the earlier forms of polytechnics, and of replacing them with a monotechnics based on maximizing physical power and on contracting or expanding or diverting human needs to those that are required to keep such an economy in operation. The very activity—warfare—that had first made such heavy demands on the mine contributed further to mechanization by inculcating in industry a military discipline and daily drill in order to insure uniform operations and uniform results. This interplay between warfare, mining, and mechanization was ultimately responsible for some of the most vexatious problems that have now to be faced.

I must emphasize all along, if we are to understand technology's increasing threats to mankind, the murky air of the battlefield and the arsenal that blew over the entire field of industrial invention and affected civilian life. The war machine hastened the pace of standardization and mass production. As the centralized territorial state increased in size, efficiency, and command of taxable wealth, larger armies were needed to reinforce its authority. By the middle of the seventeenth century, before iron had begun to be used in large quantities in the other industrial arts, Colbert had created arms factories in France, and Gustavus Adolphus had done likewise in Sweden; in Russia, as early as Peter the Great, there were six hundred and eighty-three workers in a single factory—a theretofore unheard-of number. Within these factories, the division of process in serial production had already begun, each worker performing only part of an operation, and the grinding and polishing machinery was worked by water power. Sombart observed that Adam Smith would have done better to take arms manufacture, rather than pinmaking, as an example of the mechanization

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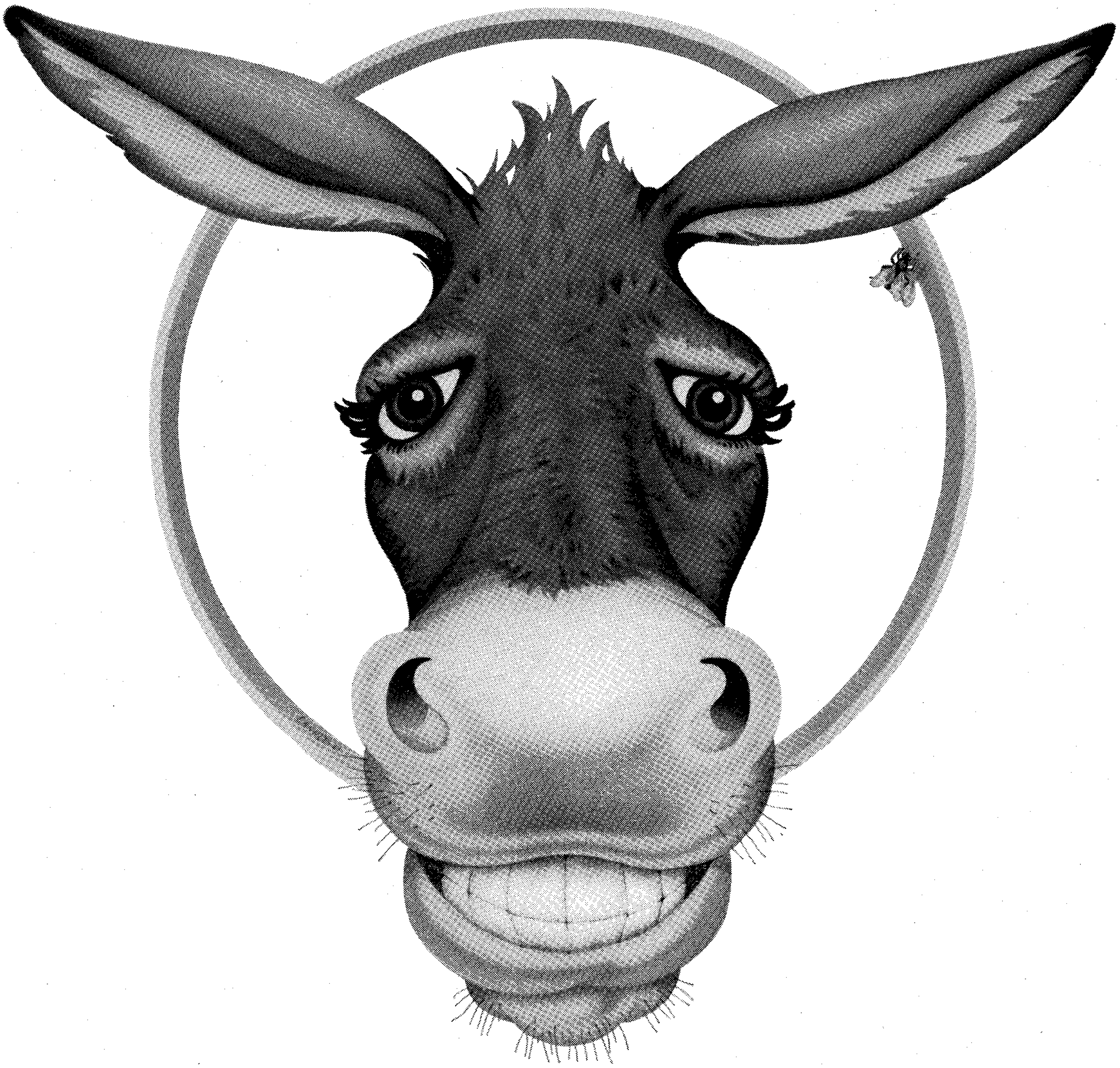

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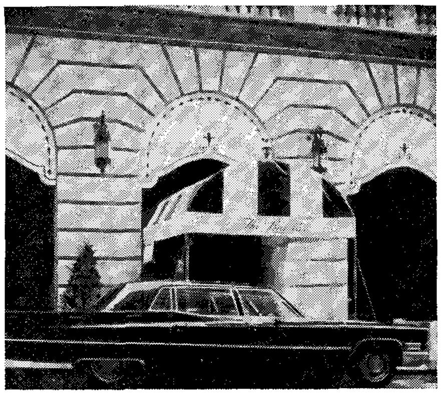

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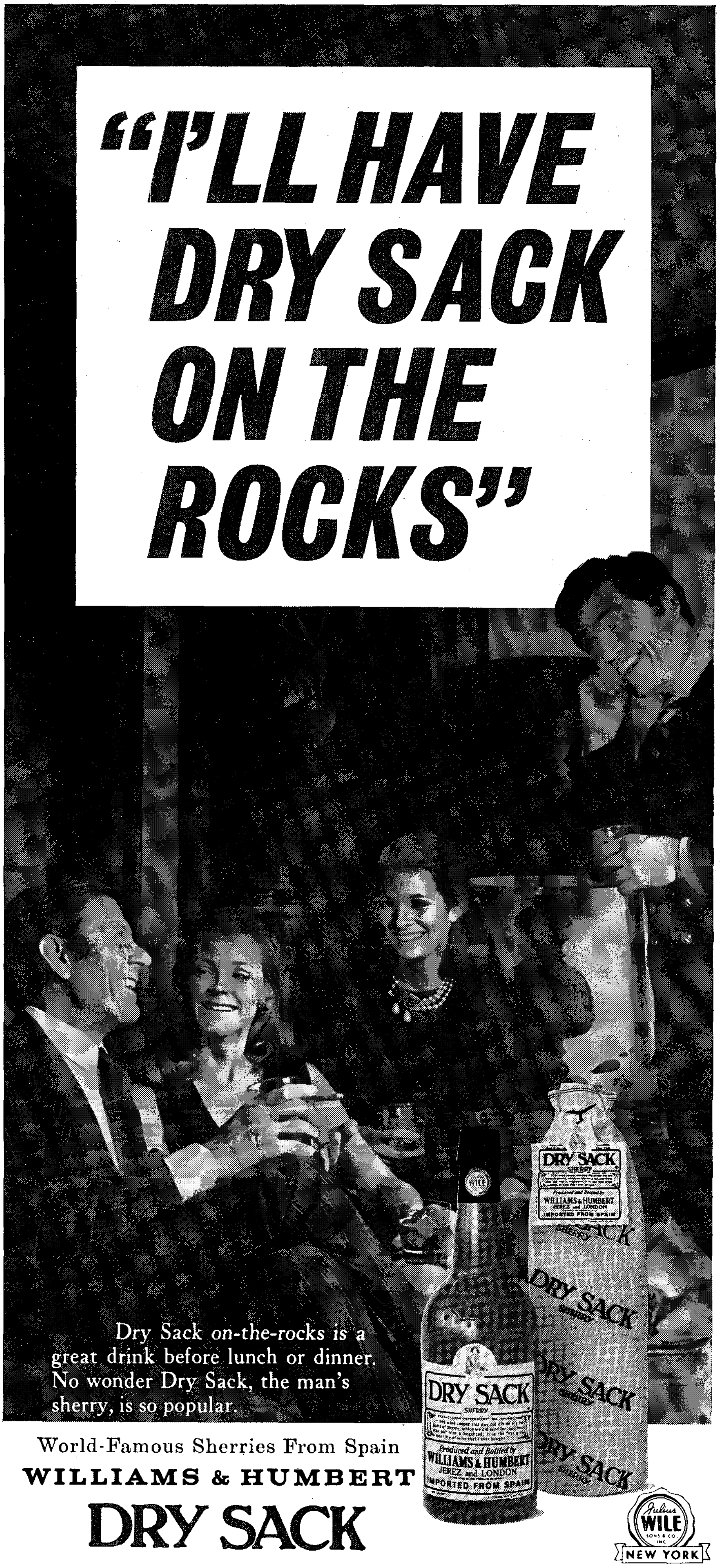
of the process of production, with its specialization and fixation of human effort before the machine itself was sufficiently organized to take over the whole job.

Standardization, prefabrication, and mass production were all first established in state-organized arsenals—notably in Venice—centuries before the "industrial revolution." It was not Arkwright but Venetian urban officials in command of the arsenal who established the factory system, and it was not Sir Samuel Bentham and the elder Brunel who standardized ship production, with various tackle blocks and planks cut to uniform measure; centuries before, the arsenal at Venice had so well mastered the process of prefabrication that it could put together a whole vessel within a month. And though the priority for fabricating machines with standardized, and therefore replaceable, parts belongs to the inventors of printing with movable type, it was in the production of muskets that this method first was widely adopted—in France, in 1785, and then, in 1800, in Eli Whitney's factory in Whitneyville, Connecticut, under contract with the United States government. "The technique of interchangeable part manufacture," as Albert Payson Usher observes, "was thus established in general outline before the invention of the sewing machine or harvesting machinery. The new technique was a fundamental condition of the great achievements realized by inventors and manufacturers in those fields."

War forced the pace of invention and mechanization, not for the first or yet the last time, in other ways. Guncasting was "the greatest mutant of improved technique in the foundry," and the "claim of Henry Cort to the gratitude of his countrymen [was] based primarily on the contribution he had made to military security," as Thomas Ashton observes; not only that, but the demand for high-grade iron in large quantities went hand in hand with the increase of artillery bombardment as a preparation for assault even in the open field. The effectiveness of this concentration of firepower was demonstrated by the brilliant young artilleryman Napoleon Bonaparte, who was to scourge Europe with his technological genius while he liquidated the French Revolution. The mathematical calculations and physical experiments that increased the precision of artillery fire reflected the military preoccupations rather than those of the current industrial arts, with their cut-and-dried methods, and this influence was so widespread that the roles of the military, the civil, and the mechanical engineer were at first almost interchangeable. Let us not forget that the same demands for accurate artillery fire resulted in the invention of the modern computer. It was in the army, finally, that the process of mechanization was first effectively applied on a mass scale to human beings, through the replacement of irregular feudal or citizen armies, intermittently assembled, by a standing army of hired or conscripted soldiers, under the severe discipline of daily drill contrived to produce human beings whose spontaneous or instinctive reactions would be displaced by automatic responses to orders. "Theirs not to reason why" was the motto for the whole system; the doing and the dying followed.

Military regimentation proved to be the archetype for collective mechanization, for the megamachine it created was the earliest complex machine of specialized, interdependent parts, human and mechanical. Though it was perfected for military purposes in Macedonia and the Roman Empire, it declined in the West until, in the sixteenth century, Prince Maurice of Orange and Nassau brought it to life again. Thus the pattern of the new industrial order appeared upon the parade ground and the battlefield before it entered, full-fledged, into the factory. The regimentation and mass production of soldiers, to the end of turning out a cheap, standardized, and replaceable product, was the great contribution of the military mind to the machine process. And, not strangely, the first important by-product of this transformation was the military uniform. Though special liveries had been used to designate the servants and guards of great princes and municipalities—Michelangelo's design for the uniform of the Swiss Guards is still worn—armies had not boasted identifiable uniforms. But with the increase in the size of armies, it was necessary to create an outward sign of their inner unison, to correspond to the uniformities of the daily drill. The military uniform was an early example of the general tendency to uniformity that characterized the barracks architecture and street façades of the seventeenth century, with their uniform rooflines and repetitive windows. Each soldier must have the same clothes and the same equipment as every other member of his company. Drill made them act as one, discipline made them respond as one, the uniform made them look as one.

With an army of a hundred thousand soldiers, such as Louis XIV had brought together, the need for uni-



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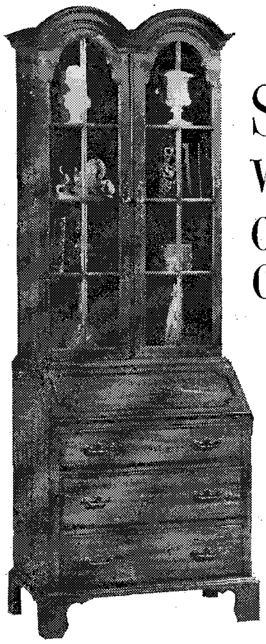

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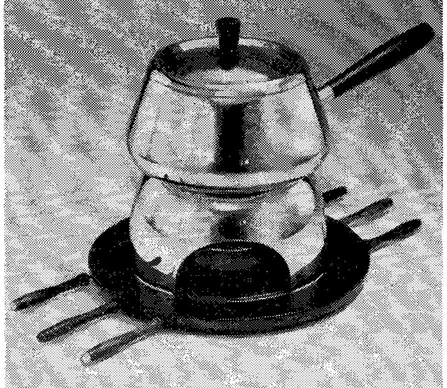

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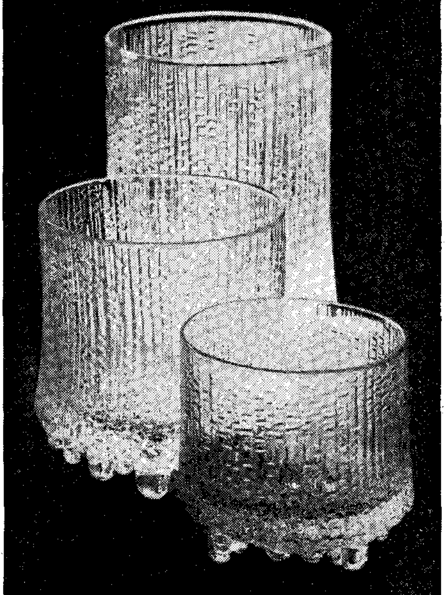
forms made no small demand upon industry. This was, in fact, the first large-scale demand for standardized "ready-made" consumer goods. Individual taste, individual judgment, individual needs other than the dimensions of the body played no part in this new mode of production; the conditions for complete mechanization were present. The textile industries responded to this solid demand before the sewing machine was tardily invented by Thimonnier, of Lyon, in 1829—though one is not surprised to find that it was the French War Department that first sought to use it. From the sixteenth century on, then, the army furnished the pattern not only of quantity production but of ideal consumption under the machine system: rapid, standardized production for equally rapid standardized consumption, with built-in waste and destruction as a means of averting financial bankruptcy through overproduction—a recurrent threat to the capitalist system during the transitional era of competition in the free market.

The great change produced by this whole process of mechanization was to shift the balance of economic power from agriculture, with its accompanying industries—textiles and pottery and building, all neolithic in origin—to mining and warfare and machine production. The application of mechanical inventions to textiles, which went on so rapidly after the seventeenth century, only increased this imbalance by undermining the old handworkers and drawing a largely unskilled labor force into the new factories, organized on the same principles that governed mines and arsenals. The new industries—glassmaking, iron mining and smelting, weapons manufacture—and the new water-driven textile mills lay outside the towns, where the arts and crafts had flourished under guild and municipal protection. Printing, too, had grown up without being subject to guild regulations.

Late-medieval national legislation in England, following the example of the town guilds, sought to limit quantitative growth and give social protection to the established workers. A Statute of Edward VI prohibited gig mills, and the English Statute of Apprentices of 1563 likewise sought to limit the opportunities for human exploitation; a Statute of Philip and Mary limited the number of looms that might be employed by one master. But in the name of "economic freedom" all these regulations were repealed in 1809. This marked the end of domestic production by independent artisans,



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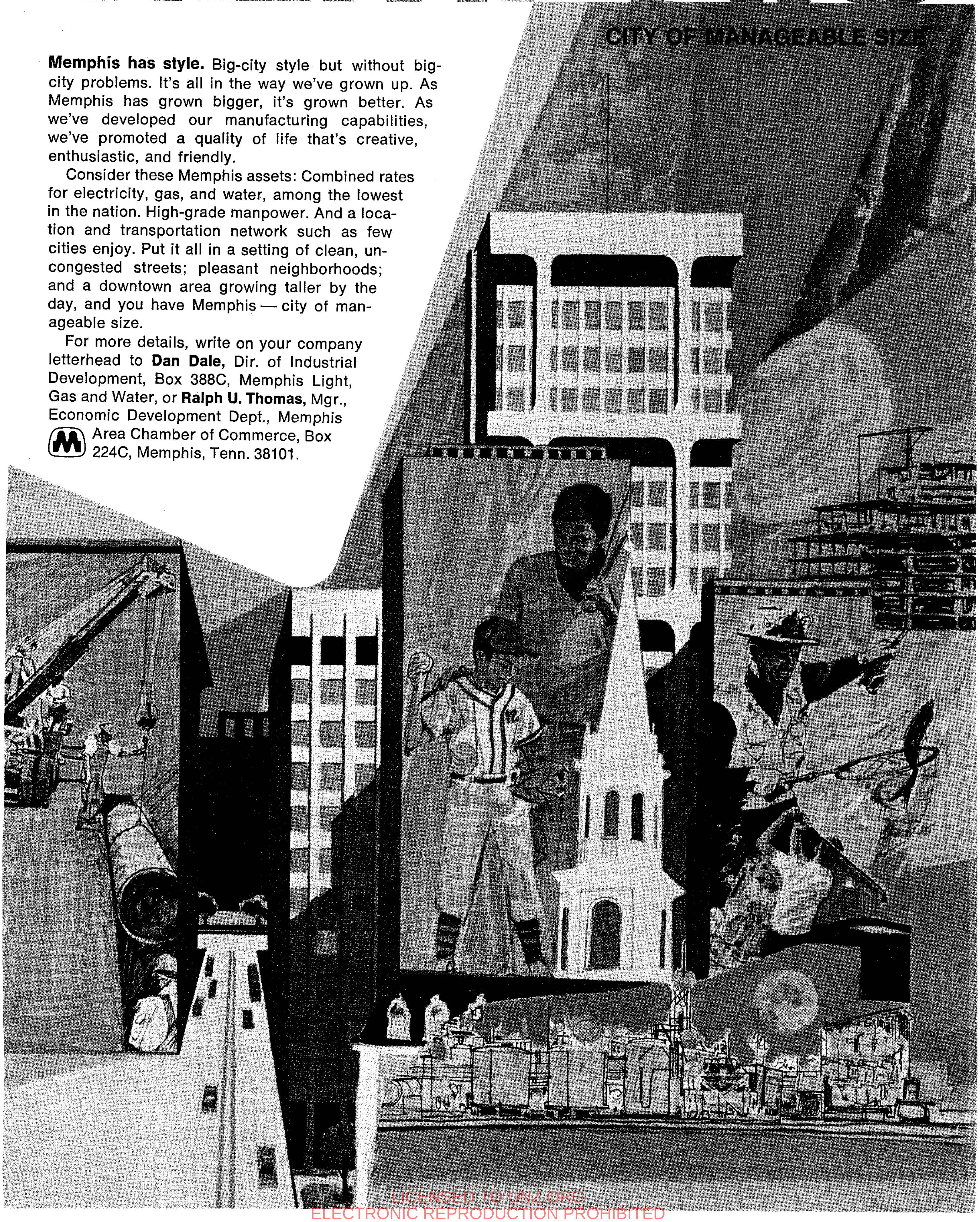

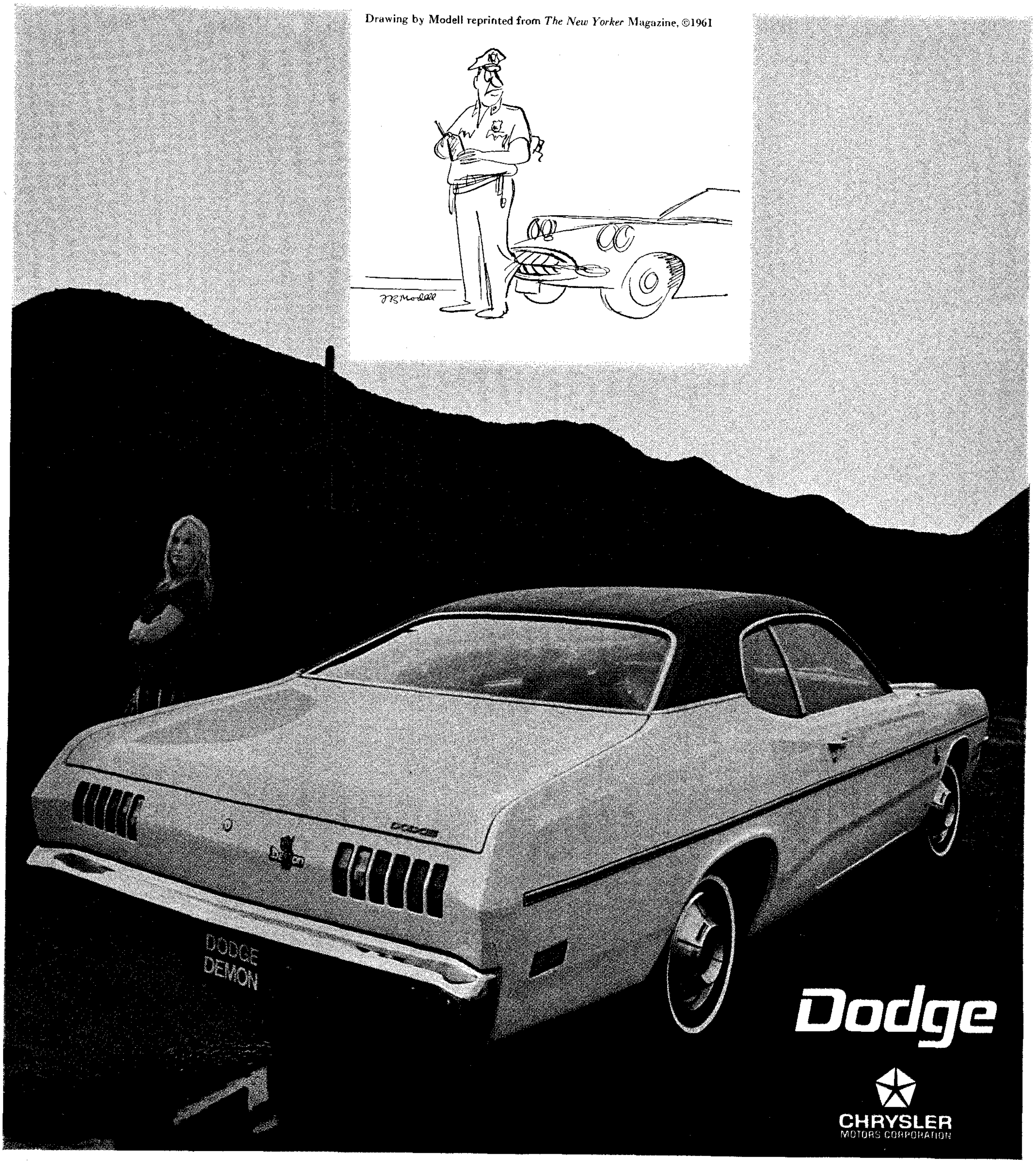
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free to come and go as they pleased. In England, from this time on, until a new series of factory laws was enacted, unskilled adult labor, chiefly that of women, and child labor were systematically regimented and brutally overworked. Freedom for the manufacturer meant freedom to exploit labor—freedom to ignore qualitative standards, personal obligations, human needs.

Thus facility in making automatic, power-driven machines, which resulted in enormous gains in productivity in essential industries like textiles, was accompanied, as it had been in the Pyramid Age, by the debasing of the worker to the level of the machine—depleting health, deforming the body, shortening his life—and decreeing for the unemployed only pauperdom, beggary, starvation, and death. This dehumanization of the living worker was complemented, paradoxically, by the progressive hominization of the machine—hominization in the sense of giving the automaton some of the mechanical equivalents of lifelike motion and purpose—a process that has come to a striking consummation in our own day.

This is not the place to reckon up the net gains and absolute losses that came about through the unrestricted process of mechanization. In the eighteenth century, statistics of births and deaths and diseases, of industrial output and consumption, became available in a few countries, but there are not enough earlier data to support even gross guesses. For that matter, how can one compare a mainly handicraft polytechnics, whose slow rate of production is matched by an equally slow rate of consumption, with a system that matches its extraordinary output of energy and goods with equally rapid consumption and destruction; that, indeed, deliberately forces consumption or waste, through incessant, superficial changes in fashion, in durable goods? If the first economy was inherently a scarcity economy, how was it that it could afford to put so much energy into works of art and religion, that it could waste so much manpower in war, that the wealthy could retain such large armies of retainers and menials? All this seems to indicate not technical insufficiency but the fatal absence of a just system of distribution—a conclusion that is reinforced by Benjamin Franklin's estimate, well before megatechnics had taken hold, that if work and reward and consumption were more evenly distributed a five-hour day would suffice to supply all human needs. If, on the other hand, the machine economy has now transcended all

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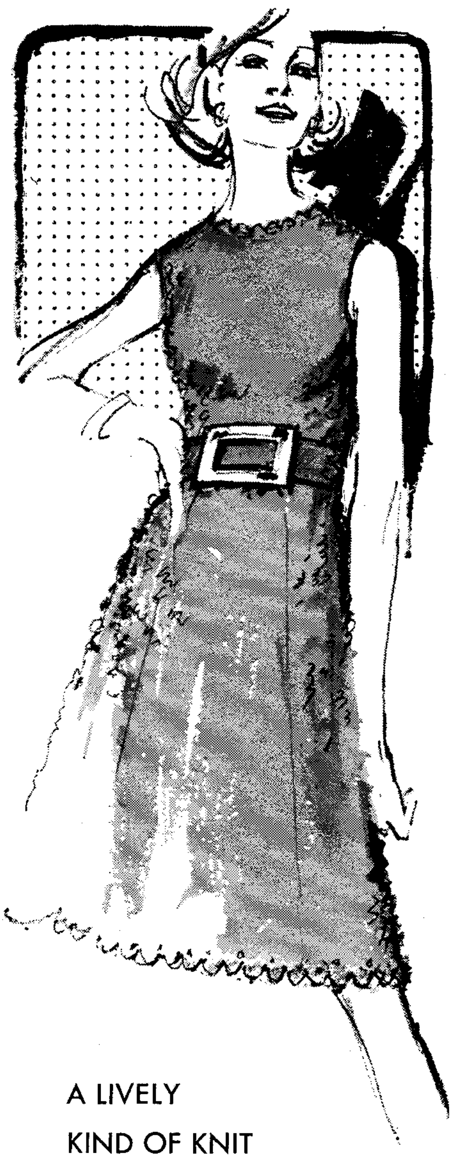

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limitations, how is it that in the United States more than a quarter of the population lacks an income sufficient to provide a minimum standard of living?

Of only one fact may we be sure, and this is that although the material resources of the world have been immensely increased by our high-energy technology, the net gain has not been nearly as great as is usually reckoned if the constant factors of wanton waste, premature obsolescence, organic deterioration through environmental pollution and depletion, and premature death by war and genocide are taken into account. That there have been considerable gains in many areas is beyond doubt, and that there has been a creative enrichment through many new technological processes and products is equally evident. But the nineteenth-century exponents of "progress" (not to mention their old-fashioned disciples today) falsified the picture by failing to take account of the accompanying losses—above all, losses brought about through the deliberate extirpation of the handicraft tradition itself, with its immense storage of human experience and skill, only a small part of which has been passed on in the design and fabrication of machines. On this score, Leibnitz's observation still holds: "Concerning unwritten knowledge scattered among men of different callings, I am convinced that it surpasses in quantity and in importance anything we find in books, and that the greater part of our wealth is not yet recorded." Most of that unrecorded wealth is now lost forever.

As late as the middle of the nineteenth century, an immense technological heritage was still in existence, widely scattered among the peoples of the earth, every part of it colored by human needs, environmental resources, intercultural exchanges, and ecological and historical associations. This heritage not merely contained a greater accumulation of past inventions and technical skills than had ever achieved a worldwide provenance before but—as a result of fundamental discoveries about nature, physical and biological—disclosed fresh potentialities for a marvellous future: a future already brought closer by the invention of the electric telegraph, the dynamo, and the electric motor. In terms of this variegated, infinitely rich planetary heritage, the prospects offered by the barren mechanical world picture were obsolete. The major part of this technical equipment had been passed along for thousands of years, and had consciously drawn into a common pool—more or less accessible through books and other publications—many precious components that had thitherto been confined to the widely scattered communities where they originated, to be passed on intermittently only by imitation and word of mouth. The diffusion of this store of knowledge in Western Europe after the twelfth century provided in itself the equivalent of many new inventions and was in no small part accountable for the technical dynamism that made still more sweeping technical changes (later misidentified as "the" Industrial Revolution) possible. During the fateful centuries between A.D. 1200 and 1800, mankind learned more about the earth itself as a habitable globe, about the organisms that inhabit it, and about human cultures than had ever been known before.

Biologists have coined the term "gene pool" to describe the immense amount of genetic material available, in ever-fresh combinations, in a large population. Though over a long period certain genes will tend to disappear because they are lethal, and others will undergo modification and selective development through continued transactions with their environment and with each other, there are many genetic traits and organic properties—these go back far into our mammalian past—whose absence or deficiency would undermine man's higher development. Similarly, one may talk of a technological pool—an accumulation of tools, machines, materials, processes, interacting with soils, climates, plants, animals, human populations, institutions, cultures. The capacity of this technological reservoir, until the third quarter of the nineteenth century, was immensely greater than ever before; what is more, it was more diversified—and possibly quantitatively larger as well as qualitatively richer—than that which exists today. Not the least important parts of this technological pool were the skilled craftsmen and work teams that transmitted the colossal accumulation of knowledge and skill. When they were eliminated from the system of production, that vast cultural resource was wiped out.

Western man's pride in his many real achievements in mechanization made him too prone to overlook all that he owed to earlier or more primitive cultures. So no one has yet attempted to make an inventory of the great losses resulting from both the neglect and the deliberate destruction of this

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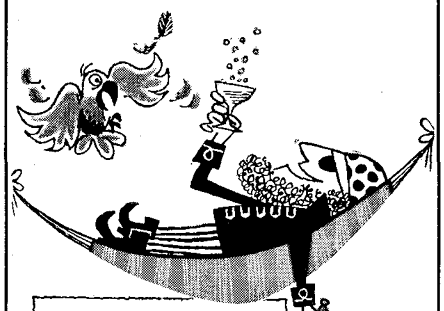

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craft heritage in favor of machine-made products. While the population of complex and technically superior machines has enormously increased during the last century, the technological pool has actually been lowered as one handicraft after another has disappeared. The result is that a monotechnics based upon scientific intelligence and quantitative production, directed mainly toward economic expansion, material repletion, and military superiority, has taken the place of a polytechnics based primarily, as in agriculture, on the needs, aptitudes, interests of living organisms—above all, on man himself.

Both the tool and the tool-user, with their wide range of aptitudes, have almost disappeared in many areas. William Morris predicted, with hardly any exaggeration, that to get a simple job of repair done on a rake one would eventually need to transport a whole crew of men and mechanical equipment. That day is already here. What cannot be done by a power machine or replaced by the factory must usually be scrapped, for it seems that almost nothing can be repaired by hand. The very ability to use simple tools with patience and skill is fast disappearing. It was not technological insight and adroitness but cupidity, power hunger, overweening pride, and indifference to the future that kept Western peoples from maintaining their own craft traditions and their tool-using habits. If there had been any appreciation of the immense technological treasure that was thus being wrecked, or of the powers of the human personality that were thus being sapped, the growing commitment to a monotechnics based on the displacement of man might have been publicly challenged and slowed down, or even arrested. There was no reason whatever to make a wholesale choice between handicraft and machine production, between a single contemporary part of the technological pool and all the past accumulations. But there was a genuine reason to maintain as many diverse units in this pool as possible, in order to increase the range of both human choices and technological inventiveness. Many of the machines of the nineteenth century, as Kropotkin pointed out, were admirable auxiliaries to handicraft processes, once these mechanisms could be scaled, like the efficient small electric motor, to the small workshop and the personally controlled operation. William Morris and his colleagues, who almost single-handed salvaged and restored one ancient craft after another, by mastering the arts of dyeing, weaving, embroidering, printing, glass-painting, papermaking,

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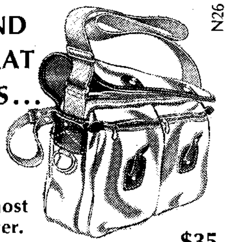

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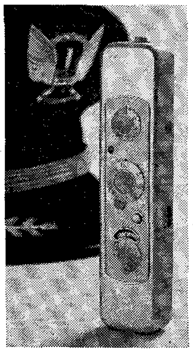

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bookbinding, attained a technological insight well above the knowledge of those who scoffed at their "romanticism."

The nearest our machine-oriented culture came to preserving some of its gigantic wealth of technical traditions was to install a limited number of specimens in museums and to collect a trickle of information about processes and methods from travellers and, later, from trained archeologists and anthropologists. So inadequate has this effort been, however, that the article on crafts in the current International Encyclopedia of Social Sciences (1968) treats the subject as if it could be confined to the working traditions of primitive peoples. One could hardly guess from that article that the crafts are a basic heritage of the entire human race, not least in the higher cultures, and that many unexplored potentialities will be destroyed if they are allowed to lapse. There is no new contribution of mechanics or electronics that cannot be readily absorbed in this great technological pool. The only thing that cannot be absorbed is a system that would destroy the pool, in all its immense historical variety, in favor of a humanly underdimensioned monotechnics.

THE LESSON OF LEONARDO

THERE was a moment at the beginning of the sixteenth century, before the new power system, exemplified by capitalism and colonialism, had taken shape, when it might have seemed that a new order was forming in which the older modes of polytechnics would be reconstituted and reinforced by the contributions of a science-oriented technology. This possibility was expressed in the personality and the achievement of more than one great artist of the period; indeed, it was visible in the working life of many lesser artists, such as Vasari and Cellini. But above all it was present in Leonardo da Vinci, in whose mind this new order struggled to come into existence—only to be frustrated by forces that were moving in the opposite direction. Those forces were to dominate the next four centuries. In a sense, Leonardo's vision and work foretold a later mode of integration that has still to be achieved.

There are many ways of looking upon the life of Leonardo da Vinci. One may see him as the meticulous painter whose passion for perfection lowered his output of art, as the extraordinary engineer whose inventions and improvements upon existing inventions (including the flying shuttle) rank him as one of the greatest technicians

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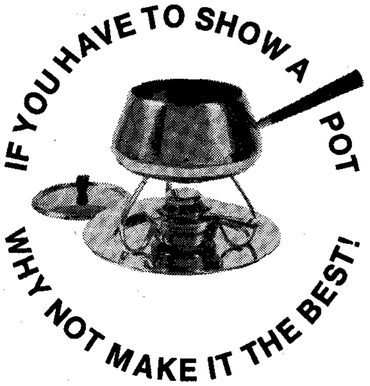

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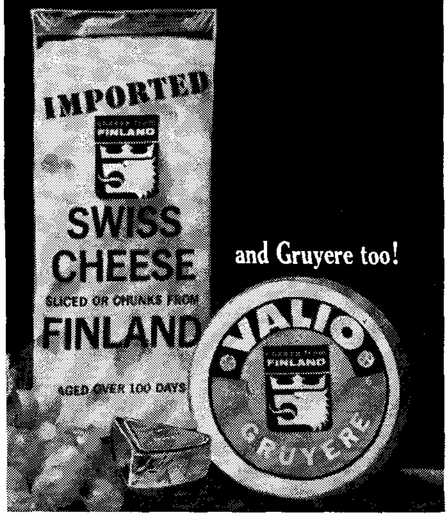

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of all time, as the frustrated genius whose capacities were never sufficiently called forth by contemporary patrons, or as the wide-ranging mind that took all existence, if not all knowledge, as its province. On the whole, present-day interest in Leonardo centers increasingly upon his vast range of mechanical proposals and exploits. But one may also see Leonardo as the forerunner of an age that has still to dawn—an age unlike his own and in sharp contrast to the one we live in today. The very traits that seem to mark him as a failure, and for which he may be reproached, give him a special distinction. If his example of diversification had been more widely followed, the whole tempo of mechanical and scientific development would have been slowed down, the pace of change might have been established in relation to human need, and valuable parts of man's cultural heritage might have been kept alive instead of being ruthlessly extirpated in order to widen the empire of the machine. In place of rapid advances, on the basis of uncoördinated knowledge, in specialized departments—mainly those concerned with war and financial exploitation—there might have been a slower but better coördinated advance that did justice to the processes, functions, and purposes of life.

In short, had Leonardo's example been followed, "naturalization," mechanization, organization, and humanization might have proceeded together. Thus one method could have influenced and sustained the other, maintaining continuity with the past yet alertly absorbing useful or significant novelty, constantly reviewing and correcting past errors, seeking a wider selection of possibilities, and introducing new values not to destroy but to enrich and fortify those already achieved by other ages and other cultures. Such a practical syncretism of technologies and ideologies would have been an open one—open, indeed, at both ends, to past and future, constantly absorbing and refining more of the past while projecting and remodelling in a richer design ever larger areas of the future. Unlike the technocrats of a later day, Leonardo was full of admiration for his predecessors.

The facile way of disposing of Leonardo's genius is to ally it with a supposedly vanished characteristic of the Renaissance mind—to treat it as the product of a culture so intellectually undeveloped, so lacking in scientific specialization, that a single mind could master every part of it. This is both a false compliment to Leonardo and

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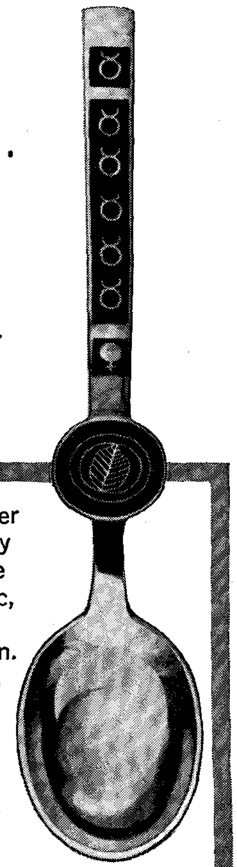
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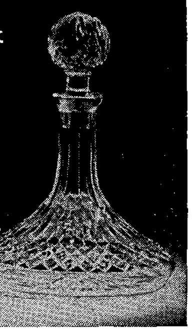
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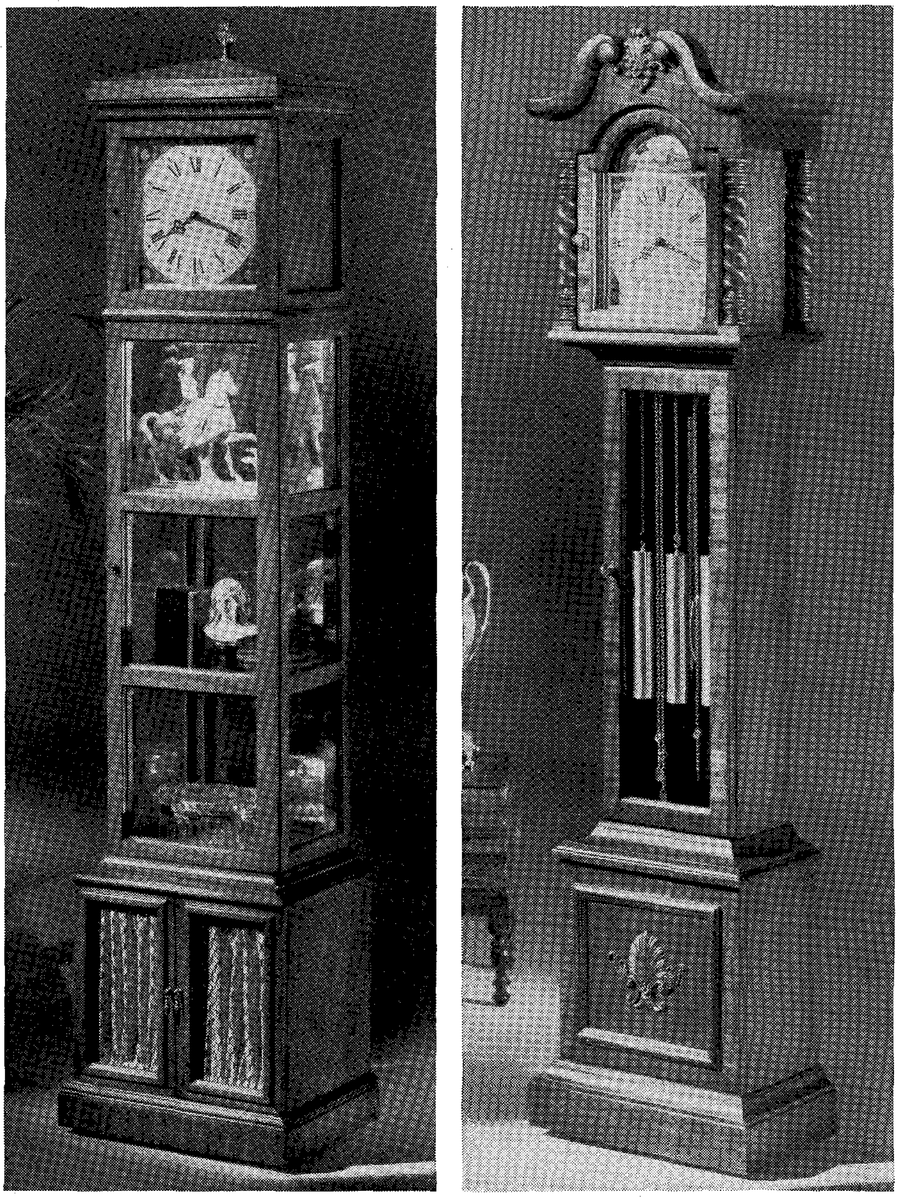
a gratuitous disparagement of the cultural resources available to him. For the fact is that no culture, at least since the invention of writing, has been within the compass of a single mind; even an Aristotle, an ibn-Khaldun, or a Thomas Aquinas must necessarily have left out large tracts of human experience. Despite his wide range of interests, Leonardo was extremely sensitive to new technical possibilities and new motives. More than once they threatened to throw him off balance as badly as they did later enterprisers, and, like any Victorian inventor, he, too, sometimes had dreams of quick financial success. But except for such temporary aberrations, Leonardo never succumbed completely to utilitarian projects, and despite the intensity of his studies in painting, sculpture, engineering (military and civil), geology, and anatomy, he did not allow any single interest to dominate him. In fact, he sacrificed practical success, in his slowness to deliver the final product, possibly because the process itself engaged him more fully than did the ultimate result. At all events, he maintained his many-sidedness and his balance. Had his moral sense not been awake, he would not have suppressed his invention of the submarine, which he did because he believed that man was too devilish to be trusted with it. Just as, in the world of organisms, ecological complexity and variety prevent any single species from achieving complete dominance, so in human society Leonardo's mode of thinking—had it prevailed and governed our system of education—would have prevented megatechnics from taking command. Leonardo's practical failures, far from being a fault, were the price of his achievement as a feeling, thinking, value-weighing, acting human being. In an age when the printing press was open to him, this indefatigable recorder and writer published nothing. He was assembling first in his own mind, with a fullness that no one since Imhotep, that master pyramid-builder, had perhaps ever achieved, the necessary ingredients for a culture that would do justice to every aspect of organic life. Again, this synthesis was nowhere consciously adumbrated; it found expression only in Leonardo's works and days, but that expression—though imperfect—pervaded his whole life.

Significantly, he was not alone. Minds of the same calibre, like Dürer's and Michelangelo's, surrounded him, and similar minds came into existence in later generations, from Christopher Wren to Goethe and George Perkins



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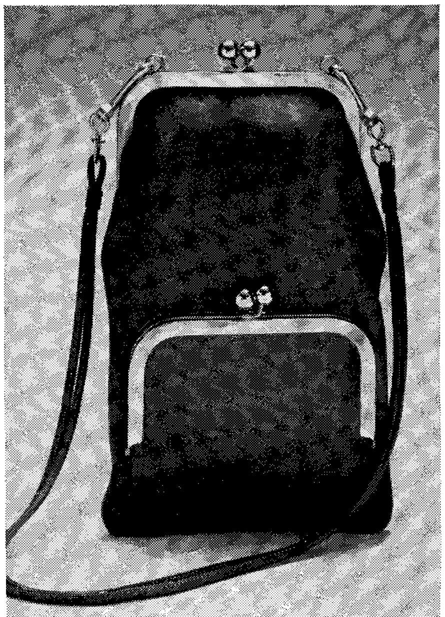

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Marsh. But success and honor came most readily to those who concentrated on serving the power system and obeying its instructions. Yes, it is futile to dwell on ifs and might-have-beens. But if the spirit of Leonardo had influenced the modern age, the whole process of invention, exploration, colonization, and mechanization would have gone on more slowly, with a less ruthless suppression of many rival human propensities, with a less savage dismissal of rival interests and cultural forms. On the positive side, this would have insured a more effective assimilation and coördination of the new knowledge. Insofar as these missed potentialities are still available in man's redoubtable brain, and still stored, if widely scattered, in all man's organs of mind, in language, tradition, history, architecture, books, records, the synthesis outlined in Leonardo's life still beckons us—all the more since the megamachine's reign threatens to be terminated not only by human failures but by its own colossal yet self-negating success.

One has only to look through Leonardo's notebooks to realize that he had assembled in his own mind the main components of the modern world picture. He was already aware, through his willingness to inspect his own dreams, of the terrible potentialities for destruction and dehumanization that lay in store for modern man unless his self-knowledge and his historical insight matched his accurate observations of external nature, and unless his ethical principles held in check the insolent egos that had already shown how little fit they were to be in control of the new forces now at man's disposal. Gunpowder, armor, and advanced mining technology had opened up powers of destruction and conquest that enabled small gangs of resolute men to perform acts of both construction and destruction that had thitherto called for tens of thousands of brawny bodies. Not the least notable thing about Leonardo's mind was the lurking doubts beneath his ardent experiments and imaginative trials. As he made his meticulous anatomical dissections, which preceded Vesalius's studies by almost half a century, he recorded his wish for power to know the mind and social institutions of man as well as his body. There were countercurrents in Leonardo's anxieties and inhibitions that may account for the fact that, despite his immense creative energies, he did not turn to early publication; perhaps these reluctances made him the more willing to leave his work tentative and incomplete. Success might have

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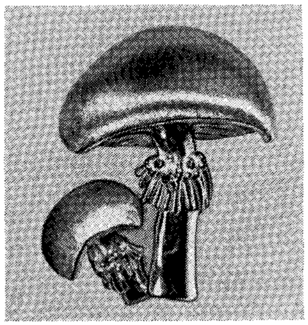

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come easily through specialization and publication, but at the price of forgetting wholeness, of becoming crippled and unbalanced, perhaps irrational and destructive.

What I am saying here in praise of Leonardo must seem a mere mockery to the busy specialists of today, addressed from the beginning of their careers to some early application of newly achieved knowledge or technical expertness, each eager to jump with all possible energy to a post of authority, to the direct application of his knowledge to some overt form of control over the physical environment or over organic reproduction, and finally over other human brains—*as soon as possible.* For such minds to follow Leonardo's example, to spend a whole lifetime in their work with only a handful of small projects or publications to show for it would be an act of vocational suicide. Such diversification of interests as Leonardo practiced, such continence and self-control, such voluntary censorship, lie beyond the power complex's intellectual horizon. To hold Leonardo as a model before the success-prone scientists and technicians of today is to invite scorn. In no sense was Leonardo their model or their forerunner. It is an error, nevertheless, to feel that Leonardo's example is an impossible one for our age. The example would be impossible only because those who seek power are unwilling to pay the price of achieving balance and are not attracted by the human reward. What one must give up, in any effort to achieve a many-dimensioned and coherent world picture, is the idea of early achievement and instant exploitation. Whatever the field of invention or organization, one must be ready to go forward at a slower pace, looking before and after—to make fewer discoveries, to spend as much time assimilating knowledge as in acquiring it, to do less, perhaps, in a whole lifetime in any one department than the concentrated specialist is able to do in a decade. From the standpoint of the power system, this demands an impossible sacrifice—the sacrifice of power to life.

—LEWIS MUMFORD

(*This is the second part of a four-part article.*)

•

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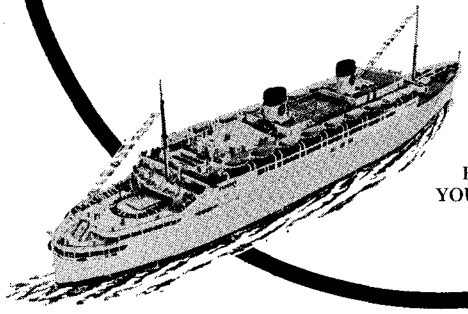

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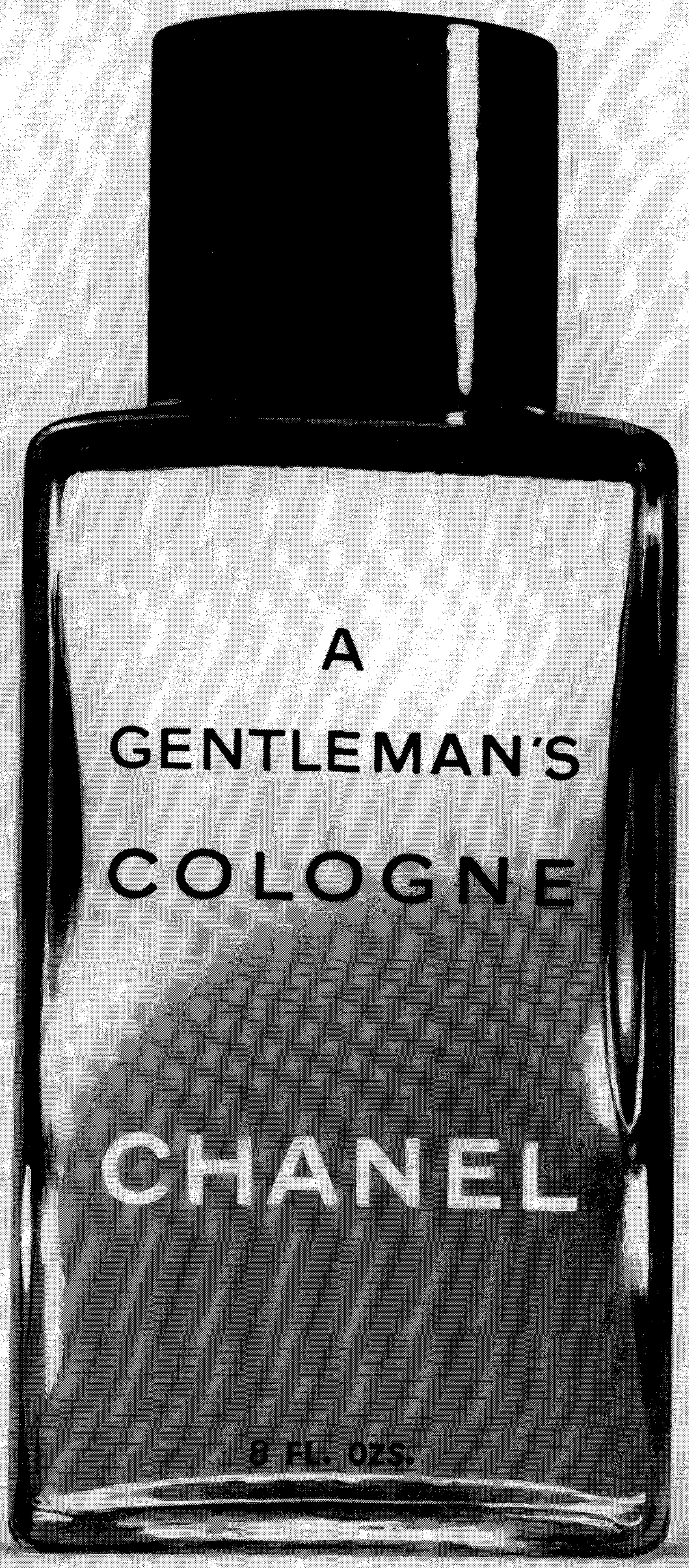
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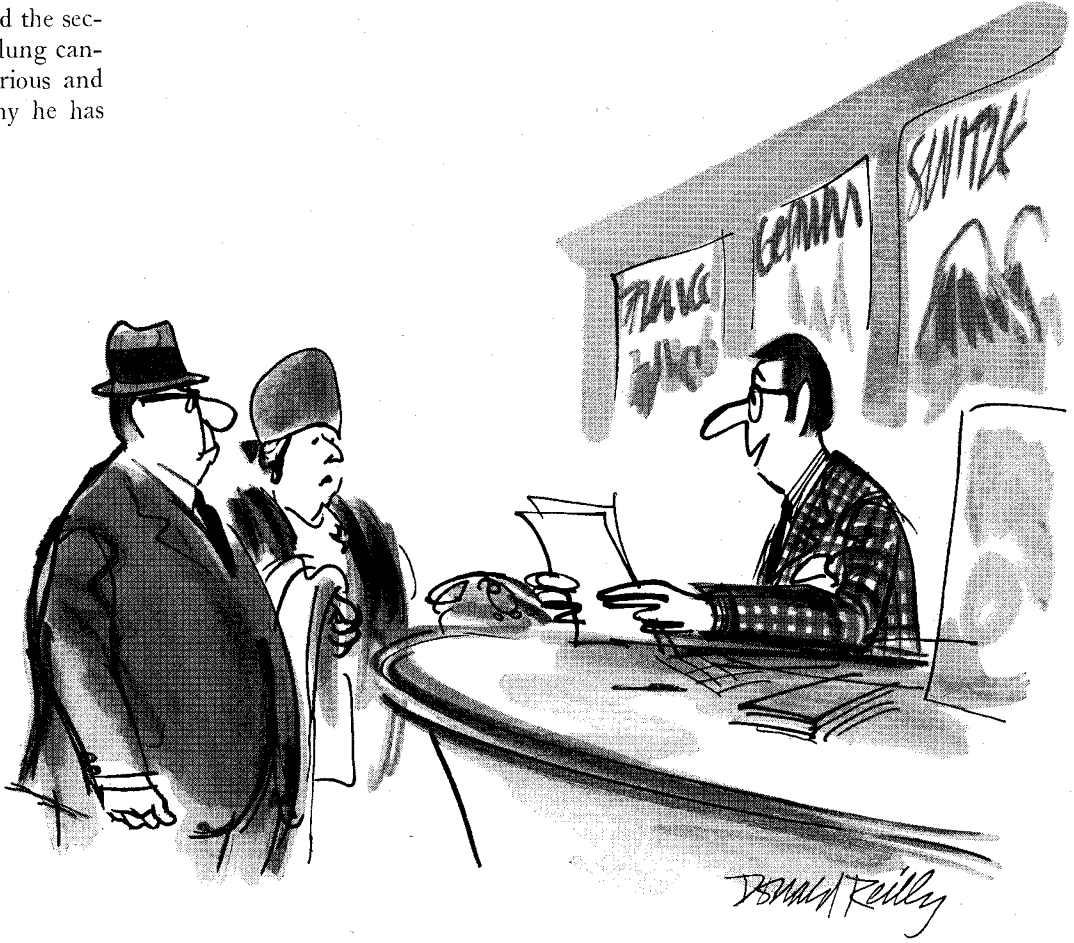
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

AFTER several false starts (better forgotten, but how?), the Off Broadway season finally got going with "The Happiness Cage," which opened yet another theatre—the stunning Newman—in the complex of theatres down at the Public. The play, the first effort of Dennis J. Reardon, is a science-fiction melodrama about a doctor, both brain surgeon and psychiatrist, who thinks he has discovered a way to dispel pain and unhappiness by implanting a coiled wire in the brain and administering shock treatment, and who completes his experiment by coercing and conning three patients in a military hospital into becoming his subjects. The setting—a good, multi-level one by Marjorie Kellogg—is the hospital. At the start, a young soldier with a broken arm (and tightly knotted nerves) is taken out of a private room and put in the cancer ward with two other patients, the first of them obviously dying of stomach cancer and the second not so obviously dying of lung cancer. The young soldier is furious and mystified; he has no idea why he has been put in a cancer ward or why a brain surgeon has been assigned to him. Long before the evening is over, he has found out.

Considered as a first play, "The Happiness Cage" is promising. Many of the lines are plausible, and many of the scenes work. The first act is better than the second, but both could have used some pruning, and although I was never bored, I was never completely absorbed or interested, either. "The Happiness Cage" could just as easily be a movie or a television show. The best of the performances are by Ronny Cox, as the patient with lung cancer, who is a rough, unruly fellow, but appealing all the same; Bette Henritze, as his principal victim, a Red Cross Gray Lady, whose professional manner is only a thin skin over seriousness, emotion, and, in one instance, panic; and Henderson Forsythe, as the surgeon—not a black-hearted villain but a humane man, obsessed, yet hesitant to conclude the experiment. The real villains are a general who refuses to let him give up and a drug-dealing homosexual orderly. In a program note we are told that Mr. Reardon was a college student "when he learned of the incident which forms the basis of his play." An ominous line indeed, and one that demands amplification. What incident?

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY, WANDA JUNE," at the de Lys, with which the novelist Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., makes his debut as a playwright, is an attempt at a satire on the return of Odysseus. Mr. Vonnegut's Odysseus is a paunchy, bearded fellow named Ryan who has been missing for eight years, held captive by Indians in South America. He is a bully and a braggart who calls his young wife "Daughter," boasts of his heroism during the Spanish Civil War and the Second World War, and at the end goes offstage with a loaded rifle to shoot himself. In short, he is a caricature of Hemingway, drawn in pure venom. A dreadful, cheap idea, and certainly unworthy of the clever Mr. Vonnegut's considerable talent—talent for comedy, that is, which, while slighter than Hemingway's, for example, often pays off. No talent for abstract thought is discernible on the stage of the de Lys. Although I'd just as soon simply laugh at anyone as funny as Mr. Vonnegut and let it go at that, he demands to be taken seriously, and when he starts moralizing he becomes obvious and silly, almost sinking his play. Not quite, though; there are plenty of good, quirky jokes and funny scenes, and there are enough good performances to save it. The action switches, in a slapdash kind of way, between the living room of Penelope Ryan's apartment and Heaven. The walls of the apartment are covered with the stuffed heads of the wild beasts her husband has slaughtered, and there, at the beginning, we meet her twelve-



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year-old son and her two suitors. The suitors are a hearty vacuum-cleaner salesman, once a wrestler, and a young doctor who is dedicated to nonviolence. The boy considers both of them "freaks" and is terrified that his mother will marry one of them, thereby dishonoring the memory of his heroic father, who has not yet been declared legally dead. In Heaven, there are three cavorting ghosts: a Nazi buffoon, throttled by Ryan during the war; an alcoholic former wife of Ryan's; and a little girl named Wanda June, who was run over and killed on her birthday, and whose connection with the proceedings is tenuous. The plot, such as it is, deals with Ryan's getting his comeuppance and with his son's gradual disillusionment with him. By the time the play is over, Ryan is totally demolished in spirit.

For all his freewheeling construction, Mr. Vonnegut shows an instinct for theatrical technique, including such traditional aspects of it as entrances and exits and surprises. Most of the actors, under Michael J. Kane's direction, do well by him. I must say, regretfully, that I could not for a moment accept Kevin McCarthy as the cruel, blustering Ryan, but Marsha Mason is charming as Penelope, and Steven Paul, Nicolas Coster, Louis Turenne, and Pamela Saunders are good as son, salesman, Nazi, and ex-wife, respectively. The funniest performance is that of William Hickey in the funny role of Colonel Harper, Ryan's pal, who dropped the atomic bomb on Nagasaki but whose Campy manner seems more suitable to, say, interior decoration than to the military.

A MINI-REVUE called "Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope," with an all-Negro, all-Gifted cast, will be playing free performances in churches and parks and school auditoriums and community centers around this city during the fall season. Catch it if you can. The show was conceived and directed by Vinette Carroll, whose name has by now become a guarantee of high professional quality. The music sounds exceptionally musical, and the singing and dancing are splendid. The imaginative choreography is by Talley Beatty. Most of the songs were written by Micki Grant, a charmer if ever there was one, who opens the second act singing a selection of them. Her calypso number, "Liberated Woman," is the funniest spot in the show, and her "My Love's So Good" is the tenderest. The dynamic Alan Weeks and Glory

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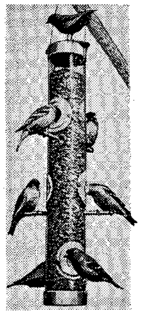

Van Scott, both of last season's "Billy Noname," are present and active and just as delightful again. Professor Alex Bradford and his Bradford Singers, a gospel group whom you may remember from "Black Nativity," light up the theatre with their passion and humanity. A fine, lively four-piece band, with Danny Holgate at the piano, is also on hand. My only quibble is with the title, which seems rather a mouthful for such a little production. Miss Carroll, perfectly combining its elements, has kept it little, never allowing it to spread but letting it run deep. I realize that what we have here is more love letter than review, but there is nothing I can do about it.

—EDITH OLIVER

●

"SYNTAX-SEMANTICS SYSTEMS AS STRUCTURE MANIPULATION SYSTEMS: PHRASE STRUCTURE GRAMMARS AND GENERALIZED FINITE AUTOMATA"
Dissertation Defense
by
H. WILLIAM BUTTELMANN
ABSTRACT

Grammars and automata are treated as primarily syntactic structure manipulation systems. Analogous to the hierarchy of unrestricted, context-sensitive, context-free, and regular grammars, there is a hierarchy of generalized automata which define the same languages and have a more powerful structure manipulation capability. A syntax-semantics system is a grammar, a semantic domain, and an interpretation. The syntax of a string is its set of associated derivation structures, and this leads to a definition of phrase and sentence. Redundancy is related to semantics, and ambiguity is related to both semantics and syntax. Given a syntactically ambiguous grammar, it is possible to use semantic information to disambiguate its syntax and construct a similar unambiguous grammar.—*Notice from the Department of Computer and Information Science, University of North Carolina.*

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One of these communities, which calls itself "The Family," was started about four years ago in Venice, Calif., and had stopovers in Berkeley and Mesa, Ariz., before settling here. The group currently includes 24 boys and 18 girls, most of them in their early twenties, and 10 babies, the youngest several weeks old.

They live together in a big old house near the center of Taos, and they consider themselves as all married to one another. As a sign of their new lives they have taken new names and titles, mainly cribbed from King Arthur and the Round Table, such as "Lady Gretchen" and "Lord Byron."—*The Times.*

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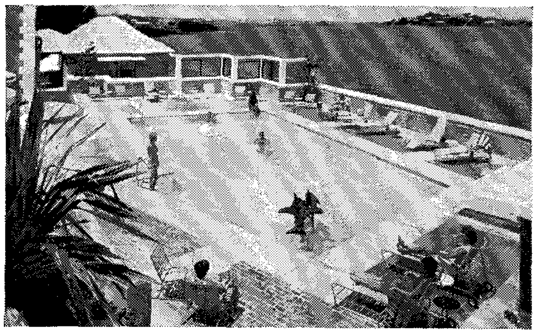

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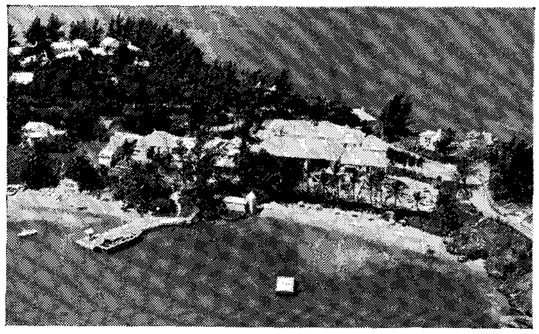

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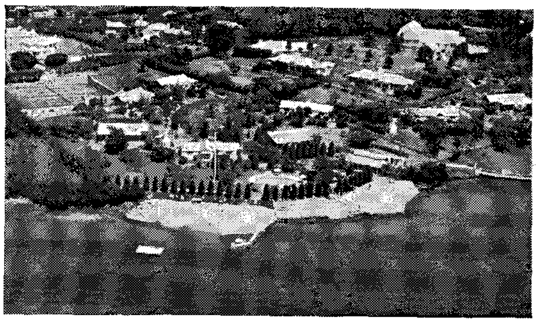

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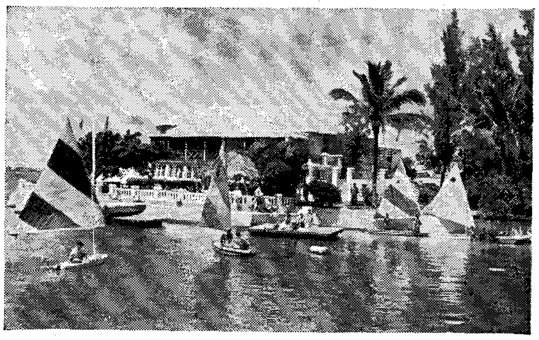

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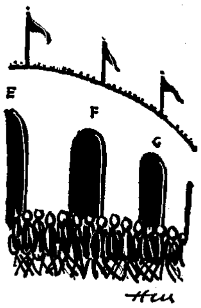
FOOTBALL

Help Wanted

THE warm weather, held over by popular demand well past its original booking, has done nothing to improve the growth of either the inhabitants of that great Jetport known as Shea Stadium or the Giants; among our local sportsmen, only Columbia, suddenly full of chlorophyll, is doing its duty, and that is mostly because Jackson, its quarterback, knows where to put a pitched ball (two more touchdowns Saturday, in the course of beating Harvard, 28–21). He at last had help from Hurley, a young man who, says his coach, "ran himself out" at training camp but has now acquired his second wind. For the first time in who can tell how many years, Columbia earned more mileage by running than by throwing. One Hurley is not enough, though, and we can only presume (and hardly too much) that a diligent search among its crop of efficacious sophomores will continue. Given the guardianship he has so far been provided with by his fellow-backs, Jackson, though he is only a sophomore, will go on being what he is—a local boy (Stuyvesant High) making good. Offstage and without his face mask, Jackson is a new edition of "Stover at Yale"—mannerly, good-looking, personable, and a modish dresser, and he would probably not be a good mixer at Bachelors III. Another new edition—this of Vic Gatto (hallowed be that name)—was also in evidence, in the person of Rich Gatto, the younger brother, now an end on offense for Harvard, who made himself noticeable by taking a pass for sixty-five yards and a touchdown. The Harvards sat around Logan Airport for six hours last Friday instead of coming down here, as they once did, on the Merchants Limited. Maybe if they had had a better night's rest they would have had a better Saturday. Youth is at what is called the helm for Harvard, too; Foster and Crone are the names, but neither of them is yet a Jackson. . . . However well Columbia goes, it will have to face up to Dartmouth, which, exerting its *droit du seigneur* (a colossal crop of seniors and juniors) upon Princeton last weekend, made it 38–0 in its own favor without ever really exerting itself. Chasey, its quarterback, throws a nice soft ball—whether it is a pitchout, a pitchback, or a long looper down toward the end zone—and the Princeton cornerbacks, most of them not quite tall enough for the job, have been carefully educated to play the man instead of the ball; on Saturday they were playing neither. Chasey's runners—men like Simms and O'Neill and Short—whisked through the lanes opened for them by the line until they got tired; then Pollock, who will surely be next year's quarterback for Dartmouth, took over, along with a new set of runners. Pollock likes to scramble, changing pace and direction with the irritating suddenness of Ryzewicz, a Dartmouth back of earlier years and celebrity, and provided Dartmouth carries on as it has been doing, there will be plenty of opportunities for breaking him in—if, indeed, he isn't already broken in. Plummer, the Princeton quarterback, was all suited up and no place to go; no one could remove the Dartmouth ends when he tried to roll out, and everyone covered the Princeton catchers when he wanted to throw. For Bjorklund, one of the best runners and punters in the Ivy League, it was a dank afternoon: no holes awaited him as he rammed the Dartmouth middle or swept the Dartmouth ends, and a handsome punt of his was run back sixty-four yards for a Dartmouth touchdown while most of his playmates took after the wrong man. That is to say, Dartmouth looks now as splendid as it looked last year, which was great, and Princeton, which needs the help that arrives only with experience, doesn't. . . . A correspondent who gets up to Ithaca thinks that Cornell needs some more quarterbacking, and that Marinaro, that prodigious runner, can be hampered by a defense that can concentrate on him and forget about Cornell's passing. Anyway, Cornell 32, Pennsylvania 31 was as lively an afternoon as anyone could reasonably expect.



—J. W. L.

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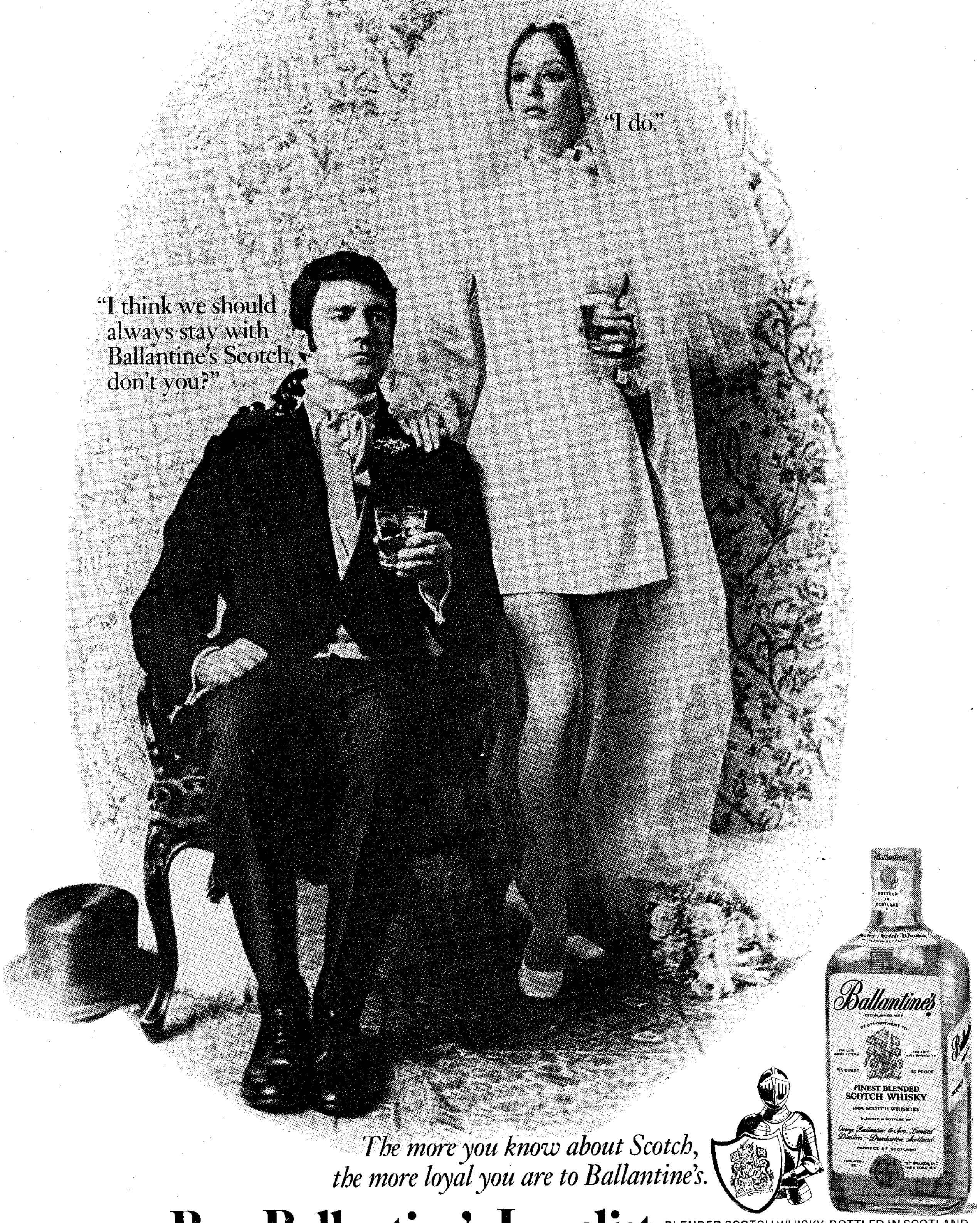
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U.S. JOURNAL: WEST FORTY-FOURTH STREET

SHAPIRO AND I

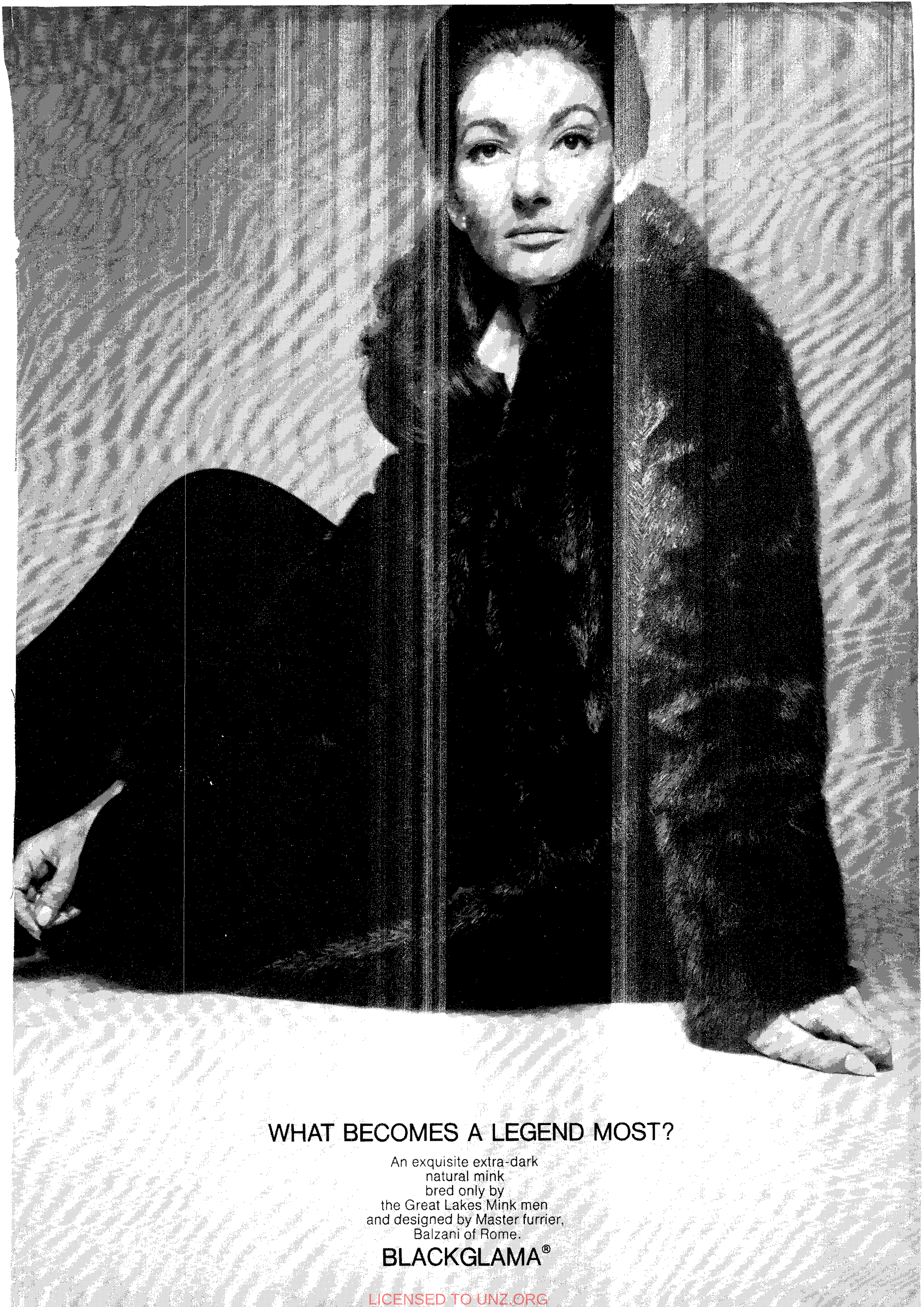
MY tolerance for standup comedy is so broad that I can easily watch the comics who appear on the “Ed Sullivan Show.” When I'm home on a Sunday night, I turn on Sullivan without the sound, which spares me the introductions and the acrobat music but permits me to glance up occasionally from whatever I'm doing to see if a man is standing alone in the middle of the stage, his mouth moving rapidly and then suddenly stopping while he waits for the audience's reaction. When I see that, I always turn up the sound. Sullivan seems to have a taste for comedians of limited talent, and there are some regulars who are so embarrassingly awful that I sometimes wonder how he expects anyone with a shred of sensitivity to remain in the same room with the television set while they're on. I watch them all. I enjoy most of them, and watching the truly appalling ones at least gives me the comfort of knowing that we—Shapiro and I—were much funnier than some comics who appear on national television. In Kansas City, Shapiro and I got lots of laughs at assemblies of the entire Southwest High School student body, not to mention the Southwest junior prom, at which we were particularly successful with our “Dragnet” takeoff (the radio “Dragnet,” not the television “Dragnet”) and our mock disc-jockey show. I haven't seen Shapiro for ten or fifteen years. I hear he's a lawyer now, restricted, I suppose, to sneaking in a funny now and then in his summation to the jury. He may not even be the kind of lawyer who faces a jury. For all I know, his opportunity for humor may not extend beyond the insertion of a droll line or two in a corporate prospectus. I think of him now and then on Sunday nights, wondering whether he, too, is watching somebody like Jack Carter and realizing we could have made it.

The fantasy of making it as a comic afflicts a remarkable number of ostensibly sensible citizens, particularly considering the fact that a night-club comedian occupies about the same position in public esteem as an encyclopedia salesman. Most people who have the fantasy realize that acting it out—actually appearing in a night club in front of a lot of people who may not have the intelligence to laugh—would be terrifying. But several months ago two writers I know—Dan Greenburg and Avery Corman, neither of them with any experience in show business—actually put together an act and appeared in a place called the Improvisation, which is known as a showcase for comics, a showcase being a place where no one gets paid. The Improvisation, a dark, informal room on Forty-fourth Street, west of the theatre district, puts on practically nothing but comics from eleven o'clock until no one can think of anything else funny to say. This relentless stream of humor is broken only by an occasional singer, at least one of whom specializes in ballads like “I Never Knew Our Romance Had Ended Until You Poisoned My Food.” Corman and Greenburg appeared four or five times, giving them an opportunity to polish their act in front of a live audience—although once, when they went on at two-thirty in the morning, the half-dozen people present seemed to have no response quite as demonstrative as breathing. When Corman and Greenburg were satisfied with the act, they auditioned for the “Dick Cavett Show” and were immediately booked. The same thing happened at the “David Frost Show.” All in all, Corman and Greenburg were an Improvisation success story. Recently, I asked Corman what appearing at the Improvisation had been like. He thought for a while. “It was,” he finally said, “a ghastly experience.”

Wm Hamilton

“But Mr. Clark! I'm just a temporary!”

Of course, Corman and Greenburg were comic writers to start with, which is, as the job counsellors say, a related field, and is considered by most people engaged in it a pretty ghastly experience itself. The only person I ever knew who decided to try night-club comedy despite having a respectable job to go to every day was a friend of mine from Kansas City named Larry Goldberg. Goldberg got his first comedy experience at the University of Missouri, where he was often known as Fats Goldberg, since he weighed three hundred pounds. He was also known as Three Cases Goldberg—Columbia, Missouri, being the only place I've ever visited where anybody recognizes a hundred-pound unit of measurement called the case. By the time I saw Fats in New York, he weighed only about a case and three-quarters, having gone on a drastic diet that greatly improved his health and spared his future audiences a lot of fat-man jokes. He was selling advertising space for the Chicago *Tribune*. Then he met a girl named Berkowitz, and formed the comedy team of Berkowitz and Goldberg. The team tried out at the Bitter End, in the Village, which has what amounts to an amateur night on Tuesdays, but got on so late that the audience consisted of only four people, all of them grim-faced. Berkowitz later discovered that none of them spoke English. As it turned out, a knowledge of the language did not vary the audience re-



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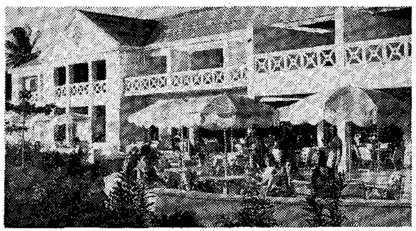
sponse, and the act of Berkowitz and Goldberg folded. Fortunately, Fats had one joke left: he opened a place called Goldberg's Pizzeria. Almost instantly, he had what every comic at the Improvisation dreams of—a lot of free publicity, critical acclaim, and "exposure" on the "Tonight Show." (Actually, it was the pizza that was exposed rather than Goldberg; one was given away to a member of the audience who named a tune the band couldn't play.) Fats prepared to open a downtown branch and signed up to do a cookbook. He is now talking about franchising.

THESE days, with the night-club circuit pretty much gone, the Improvisation is one of the few places for an aspiring comedian to spend the time between his appearance at the junior prom and his big break in television. Some comics, particularly those whose managers also handle rock groups, may catch on to a college tour, and there is some summer work in the mountains. But even a comedian who has appeared on the talk shows a few times is likely to be far enough away from making a living to be grateful for the opportunity to go on at one-thirty in the morning for nothing. The Improvisation provides a comic with a place to try out material and a place to be seen, assuming he can lure in a producer or an agent or a manager to see him. Just being introduced by Budd Friedman, the proprietor of the Improvisation, can be a great help to a comic's morale: Friedman not only makes generous introductions but tells such horrible jokes himself that the contrast alone is likely to make any comic sound good for the first couple of lines.

There are, of course, acts at the Improvisation that can't get a laugh even after Friedman introduces them as Bright New Comic Talents and closes his introduction with a joke about "songs made famous in the last Boy Scout uprising." One week night, I saw three men and a girl perform in a group called the No Return Bottle Company. In one of their routines, set in a store that sells voice-box transplants, a salesman kept installing various voice boxes in a customer, giving the man who played the customer the opportunity to talk in a number of voices, including that of Liberace. Another routine consisted of a conversation between two cars standing on a used-car lot. The only reaction from the audience was an occasional shudder. After the act was over, I found the members of the group on Forty-



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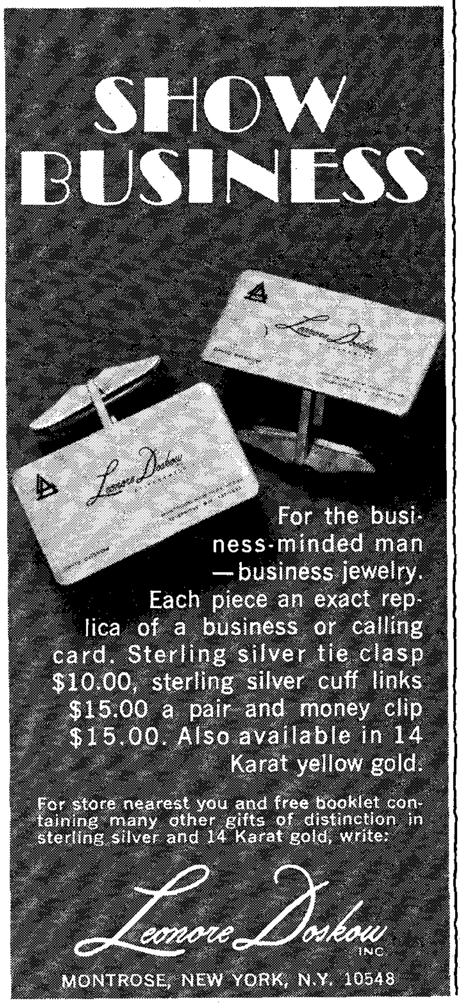

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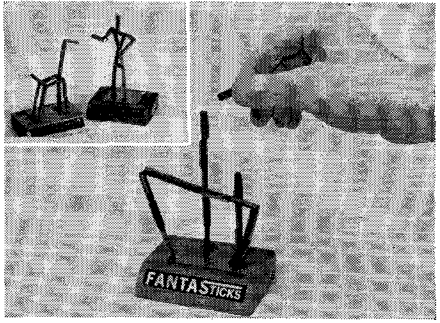

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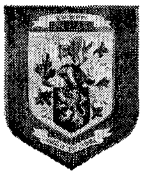

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fourth Street, leaning up against a Pontiac and talking about what had gone wrong. None of the men looked like show-business people who might support themselves by acting in commercials or doing voice-overs, and I asked the man who had played the salesman what he did during the day.

"I'm an attorney," he said.

Shapiro! Not precisely the same person, maybe, but the same kind of comic. Shapiro and I did a lot of sketches—salesman and customer, interviewer and interviewee. We never got to used cars talking to each other on the lot, but, after all, we were just starting. "In conversations with business associates, I used to shoot out a line now and then, and some of them were pretty funny," the attorney said when I asked him what led him from the law to the No Return Bottle Company. His partners had similar stories. The one who had played the customer was actually a salesman, at Korvettes. He had been doing impressions since childhood. The third man, a copywriter for J. C. Penney, said he got to be known as the funny one in high school. They had all worked unsuccessfully as single standup comics for a year or two and had finally decided to form a group, adding an actress for the female parts. As far as I could gather, about the only result of forming the group had been that each man got a smaller share of nothing. I told them I considered their story—our story, maybe—pretty sad. "You know the ones I feel sorry for?" the attorney said. "The ones who get on a talk show a couple of times and get a taste of it. Those are the ones I feel sorry for."

That night, the acts ran out about two or three in the morning, and Marvin Braverman, a young comic who is managed by Friedman, got up to say that a few people would try some improvisations. He asked the audience just to name a city, and the group he had gathered would take it from there. One man at a front table—a gray-haired man who appeared to be in his sixties or seventies—decided to carry audience participation a bit further than that. He got up and started to perform, introducing himself as George Levine, of the Brooklyn Levines. He seemed to be making his first appearance. He had a walking stick, and he would occasionally break into a kind of soft-shoe for a few bars. Then he would start what sounded like a lead-in to a comedy routine—"I like women, but these days they've gone too far," or, "Are there any fishermen out there?"—but the lead-ins were never followed by any

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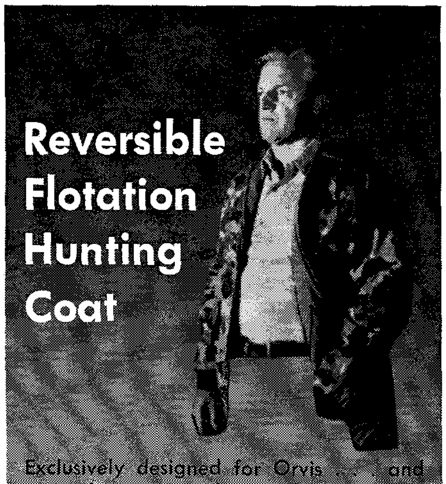

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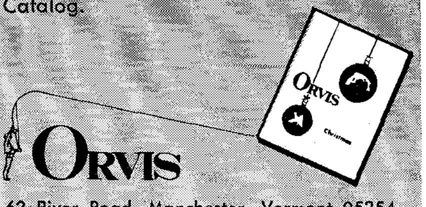

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jokes. The improvisational group eventually disintegrated, partly through the strain of trying to cope with Levine, who would toss off an opening line and then allow himself to be led to his seat, only to pop up again, wander off on a little dance, and ask if there were any fishermen out there. After the initial laughs, the audience reaction to Levine was a mixture of sympathy and irritation. I realized I was learning from his experience. It might take Shapiro and me thirty or forty more years to work up the nerve to get up there, but when we did, I resolved, we would have our material prepared.

AMONG the regulars at the Improvisation are a black comic named Jimmy Walker ("Y'all don't be afraid to speak up out there; I ain't gonna cut no one"), a Puerto Rican comic named Jimmy Martínez, and, as a representative of the new culture, Uncle Dirty, a man in his forties who has long stringy hair and a bushy mustache and works in a sleeveless shirt. "The only kind of chicks I get," Uncle Dirty says, pulling nervously at his hair, "are the ones trying to get back at their parents." Nobody tells jokes about his mother-in-law or his wife. A lot of the humor is based on nostalgia—the films shown in high school, old-fashioned pirate movies, the candy-store operator. There are a lot of jokes about drugs and astronauts and homosexuals. "Everywhere fags," Uncle Dirty says. "For a group that doesn't have any children, where are they all coming from?"

The comics who appear at the Improvisation spend quite a bit of time hanging around the bar, trying to make each other laugh, grumbling about Friedman's putting his own clients on during the peak of the evening, talking about the bookings they might have coming up. Being consciously contemporary in their outlook as well as in their material, they sometimes sound like a bunch of anthropology graduate students discussing comedians as a subculture. They talk about how comics obviously have a need to be loved. They talk about comedians' being so insecure that they would do anything to capture girls casually cast aside by singers and actors. ("A certain kind of chick knows that and hangs around here," Uncle Dirty said in the bar one night while having a drink with a gag writer named Paul Ross. "It's called an ugly chick," Ross said.) In analyzing the way audiences respond at the Improvisation, a few of the comics hold the theory that the key to success may be the ability to

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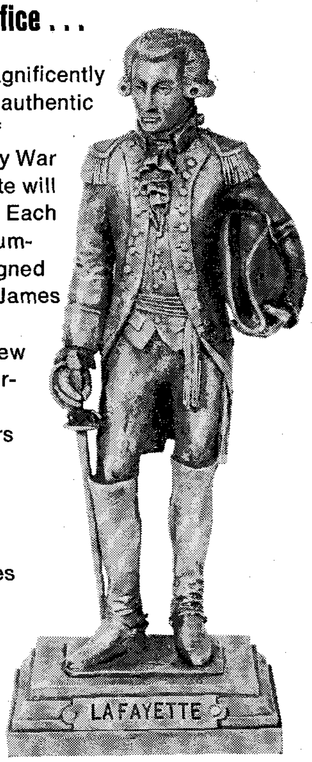

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shift the insecurity from the comic to the audience—to make people in the audience feel the need for the approval of the comic, an approval they can win if they demonstrate their perception by laughing at his jokes. "The secret of comedy is confidence and energy," Uncle Dirty told me one night. Uncle Dirty is particularly analytical. He spent eight years as a stockbroker.

ONE night, I asked Fats Goldberg to join me at the Improvisation. I thought a pizza baron might like to be a detached observer while other people struggled to make it in show business. When a singer came on, I asked Fats more about the act he had tried out at the Bitter End.

"Well, we were called Berkowitz and Goldberg," he said. "But we didn't do Jewish humor. That was one of the jokes."

"That's pretty good, Fats," I said. What could be more sophisticated than a joke by omission?

Fats was critical of most of the comics. "Berkowitz and I were funnier than that guy," he would say occasionally. His mood changed a bit when Marvin Braverman got on. Braverman is such a splendid mimic that all sorts of people seem to float naturally through his routines—a Bronx candy-store operator, an Italian trapeze artist, a New York cop, a tourist from Idaho. He can sound like a machine shop or a broken movie projector.

"This guy's not that bad," Goldberg said grudgingly.

"He's absolutely unfair is what he is," I said. I have never been able to do a dialect or an accent. A couple of years ago, I realized that I couldn't even do a Kansas City accent. Shapiro handled that part of our act, and after I left I discovered that the great advantage he had enjoyed in doing foreign dialects in front of our audiences in Kansas City was that nobody there had ever met any foreigners. Years after Shapiro and I broke up, I learned to bark like a dog. I shouldn't say "learned;" I was driving along one day and suddenly found I was able to bark like a dog. But my dog bark isn't actually funny; it just sounds like a dog.

"Not bad at all," Goldberg said. Braverman, who a few seconds before had been Louis Hayward as the Count of Monte Cristo, was switching from an uncanny rendition of an astronaut's garbled voice to a report on the moon landing by David Brinkley. I nodded bitterly. The only person I have ever been able to imitate was A. H. Monsees, the principal of Southwest High

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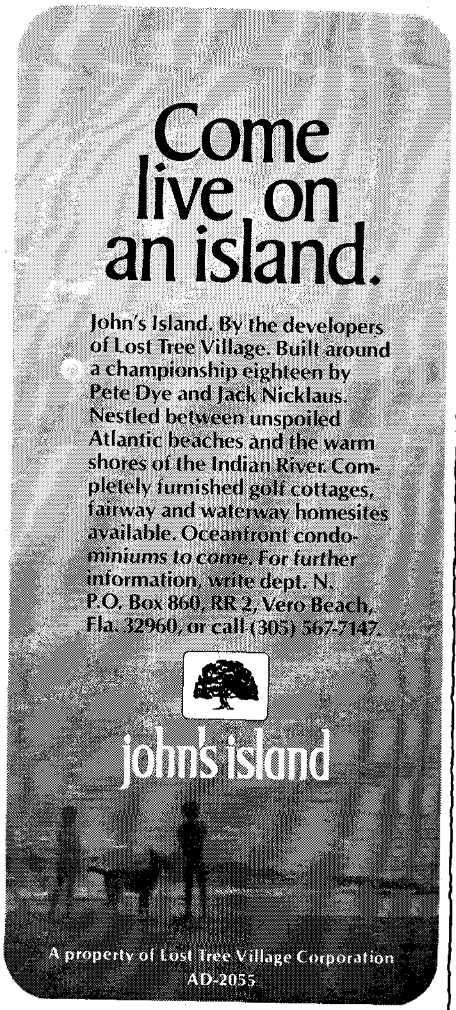
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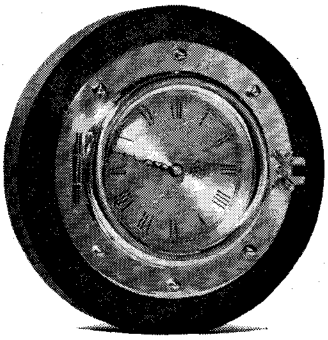
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School—an imitation I perfected in my freshman year, just as he retired. For the next three years, I watched my audience shrink as each graduating class was replaced by a bunch of people who had never heard A. H. Monsees speak and took my flawless impression to be an unsuccessful attempt at Lionel Barrymore. Shapiro, the comedians' comedian, did Peter Lorre.

Goldberg seemed depressed by Braverman's performance, but then Friedman got up to say that there would be a short intermission, followed by Rosita and Her Snakes and the Tumbling Bavarian Dwarfs, and Goldberg cheered up again. "You know," he said, "I think Berkowitz and I could have made it if we had just kept going."

"That no-Jewish-humor routine was pretty funny, all right," I said, wondering how they had compared to Shapiro and me.

"It'll be different next time," Goldberg said.

"Next time!" I said. "But Fats, you're a pizza baron now. You don't have to be a comic."

"I think there'll probably be a lot of exposure when the cookbook comes out," he said, paying no attention to me. "Talk shows and all. That should be a natural way to get into it."

"But your branch!" I said. "Your franchise!"

Goldberg was staring out into space. "I think I just hadn't really felt the market out before," he said. "It's just a matter of the market."

I had never thought about its being just a matter of the market. He may be right. One of these days, I'm going to talk to Shapiro about it.

—Calvin Trillin

•

Cannard said it was important to keep the railroad here as an asset for industry and as an economic necessity. He declared the railroad seemed to be gradually phasing out its service in Sonoma Valley, referring to the fact that the tracks at Sonoma had been paved over.—*Sonoma (Calif.) Index-Tribune.*

One swallow doesn't make a summer, Cannard.

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From the Harvard University Gazette*]

A. K. Ozai-Durrani was born in a nomadic encampment of a Durrani Afghan tribe near the Khyber Pass. It was his interest in translations of Ghalib and Meer Taqui Meer, both 19th-century Muslim bards, that brought him to Harvard. He is perhaps best known as the inventor of Minute Rice.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

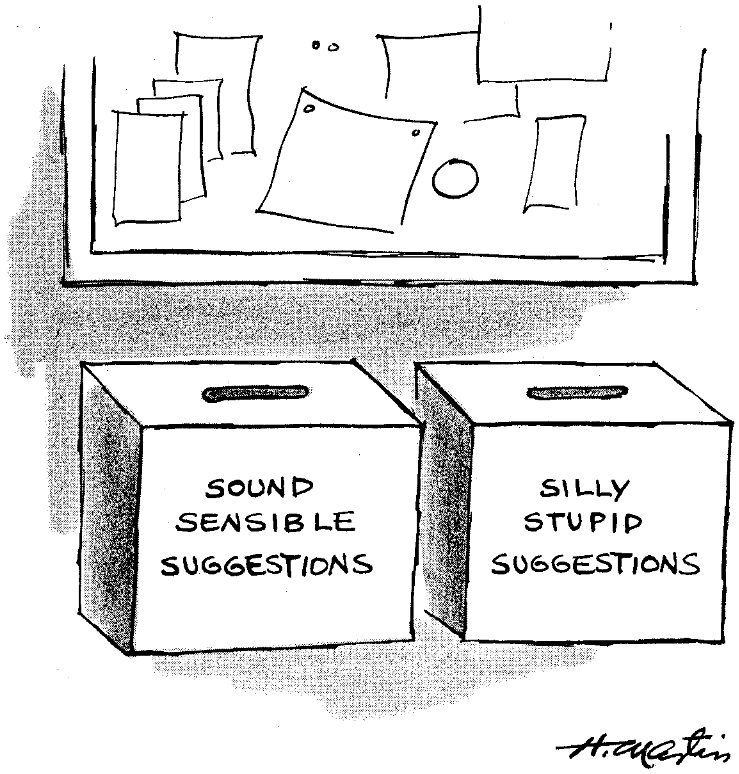
Clobber-Movie

IT is perhaps in the nature of theatre for audiences to be hypnotized by a startling performer, and if a play is performed at noisy fever pitch and gives them the kind of fireworks that the modern theatre is starved for, people may be so carried away by this rare experience of being emotionally moved in the theatre that they confuse great theatre with great drama. This is by way of explaining the honors and awards heaped upon the Howard Sackler play "The Great White Hope." Although the play, which has a huge cast and has scenes set in many cities and countries, reads like a movie, the movie version, directed by Martin Ritt, clunks along like a disjointed play. The movie is composed of a series of obvious stage scenes; Ritt breaks into them with gigantic closeups, but each scene stays in a given place, and the actors come into it and leave it, making stage entrances and exits. The effect is sometimes very odd—as when the protagonist, Jack Jefferson (James Earl Jones), has a scene, before his championship fight, with a group of religious Negroes who can't get in to the fight but have come to pray for him. When he finishes talking to them, we don't follow him into the arena but, instead, are cut right into the celebration scene after the fight. At the movies, we don't expect to be left waiting outside, like the audience at "Carmen" when Escamillo goes in to the bullring, and since a movie cut does not acknowledge an omission (as a stage blackout does), the effect is almost as if the projectionist had skipped a reel.

One wants James Earl Jones to be a legendary spellbinder; one wants the big performance to work and to hold the epic intentions together by sheer full-bodied epic power, and Jones starts with a great thundering, capering presence, so one can see how when the performance was live he might have accumulated so much force that he swept the audience up. But in a movie the actor can't set the curve and arch of his performance, and there isn't the dynamism—the raw charge—of seeing an actor build a character in a few hours. His stage power can wreck him if the director and the editor don't provide the curve for him, by modulating the other elements and piecing together the bits of film so that the big performance seems to grow organically out of the material. Ritt makes the most obvious mistakes: he keeps the camera close while Jones is projecting with all his might, and whole scenes, such as the one when Jefferson sends his girl away, are disasters because of the stage yelling. In many ways, Jones might have been better served if the movie had been simply a photographed version of the stage production, on the order of the film record of Olivier in "Othello;" then we would make allowances. In this wasteful big (roughly eight-million-dollar) production, Jones's talent is dashed against the movie's scrappy construction. I don't understand how Sackler's hit-them-with-everything dramaturgy got by on the stage. Did audiences really accept that beware-the-ides-of-March-type doom crier and the rag-doll-Ophelia finish of the heroine? At the movie, one squirms at the grandiosity.

It's strange to see crowds being pushed this way and that, as they used to be in the patriotic parades and celebrations of those forties musicals with John Payne and June Haver that you went to in desperation when you'd seen everything else in town. It's all so stagy that when Ritt splurges and shows us thousands of people at the final match, counting time with the referee (so it obviously isn't stock footage), we are moved not by any meaning in the shot but by its pathetic extravagant exhibitionism. It's there to prove they could afford it. I don't know what happened to Ritt between "The Molly Maguires"—which, despite its flaws, was a beautifully designed film, with crowds that were moved by a sure, if heavy, hand—and "The Great White Hope." Perhaps James Wong Howe, who was the cinematographer on "The Molly Maguires," was largely responsible for its fine compositions, and certainly the camerawork here, by Burnett Guffey, is flabby and characterless, but still how can one explain the cramped and congested staging, the actors moving in terms of a stage audience, the groups milling about on cue? One can tick off the missed opportunities as they go by; for a crucial example, the triumphal procession of the bloody white winner at the end, which is surely meant to be ironic and ominous and is just a cluttered mess. Given the chest-beating neo-Brechtian script, there was, obviously, no easy way to treat the material—but imagine a reputable director in 1970 thinking he could turn a play into a movie by filling it up with extras.

In Sackler's screen adaptation, only slightly altered from the stage version, the pieces of sociology—like a pedantic little speech about the threat of blacks' moving into the cities—stick out, because we can see that they are an attempt to force wider ramifications upon Jefferson's drama. The core of the drama is psychological: Jefferson is brought down because of white men's fear of the strength and sexuality of blacks and because of their need to have their own prowess reaffirmed by a white champion. This psychological meaning is strongly implicit in the situation, and if the author had concentrated on the principal character and his story, this element



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might have taken care of itself. But Sackler has so little sense of humor and so little sense of the theatrical chic of fairness that he's even false to his own premises. Though the material gets the credibility benefit of the resemblance of Jack Jefferson's career to Jack Johnson's, Jefferson is never allowed to be brazenly successful with white women. The whole point of the play is that he infuriates the American whites by flaunting his black virility, but the movie, like the play, is so afraid of letting its hero antagonize the audience that instead of having a blonde tucked under each arm, like the actual Johnson, Jefferson is allowed only one dowdy brunette, whom he tries to protect from the limelight. So there isn't even a spring for the mechanism of the action. And the lack of adequate motivation makes it very perplexing that in whatever country Jefferson travels to there are white Americans who have come all that way to trap him and destroy him—conspiratorial monsters pulling strings to bring down the black colossus.

The program given out to the press summarized the theme: "The Establishment—government, industry, labor unions, the boxing racket itself—feared that the spectre of a black man wearing the heavyweight crown might inspire the mass of blacks to rebel. A way had to be found to rid him of his halo, his championship title. Hence, the great conspiracy and the search for a 'Great White Hope.' " And that's how the movie treats the material—as an ambitious melodrama of the sneaky, rotten whites plotting against one noble black. The Jefferson-Johnson life could have provided a clear example of unconscious mistreatment—for surely the whites must have rationalized what they did to him, and found legal ways to justify their actions, just as they did with Muhammad Ali—but the *conscious* conspiracy is, in movie terms, banal. When the whites' ignorance and their unconscious fears and resentments (plus some dirty pool by interested parties) are turned into an overt conspiracy to keep the blacks down, we're in Fakesville. Every time the camera moves in to demonstrate the impassivity and fear and meanness in gloating, villainous white faces, we go back to the world of Westerns and cops-and-robbers, where the guilty man's face gives him away. There isn't a white man or child in the movie with a healthy skin tone or with flesh that isn't stony or wrinkled or rotting, and we just don't believe it. The camera lingers on poor Chester Morris's rheumy eyes and swollen lids as if all our guilt were reflected there, but we know it's just sickness and age. It's a disgustingly insensitive movie cliché that the aged, the ugly, and the deformed are evil; in a movie that's festooned with modern attitudes about race, it's a pitiful anachronism.

What this bad production of "The Great White Hope" does is to expose the material. In his very first scene, when he's asked if he's fighting to free his race, Jefferson answers, "My mama tole me Mr. Lincoln done that—*ain't that why you shot him?*" We're supposed to take this not as Jefferson's distorted view but as a shrewd and deeply disturbing riposte—though all whites did not seek, and collaborate in, the death of Lincoln, any more than all blacks bear the responsibility and guilt for the murder of Malcolm X. This is the kind of all-purpose accusation and rhetoric that has become familiar in Black Panther arguments—and one can perceive its freewheeling effectiveness in those arguments. The intention is to build up a sense of injustice and rage, and to make what the black accuser says that the hateful white man really wanted to do more true than the facts of what white men actually did. But when this kind of argument is used as the basis for a Brechtian demonstration-drama—a clobber-drama—what can be its intention? There's no way for an audience to work off guilt for what it didn't do, and that's the kind of guilt this play specializes in. Whether consciously or unconsciously—probably both—this play is designed to intensify white guilt, and the wildness of the national-conspiracy charges, which makes the guilt so engulfing that the audience is surrounded, permeated, and helpless, was probably part of the play's effectiveness in the theatre.

There used to be bewildered figures in fiction who, as in "Crime and Punishment," confessed to crimes they hadn't committed; in American movies such characters were more often treated satirically, and the nuts who rushed forward to expiate crimes they'd read about in the tabloids were given the bum's rush by movie cops. But we are developing a beat-me-for-everything-bad-that's-ever-happened kind of serious movie that drowns the audience in helpless misery and is turning *us* into nuts.

“Monte Walsh” is another tombstone for the graveyard of the Western. This one is so solemn about the bygone days of the cowboys that the elegiac intentions are not polluted by suspense. A melancholy hour passes before you discover that there’s actually going to be some sort of story, and then all the principal characters die off except Monte (Lee Marvin), who is left a senile derelict, talking to his horse. “Monte Walsh,” which cost six million dollars, will be lucky to play to so large an audience. Directed by William A. Fraker (the cinematographer on “Bullitt”), it is a handsome-looking film, but it’s paced as unvaryingly as a funeral march, and scored (by John Barry) to sustain the illusion of an epic for the movie company, if not for the audience. The music is about all you hear in the movie. Moviemakers seem to have been confusing the strong, silent Western heroes of silent motion pictures with history, and “Monte Walsh” follows the tradition of recent earnestly “authentic” Westerns in keeping speech to an absolute, monosyllabic minimum—apparently on the theory that people in the West didn’t learn to talk until the automobile was invented. The only advantage of this quaint, taciturn, unwritten script is that in the role of the hero’s buddy Jack Palance, who usually rivals the elocutionary style of Victor Jory, is preternaturally subdued. The picture might as well have been called “Lee Marvin,” because Marvin is given nothing else to play. The others are dumb sufferers. Mitch Ryan starves, steals, and gets killed; Palance goes into the hardware business to avoid starvation but gets killed anyway; and Jeanne Moreau makes her American début as a whore who can’t earn a living during the bitter winter and dies because “she just didn’t want to hang on.” It’s a Nixon-era Western.

“First Love” is full of words—recitations, poems, stories, and even a bit of narration from its source, the Turgenev novella. But, because the members of the cast, who include the English John Moulder Brown, the French Dominique Sanda, the Austrian Maximilian Schell, the Italian Valentina Cortese, and assorted actors like Marius Goring and John Osborne—all playing Russians—share no language, the movie is elaborately and cleverly dubbed and post-synchronized. We’re never really certain whether the

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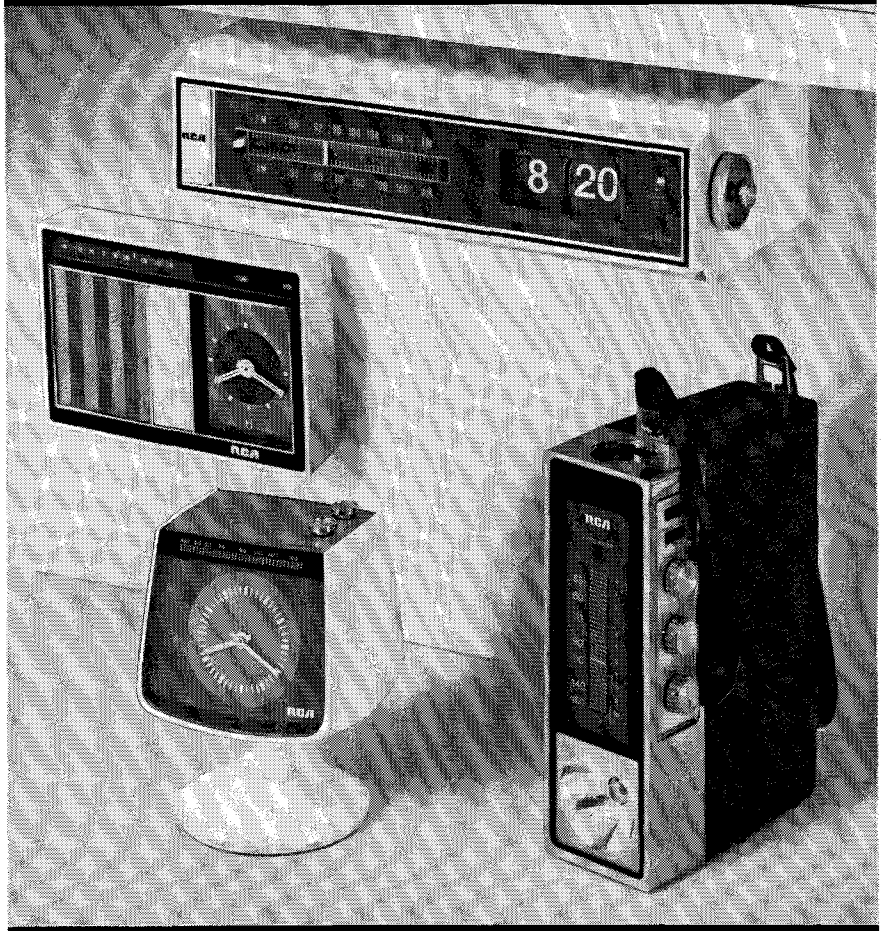

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slightly disembodied voices are issuing from the people we're looking at. (At times, as when John Osborne, in a big black hat, recites "How Do I Love Thee?" to a gathering of sows, we may prefer to think we're not looking at the real person, either.) We're not certain of much in this movie, which confuses mystification with lyricism, but it was superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist, one of the world's master cinematographers. His craftsmanship is usually at the service of a master director, Ingmar Bergman; here Nykvist's beautiful pictures are just beautiful pictures. That's a lot, but it doesn't make a movie. Turgenev's story is set in 1833; Maximilian Schell, who participated in the adaptation and directed, retains the dialogue and characters but opts for "timelessness," which he apparently *thinks* can be achieved by a jumble of periods. The movie includes the Russian Revolution, but in most ways it's a nineteenth-century variant of the summer-I-grew-to-be-a-man Brandon de Wilde special. As the boy, John Moulder Brown is pink-cheeked and inoffensive, and has one lovely, original moment (when, after he has been kissed behind an ostrich fan, he comes out bobbing his head with joy at his good fortune). The princess he falls in love with (Dominique Sanda, a sumptuous blond former model with a big mouth, who looks like a depraved Valkyrie) becomes, in Schell's strenuous pursuit of the fashionably enigmatic, some sort of high-strung nympho, and the movie is all romantic madness and moth-eaten passion and decadence. In between the poetry readings, people visit a crypt or play with daggers and shriek and laugh. Simplicity seems to be the first casualty now when a director doesn't know what he's doing. Schell chops up the scenes with shock cuts, and throws visions and premonitions, a burning forest and distant gunfire into the lush summer imagery; he piles Chekhov and Marx onto Kahlil Gibran. The sensibility of the film is so mediocre that at the end, when what should have been the theme is summed up by the narrator in Turgenev's own words, the precise intelligence of what his story was about comes as a complete surprise. Apparently, Schell has so little self-critical sense that he doesn't realize that the few sentences by Turgenev wipe out the movie. —PAULINE KAEL

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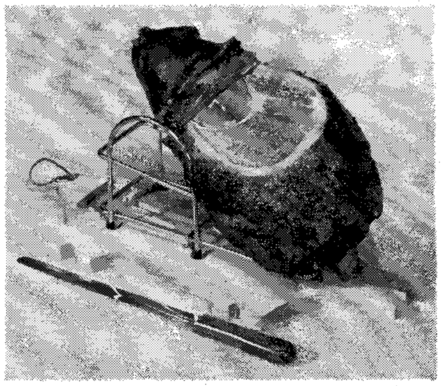

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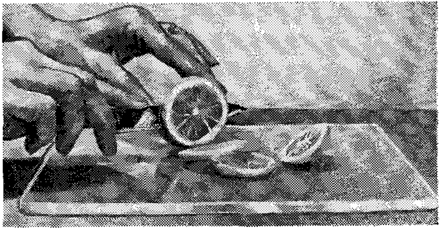

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MUSICAL EVENTS

High Tragedy

THOUGH I dislike the twelve-tone system as a musical ideology and deplore the vast number of bungling amateurs who have used its simplistic methods *ad nauseam*, I have from time to time praised the work of certain dodecaphonists who use this system with true artistry. High among these is the Argentine composer Alberto Ginastera, whose opera "Don Rodrigo" reappeared at the State Theatre last Wednesday evening, produced by the New York City Opera. This work is entirely twelve-tone—methodically so, from beginning to end—yet it evokes moods and delineates characters in a way that the great tonal operas of the past do. And perhaps the most remarkable thing about it is that Ginastera's vocal line demands, and sounds like, real singing, instead of the speechlike effect that ordinarily emerges when the voice is combined with twelve-tone music. "Don Rodrigo" has other virtues, too. Despite the immense mechanism used for its performance, including platoons of horns, some of them playing in the balcony, its scoring is clear to the point of transparency. This scoring is probably as complicated as anything of the sort ever designed for operatic performance. Even Richard Wagner did not use such a mammoth orchestra. But as Ginastera employs it it becomes a vast palette of colors, which are applied to his canvas with the deftest of strokes.

It is true that this opera has a certain remoteness about it; it seems to express historical events as they would be seen from a great distance by somebody uninvolved in their causes and consequences. It is a pageant consisting of tableaux that recall, rather than recreate, these events. The panoply is that of Verdi, without the rousing melodies that Verdi would have provided and without the close identification between audience and character that Verdi would have elicited. Still, the total effect is one of majesty and high tragedy. Spain's last Gothic king goes through his unhappy life with courage, and dies with dignity, having heard that his Christian troops are ridding his country of the Infidel. There is no sentimentality, except perhaps at the end, when bells peal out at the news of the king's death. "Don Rodrigo" is a violent opera. It deals with rape, killing, and overwhelming ambition. Its one sympathetic character is Florinda, Rodrigo's ward, whom he rapes and in whose arms he dies.

All this has, as I remarked on the occasion of its first performance here, four years ago, been given a production by Tito Capobianco and Ming Cho Lee of such magnificence that each scene is a memorable experience for the eye and each movement on the stage a masterpiece of logic. Seldom has an opera been presented here with comparable taste. "Don Rodrigo" is not for everybody. If your inclinations run to *bel canto* and whistleable melody, you won't like it. But as musical theatre it is unforgettable. With one exception, the cast (at least in its major roles) was the same as it was for the première. The exception was Salvador Novoa, who took the tenor role of Don Rodrigo—which had previously been sung by Placido Domingo—and, despite his slighter physique, sang it with considerable power. Jeannine Crader was the Florinda; David Clatworthy the Don Julian, Governor of Africa; Spiro Malas the Tutor of Don Rodrigo; and Malcolm Smith the Bishop.

LUCIANO BERIO is not a twelve-tone composer. He is an eclectic who is likely to use nearly everything possible in the vocabulary of sound, including a lot of noise. I have not liked much of his work. The one piece I *have* liked is "Sinfonia," to which he has now added an extra movement, and which was performed in its extended version by Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic in Philharmonic Hall last Thursday night. The performance made me think again about "Sinfonia's" qualities. Its strongest movement by far is the third, and this movement draws much of its strength not from Berio but from Gustav Mahler, the third movement of whose Second Symphony forms its structural basis (though, to be sure, there are quotations, easily recognizable, from Ravel, Richard Strauss, Bach, and some others, too). In his program note, Mr. Berio allows that he has treated the Mahler movement as an *objet trouvé*, which he has embellished with some ideas of his own. I do not object to this sort of thing. But the fact is that this particular *objet trouvé*, a

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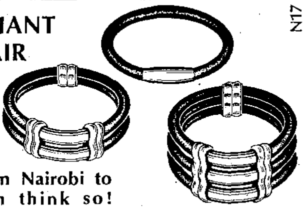

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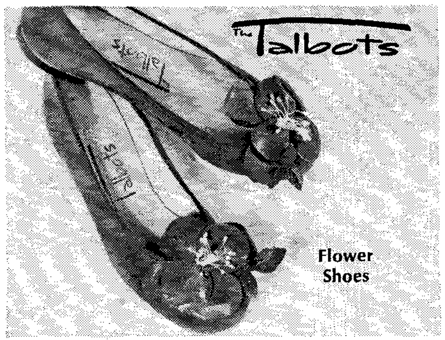

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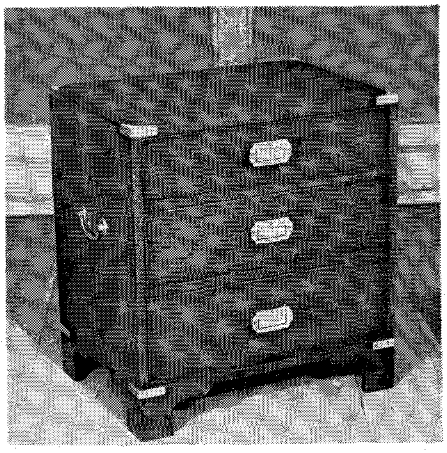
self-sufficient work of art, is the very heart of what Mr. Berio claims to be a work of his own, whereas what he has added to it is almost negligible. I wish I could admire a work of Mr. Berio's that did not consist mainly of quotations from others. The performance under Mr. Bernstein was as fine a one as could be imagined, and the Swingle Singers added their inimitable contribution. A great many people left the auditorium during the performance—a circumstance that always pleases me. I love to see an audience involved enough to demonstrate either for or against a composition or a performance of one.

LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI is still the champion of all program-makers—a fact that he proved again last Tuesday evening in Carnegie Hall with the American Symphony Orchestra. For that night, he resuscitated Paderewski's Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, for which the brilliant pianist Earl Wild was soloist. Then there was a new work by Gian Carlo Menotti, a "Triplo Concerto a Tre," which meant that three solo groups of three performers each—one of wind instrumentalists, one of string players, and one of percussionists, if you consider the piano and harp to be a part of the percussion group—tossed musical ideas back and forth between themselves and the full orchestra. Added to these works were Handel's Overture in D Minor in a Stokowski transcription and, after the intermission, Schumann's Second Symphony. Menotti is a predictable composer. He writes deliberately to entertain or charm his audience, and he usually succeeds. His "Triplo Concerto a Tre" is an engaging composition, with a rather Brahmsian and quite likable middle movement, and outer movements that recall the Baroque style. I am sure that it will have a long life on symphonic programs. The Paderewski concerto, which I do not remember hearing before, was a surprise—obviously an unduly neglected work—and it recalled a theory of mine that most important music is composed by virtuoso performers, such non-virtuosos as Berlioz and Wagner notwithstanding. Who knows how many neglected scores by Raff, Spohr, Anton Rubinstein, and (to come to a more modern period) people like Wilhelm Furtwängler and Pablo Casals await discovery? And why doesn't Artur Rubinstein write a concerto? Anyhow, the Paderewski concerto seemed to me a first-class work the other night—melodious, effective, rousing, and a better



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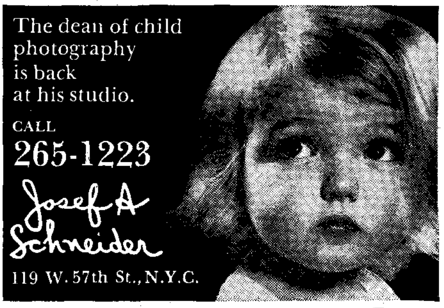

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work, I think, than Rachmaninoff's frequently played Third Concerto, for example. It was a pleasure to find that Paderewski had written something besides the famous neoclassical Minuet in G. On consulting the musical dictionaries, in fact, I found that Paderewski was the composer of countless other works, including an opera. Why don't we hear them? The standard symphonic and operatic repertory is becoming repetitious, and is not so rich that we can afford to neglect such odd corners of the literature.

LAST Wednesday night, assisted by a difference in curtain times, I was able to hear the first act of "Norma" at the Metropolitan before I heard "Don Rodrigo." I went primarily because of some singers who were not in the cast the first time around. One of these is Fiorenza Cossotto, who did the role of Adalgisa. Judging by what I heard in this single act, Miss Cossotto is not quite as brilliant a singer as Marilyn Horne, but she is a better actress and her voice has great reserves of warmth and is beautifully produced, without any seams, as the singing teachers say. She made a memorable Adalgisa. The role of Oroveso was sung by her husband, Ivo Vinco, a bass of noble bearing and respectable vocal abilities. The Pollione was John Alexander, a singer who turns up only in third or fourth performances but who is, in my estimation, the most artistic and musically tasteful tenor the Metropolitan has nowadays. Mr. Alexander is primarily a lyric tenor. The low notes of a role like Pollione give him a little trouble. But here is an ideal voice for such things as Alfredo in "La Traviata," and if my memory of him when he was singing with the New York City Opera is correct, Mr. Alexander has good French enunciation, too. Why he has to take a back seat to the Italian tenors at the Metropolitan is one of the mysteries of Mr. Bing's administration that continue to baffle me. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

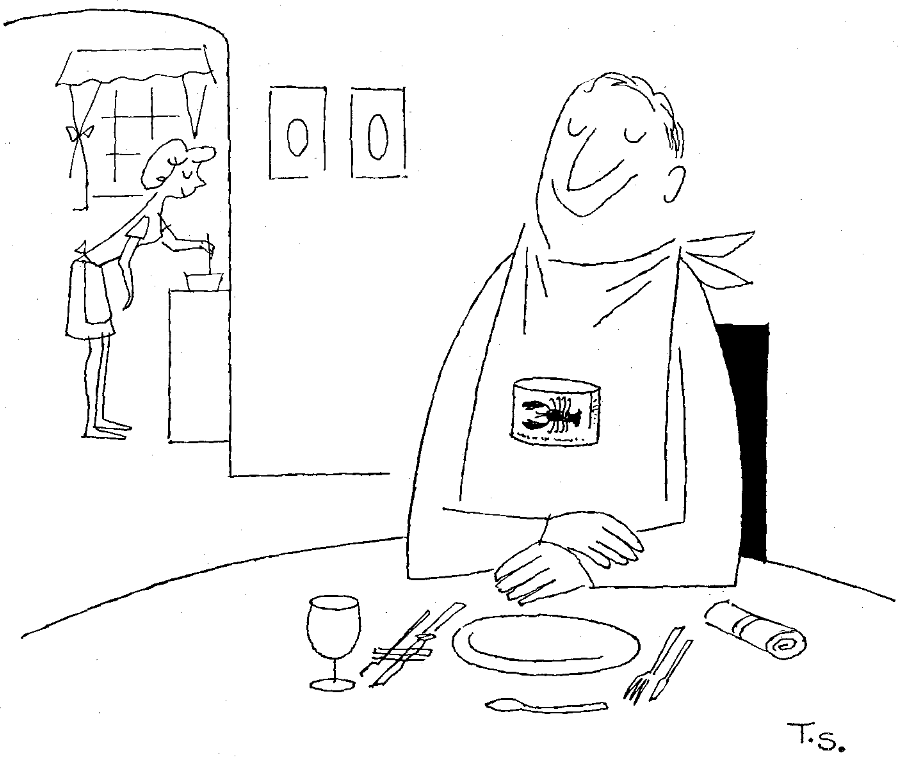
THE PEACE TALKS

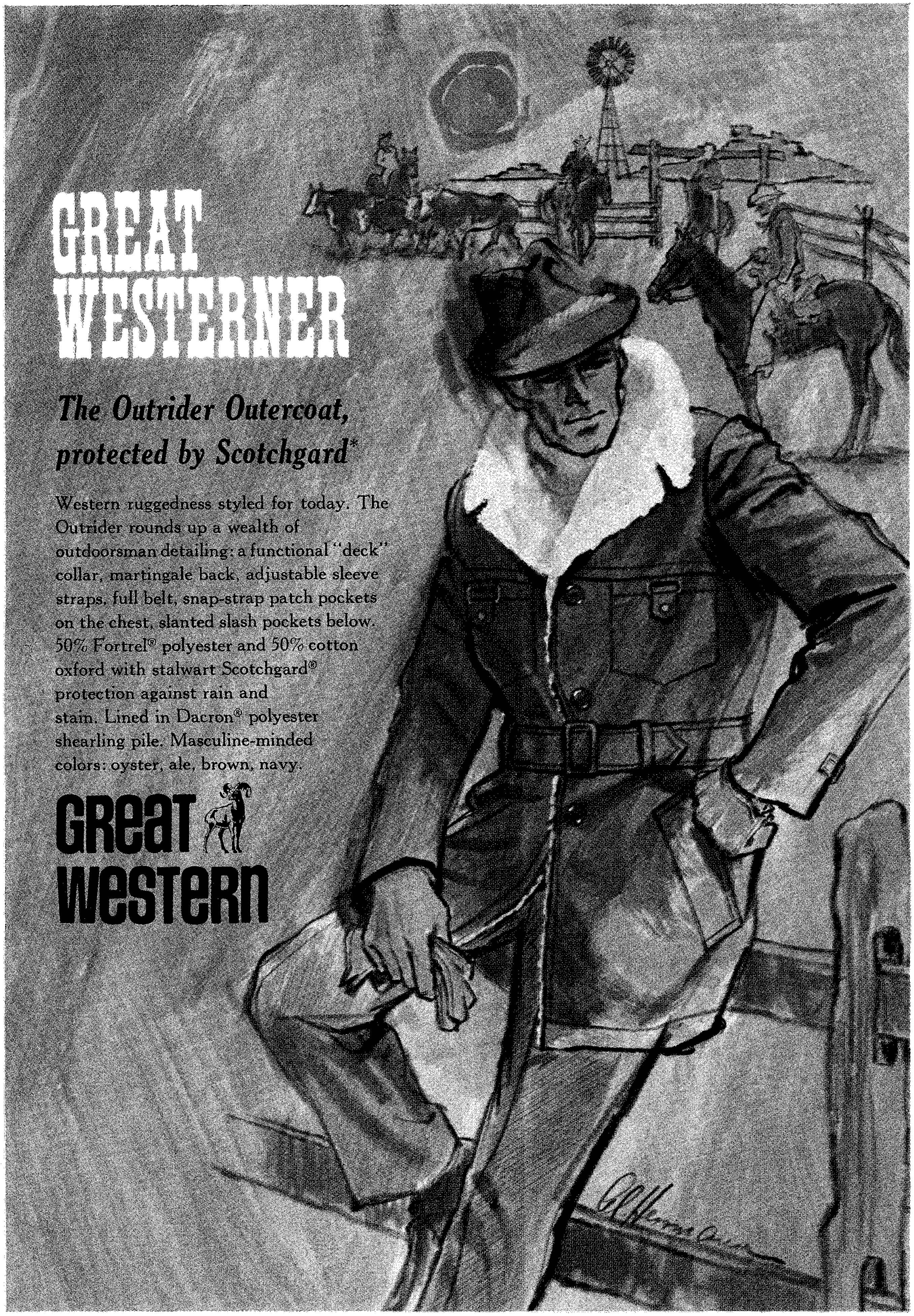
PARIS, OCTOBER 11

AFTER two and a half years of frustrating and fruitless talks here in Paris, a cease-fire—or at least a lowering of the level of hostilities—has finally become a possibility in Vietnam, and perhaps in Laos and Cambodia, too. There will obviously have to be some extremely tough bargaining first, but what is more significant than the Communists' negative public reaction to President Nixon's October 7th speech offering a "cease-fire in place" is the fact that privately, over the past few weeks, the Communists themselves have been shifting their tactics of negotiation, if not their grand strategy. It is too soon to tell how serious they are about wanting to talk seriously—that is, in secret sessions, instead of more or less in public and by propaganda—but there are enough indications of seriousness to warrant the tentative conclusion that a negotiated settlement of some sort has come to be considered desirable on all sides. This is not to say that the Communists have undergone a complete change of heart. Whatever happens—whether or not Hanoi accepts Nixon's offer to stop the bombing as well as the ground fighting and to negotiate "an agreed timetable for complete withdrawals [of troops] as part of an over-all settlement"—Hanoi is unquestionably determined to prosecute indefinitely its policy of protracted warfare in Indo-China, at least politically. Meanwhile, however, an end to the major fighting and killing seems in sight, and this is certainly something to be thankful for.

The new word that is constantly being heard here is "modalities." Everyone involved in the peace talks agrees that the military modalities of a cease-fire are more easily negotiated than the political modalities—that a stepped-up withdrawal of American forces if there is some sort of North Vietnamese response can be arranged more readily than a compromise over the political future of South Vietnam. The toughest issue, and one that Nixon only touched on in his speech, concerns the regime of President Nguyen Van Thieu—specifically, Thieu's personal identity as someone the Communists adamantly insist they won't bargain with. If the importance of Thieu could somehow be diminished—and though the Americans are not likely to force his hand, he might be persuaded, one way or another, to resign or promise not to run for office again in 1971—the prospects for the negotiations would be much brighter. It is extremely significant that Nixon, who a little more than a year ago called Thieu "one of the four or five best political leaders in the world," did not once mention Thieu's name in his speech. He simply said that the Communists' demand "to dismantle the organized non-Communist parties" of South Vietnam "and insure the takeover by their party" was "totally unacceptable." It may be denied, but this seems to herald what has long been suspected: that the Americans are finally getting tired of Thieu and, looking ahead to 1971, at least want to throw the Presidential sweepstakes open. The possibilities will be particularly interesting if, as has been rumored, General Duong Van Minh, the former Chief of State and Thieu's principal rival, decides to run. Minh has the support of peace advocates and would probably be more acceptable to the Communists as someone to bargain with.

IT is not likely to become clear for another month or so whether a true turning point has been reached here in Paris, but there are a number of reasons for thinking this may have happened. The single most important factor is Hanoi's apparent decision to take advantage of the sharpening political struggle in South Vietnam, including the official emergence of pro-peace elements following the recent Senate elections. The Communists, as always, see benefits to be obtained from dealing overtly as well as covertly with any sort of divisiveness, and it may even be that their exclamations about Thieu—who is not, and never will be, a popular President—are merely a temporary tactic designed to take advantage of the fact that he has been strengthening the opposition by constantly overreacting against the popular desire for peace. The second important factor is a real fear on the part of Hanoi and of the Provisional Revolutionary Government in the South that Vietnamization, especially in its military aspects, is making enough progress to constitute a serious threat to the Communists. Consequently, the North Vietnamese leaders, who guide and dominate but do not completely control the P.R.G., may have gained enough confidence from their own continuing solidarity following the death of Ho Chi Minh to allow their Southern allies more latitude in seeking a compromise with the Saigon administration. Such a compromise would ultimately bring about new elections for a National Assembly, followed or accompanied by a Presidential election. (A Presidential election is scheduled to take place next October, but some other date could conceivably be set.) Any arrangements of this kind





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The Communists have continued to insist that a cease-fire must follow, not precede, a political settlement. But if their new attitude of flexibility is serious, this point also seems susceptible to compromise. A cease-fire such as Nixon has proposed seems possible now within the framework of both the political and the military modalities; that is, if all parties to the peace talks are sincere in their new professions of good will and good faith, and if secret talks get under way and make a certain amount of progress, the cease-fire could be instituted to give them a fresh impetus. There are a number of extremely delicate areas where the two sets of talks that will have to take place, military and political, must mesh—the control of terrorism, the right of the Communists to continue to collect taxes in places they control wholly or partly, and so on. Furthermore, as Nixon readily admitted, it would be foolish to suppose that during the months of serious negotiations there would be no fighting or other forms of violence. Occasional attacks and counterattacks might take place, especially along the border between Cambodia and South Vietnam, but presumably there would be more talking than fighting. What will count most is the share of power that the parties to any negotiations will accept—not only as an immediate reality but as a projection of the roles they will play in the future—and this is something that the Communists are particularly concerned about. It is still possible that the whole forthcoming period of negotiations could prove to be a mere interlude, and that a third Indo-China war between anti- and pro-Communist nationalists could ensue, without any direct outside participation. But the mood in Paris—even taking into consideration the fact that Nixon's suggestion for another broad Indo-China conference seems somewhat premature—gives cause for more hope than that, at least for the moment.

DELIVERY
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Although some mechanism to supervise a cease-fire may be provided by neutrals, it is the major world powers—the United States, the Soviet Union, and also China—that will ultimately settle the question of peace in Asia. Much importance is ascribed here to the United States' new expression of willingness to withdraw its troops more rapidly, and although the Communists' new deadline of next June 30th has not been accepted, one high Administration official has let it be known that if the Communists accepted the entire Nixon plan the withdrawal of American troops could be completed within a year, or only three months after the Communists' date. It is significant, too, that, although Nixon referred to the "principles" of reciprocity he had previously set forth, he did not demand a specific North Vietnamese response, though this was implied in what he said about the continuing aggression throughout Indo-China. The Communists will undoubtedly continue to denounce American aggression and describe the process of Vietnamization as neo-colonialism, but this will not mean that they don't want to explore the new proposals that have been made, or that they will not privately acknowledge that Vietnamization, as Nixon has hoped all along, could serve as a prod to bring about serious talks.

As for the Russians, though their motives and actions have, as always, been obscure, there is little doubt that since the start of 1970 they have been urging Hanoi to wage peace instead of war. In January, Le Duan, the First Secretary of the Laodong (Workers') Party in North Vietnam, spent three weeks in Moscow. At that time, too, Peking was issuing New Year's messages that were less bellicose than usual, and the Chinese were showing signs of emerging from their cocoon of isolation and renewing diplomatic relations in Asia and elsewhere. Chinese-American talks in Warsaw were about to resume after a long hiatus. There was talk of renewed negotiations in Laos to reëstablish a coalition government, and some observers felt that such a settlement in Laos might be utilized as a prelude to what Nixon was already describing as America's desire to bring about a "just peace" in Vietnam. All this came to an end in March with the Cambodian coup that overthrew Prince Norodom Sihanouk and was followed by the United States and South Vietnamese invasion of Cambodia. Cam-

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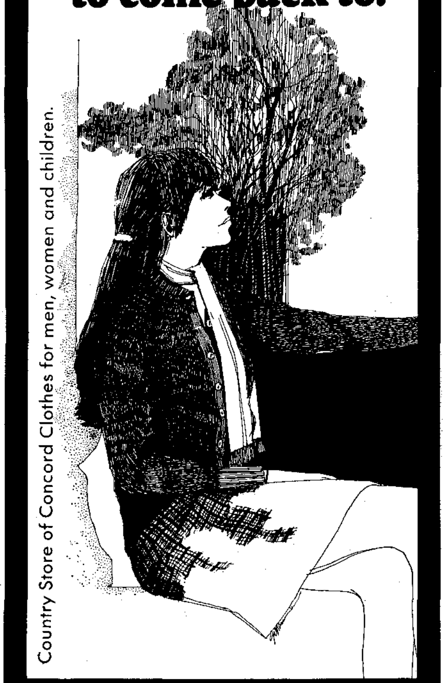
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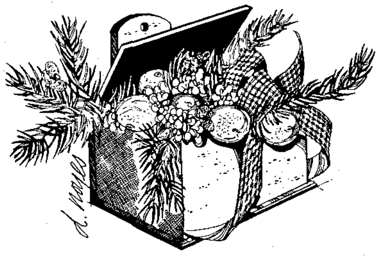

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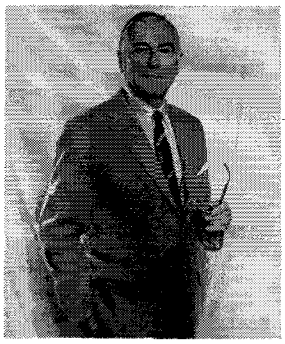

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bodia remains a problem, but by midsummer the search for peace had resumed. Oddly, as Nixon himself implied, the recent violent and confused developments in the Middle East have served to improve the possibilities for negotiations in Indo-China, and it may have been for this reason that Nixon went as far as to propose a settlement involving all of Indo-China, even though circumstances—particularly in Cambodia—scarcely make such a broadened approach seem timely. Moscow is obviously not eager to be involved in several uncertain situations at once, especially considering its still potentially explosive rivalry with Peking. In any event, there are new signs that Peking, too, may want peace in Indo-China for the time being, and that all three Communist countries—Russia, China, and North Vietnam—have separately decided to engage in political and economic, rather than military, struggles in South Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia. All this holds out further hope of obtaining—in due course, if not at once—what is increasingly being talked about in Paris today as a "global solution" to the Indo-China problem.

THE immediate background of what may turn out to be a breakthrough in Paris dates back to a speech delivered by President Thieu in Saigon on July 31st. The speech was made at the urging of the Americans, but though extremely important, it did not receive much attention either in Vietnam or in America. There is good reason to believe that Thieu purposely wanted it this way—perhaps, in part, because of his desire not to appear too eager to echo the ardent American desire for peace. In his speech, Thieu reiterated his willingness to talk with the Communists privately or otherwise, "without preconditions," about a cease-fire or any other matter, including the machinery to be established for holding new elections. He spoke for the first time of alternative ways of obtaining a cease-fire: if some fighting continued during negotiations, a cease-fire could be gradually instituted according to a specific timetable as progress was made in the talks, or a cease-fire could be instituted at once and then both sides could start talking seriously. He specified only that any cease-fire would have to be undertaken with serious intent and would have to be carefully supervised—which is what Nixon now says, too. Thieu again ruled out a coalition government or any temporary cease-fire solution that would leave the Communists in more or less permanent con-

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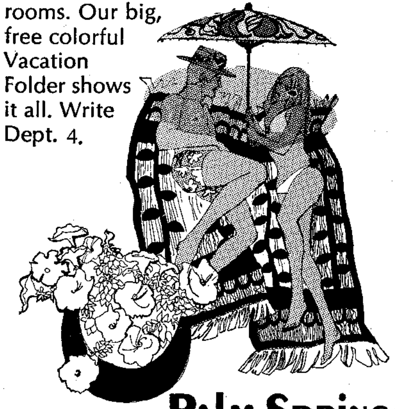

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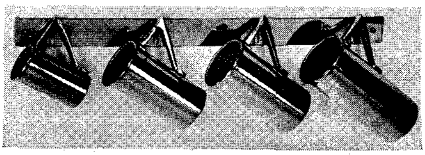

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trol of parts of the country—what has been called a "leopard-skin cease-fire," as opposed to an over-all "standstill cease-fire."

Thieu's speech had absolutely no effect in Paris, where the Communists claimed that Nixon had downgraded the talks by failing for many months to appoint a delegation chief to replace Henry Cabot Lodge, who quit late last year, leaving the negotiations in the hands of Philip Habib, a competent, if unusually brusque, career diplomat, whom the Vietnamese have never particularly liked. Early in August, Ambassador David K. E. Bruce arrived to take Lodge's place, and ten days later Xuan Thuy, the chief of the Hanoi delegation, returned to Paris after fourteen weeks in Hanoi. Early in September, for the first time in thirty-six weeks, both the American and the North Vietnamese delegation chiefs attended one of the weekly meetings that are held at the Hôtel Majestic, on the Avenue Kléber. Bruce, an urbane and highly experienced diplomat, had asked Nixon to let him come to Paris without instructions and feel out the situation for himself, but at the first meeting with Xuan Thuy he called for the setting aside of all "preconditions" and made it clear that the United States was ready for serious secret talks. Both Xuan Thuy and the deputy head of the P.R.G. delegation, Nguyen Van Tien, another suave and capable diplomat, offered tough responses, insisting that there was little or nothing to talk about, privately or otherwise, unless the Allies gave in to their demand for a provisional coalition government, to determine an election formula for a permanent coalition, prior to any kind of cease-fire.

On September 17th, Mme. Nguyen Thi Binh, the Foreign Minister and delegation chief of the P.R.G., who had been attending a meeting of non-aligned nations in Zambia, offered a new eight-point program, which the Communists proclaimed to be a significant demonstration of their good will. Though the eight-point program did not differ substantially from a ten-point one that had been submitted in May, 1969, by the National Liberation Front (the predecessor of the P.R.G.), it did contain some interesting nuances and new emphases, and the mere fact of its timing could not be ignored. Almost contemptuously, as the Americans saw it, Mme. Binh proposed that if the United States withdrew all its troops and all those of its allies by June 30, 1971, the Vietcong would "refrain from attacking the withdrawing troops" and would be willing to start talking

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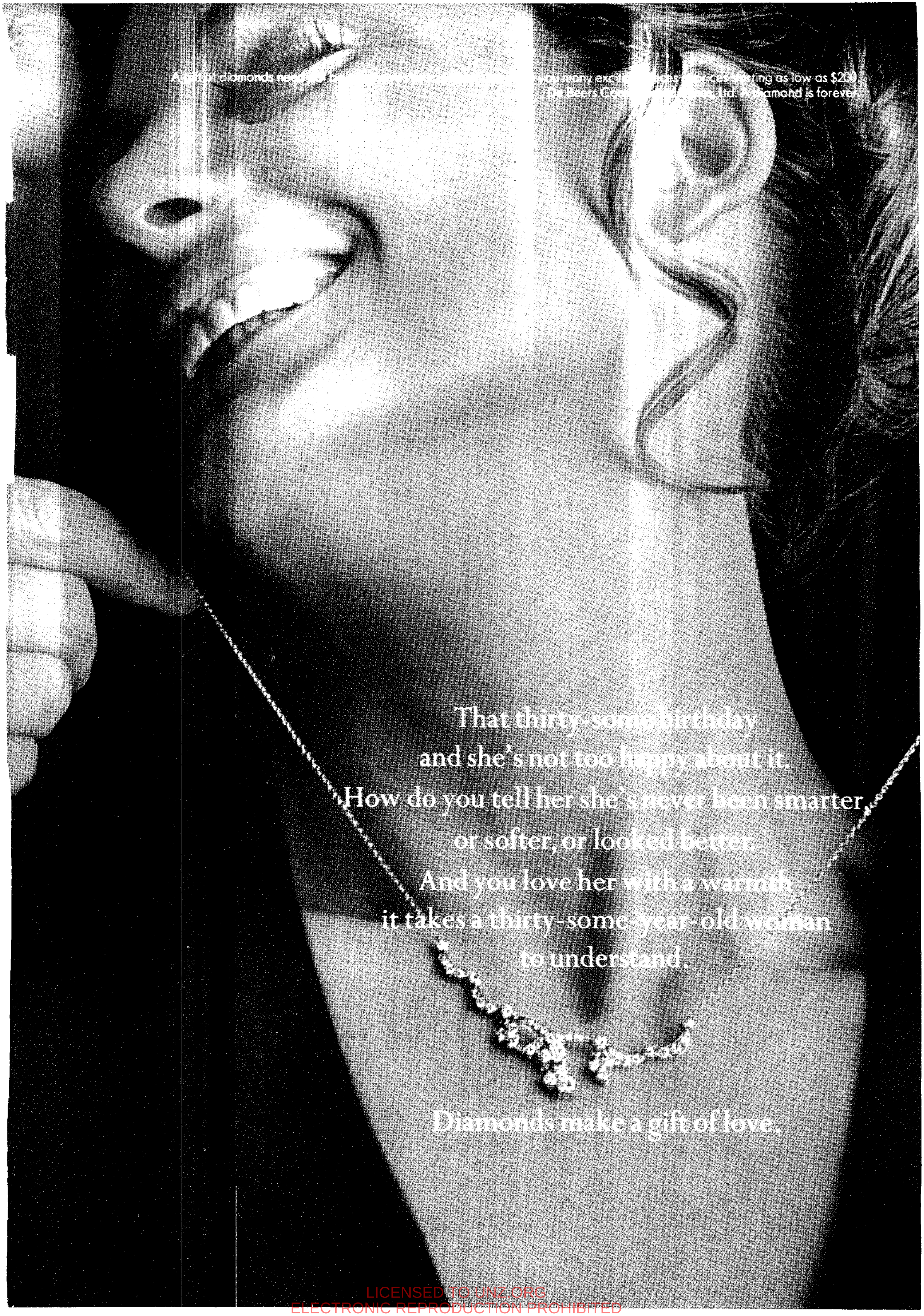
about releasing prisoners of war. (Some fifteen hundred and fifty Americans are currently listed as missing in action, of whom four hundred and fifty-seven are known to be held in North or South Vietnam; a hundred and fifty more are thought to be prisoners. The Allies hold thirty-six thousand Communist prisoners in South Vietnam, of whom about eighty-five hundred are North Vietnamese.) Mme. Binh said further that "the question of Vietnamese armed forces in South Vietnam shall be resolved by the Vietnamese parties among themselves," and she reiterated in strong terms that the Communists were willing to talk about political problems and the restoration of peace only with a Saigon administration that did not include Thieu, Vice-President Nguyen Cao Ky, or Prime Minister Tran Thien Khiem. She repeated the demand for a provisional coalition government to discuss the terms of "really free and democratic general elections," and added that such a government would include representatives of the P.R.G., "persons of the Saigon administration really standing for peace, independence, neutrality, and democracy," and "persons of various political and religious forces and tendencies" who favored the same things, "including those who, for political reasons, have to live abroad"—mostly meaning exiled or self-exiled Vietnamese in Paris. The eight points emphasized that the provisional government would "prohibit all acts of terror, reprisal, and discrimination against those who have collaborated with either side," and repeated earlier Communist statements that "the modalities for a cease-fire" could only follow "the agreement on and signing of accords aimed at putting an end to the war." At a lunch with foreign correspondents a few days later, Mme. Binh once more stressed the seriousness of her "new initiative," and insisted that the removal of Thieu, Ky, and Khiem was not a "precondition" to serious talks—that it was simply impossible to talk with them, since they did not in any way represent the people of South Vietnam. She said that members of the P.R.G. "have already established contacts and will continue to have contacts with all religious and political forces in South Vietnam," including some members of the government. Significantly, neither in her statement nor in her elucidation of it did she repeat the earlier demand for a permanent coalition government after the elections—that is, one that would assure the participation of Communists—though Xuan Thuy did mention this after her eight-point declaration was made. (It was perhaps even more significant that Nixon, in his speech, did not insist, as he has before, that Washington would not consider any form of interim coalition government in Saigon.)

During the following two weeks, the official response of the Americans and the South Vietnamese to Mme. Binh's offer was cool but careful. Ambassador Bruce commented that the Communists' "fundamental demands seemed unchanged," and said he awaited "further clarification" indicating that they had in any way "modified the demands and preconditions" that they had been "insisting on for the past twenty months," including the demand for withdrawal of American troops without a parallel response by the North Vietnamese. He called the offer on prisoners "wholly unresponsive and unacceptable" as a bargaining point, and deplored the Communists' treatment of prisoners, claiming that they were being used as "hostages in attempts to gain . . . political objectives." He added that it was wholly unreasonable to demand the ouster of Thieu, Ky, and Khiem, just as it "would be an unreasonable demand . . . were we now to say that the leadership of your side must be removed before we would be willing to negotiate seriously with you." Ambassador Pham Dang Lam, of South Vietnam, another able diplomat, emphasized the Communists' refusal to speak in concrete and specific terms about a withdrawal of North Vietnamese forces to correspond to American withdrawals, and asserted that a cease-fire should be imposed on all the belligerent forces. One that excluded some of the belligerents, he said, would amount to a "kind of separate truce" that would allow the Communists to continue their offensive. He charged the Communists with wanting to "impose" their own "concept of the political future" on South Vietnam, and described the demand for the removal of Thieu, Ky, and Khiem as "only a coarse, blatant, and divisive maneuver," which "makes impossible



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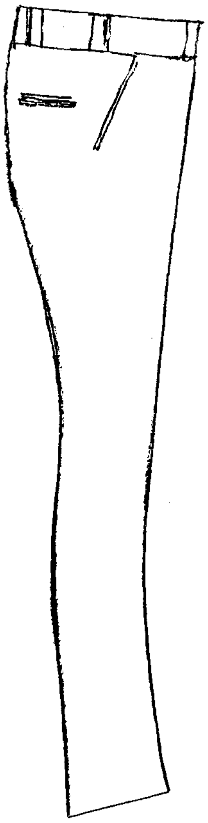

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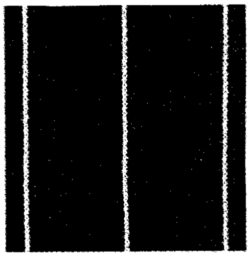

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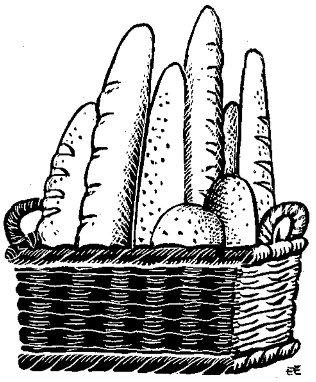
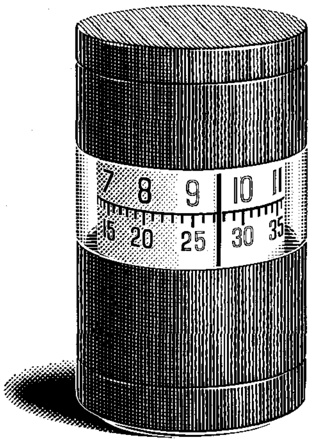
a negotiated settlement" and "even prevents a possible dialogue."

If all this invective and recrimination seemed to leave things pretty much as they were before, it was apparent behind the scenes that the reactions to Mme. Binh's statements and clarifications were somewhat different. Over the past two weeks, I have had numerous discussions with members of all four delegations to the peace talks, and also with other Vietnamese in Paris, and I do not doubt that there is more to the Communists' proposals than appears on the surface. Moreover, they are eager to have secret talks at the highest level. The Americans and the South Vietnamese are aware of this and ready to respond, but it remains to be seen whether the Communists will talk to Saigon, and not just to the Americans. There thus still exists a real danger that an important opportunity may be missed by both sides. Psychological factors play an unusually large part in this situation. In short, the Americans don't really understand the motives of the Vietnamese, either Communist or non-Communist, and the Vietnamese have the same sort of difficulty comprehending American motives. This lack of understanding, by engendering all kinds of semantic subterfuge, has made the Paris talks a dialogue of the deaf for many months. The talks began as a game that went on for weeks over what shape the table should be and who should sit where and how far from whom, and thus the tone was set for the whole ritual of speeches and rebuttals at private sessions that are later publicized in part, of tea breaks followed by interviews and by briefings for the press, of the substitution of participants as they flit back and forth between Paris and Washington, Saigon, Moscow, Peking, Hanoi. These maneuvers have all added up to what one astute observer of the talks has described as "a hardening of the arteries over the substantive issues." What he means is that the repetition of the issues week after week in terms of sheer propaganda has inhibited the possibility of real bargaining over these issues. "It's as if we were all living together in a flimsy house with radios and television sets blaring away twenty-four hours a day," this man said. "Under such circumstances, how can any two people, let alone four, even hear themselves talk?"



THIS background of "non-negotiations" makes it all the harder to come to grips with reality now. Furthermore, the Communists, as they consider how they will react to Nixon's offer in the weeks to come, are obviously aware that the situation is influenced by the elections in the United States next month and by the Vietnamese elections next year. So everything Nixon has said—including his new pledge that American withdrawal dates will be more negotiable and his new declaration that America will remain aloof from Vietnamese political affairs—is still likely to be misconstrued, deliberately or otherwise. The difficulty of conducting negotiations such as these in public is vastly increased by the necessity of conducting them under the pressure of public events.

It is virtually imperative that the negotiations enter a secret stage immediately. There have been occasional secret meetings over the last two and a half years, and, in fact, there is evidence that some recent private meetings have been held between lesser members of delegations or intermediaries. But all these have been limited to testing viewpoints, having been designed to determine, say, the circumstances under which the Communists might be willing to meet with members of the Saigon regime despite the existence of Thieu, Ky, and Khiem. The P.R.G. and Hanoi have consistently said that they would talk with "some members of the Saigon administration," but they have never made it clear at what point and under what circumstances they would do so as long as the present government remained in power. All this has been part of their campaign to get rid of the three top Saigon leaders—neither the Communists nor, for that matter, many South Vietnamese have ever given up the conviction that the Americans can get rid of anyone they want to get rid of just by pulling another coup. Whether or not the Communists mean what they say about Thieu, Ky, and Khiem—and they seem to—their intransigence has contributed heavily to the debilitating pattern of the peace sessions. One South Vietnamese diplomat has said, "The Communists, in



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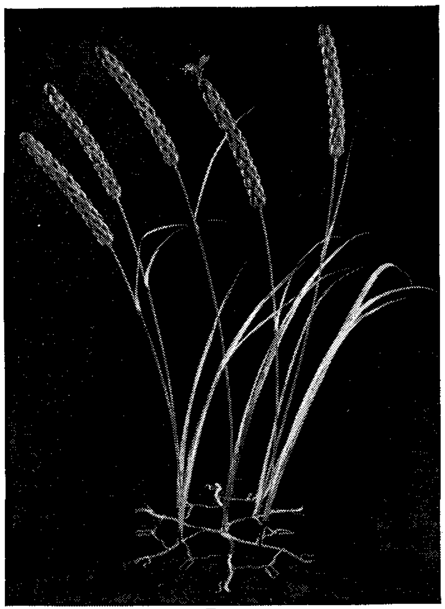
trying to force the Americans to get rid of Thieu and settle the issue with the United States, have wanted to write history in a way that proves them right in advance. We are willing to look in the mirror and see our own faces, but they want us to look in the mirror and see the faces of traitors."

There is no doubt that the fundamental issues must be settled between the Saigon government and members of the P.R.G. No matter how long and vituperatively the Communists declaim against the Thieu government, they are fully aware of this, and admit it in private. What they are *not yet ready to admit* is that, in the words of one high-ranking American here, "there are all sorts of ways of erecting an election formula without tearing down the structure—that is, the structure of the government elected in 1967." This obviously involves overcoming the mistrust of the Communists and softening their stubbornness, which amounts to an obsession, over the Thieu-Ky-Khiem issue. They may be justifiably afraid of the control that Thieu has over the military and civilian bureaucracy in Vietnam (though in my opinion they tend to overestimate this control), but that does not mean, and should not mean, that they, for their part, can have absolute control over who it is they will talk to and under what circumstances. That would amount to a built-in veto. Personalities have become pawns, without any real character or characteristics. Must a man such as Ambassador Lam, the chief South Vietnamese delegate here in Paris, be automatically considered a mere creature of Thieu? He is indeed Thieu's appointee, but that does not mean that he is not also a highly qualified diplomat, capable of debating the real issues in his own well-chosen words. But, as Lam himself points out, he cannot deliver Thieu's head on a platter to the Communists at the conference table as an hors d'oeuvre before serious discussion.

Ambassador Lam's predicament becomes more evident when one talks with the Communists, either of Hanoi or of the P.R.G. The denunciation of Thieu and Ky, for example, starts with their having fought as young officers in the French Army when France controlled Indo-China and continues with the Americans' engineering the elections that put them in office in 1967. Then come the charges that they control the military and administrative machinery of Vietnam today, and that the Americans, as neo-colonialists, have installed advisers in support of the regime



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the Silent woman
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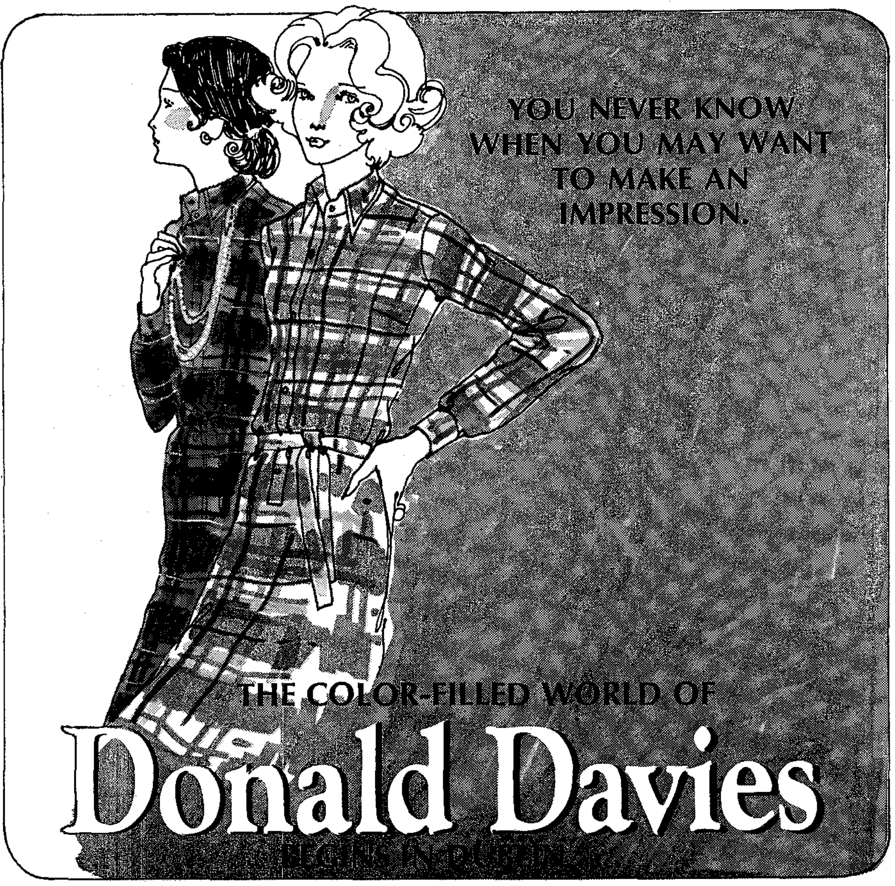
down to the village level. The argument ends with the statements that it's impossible to hold fair elections because of these circumstances, and that, consequently, it is necessary to establish a provisional coalition government, including Communists. And Nixon is excoriated for insincerity in declaring that the Vietnamese must determine their own future. "How can that be, when he has called Thieu one of the world's great political leaders?" one Hanoi representative demanded. Much of what the Communists say about the Thieu regime is true, of course, and it is also true that we have often supported Thieu unwisely and even foolishly. But the fact remains that, even today, Thieu, difficult and devious as he may be, is scarcely an American puppet. On the contrary, he has invariably failed to take American advice and has gone his own way, often capriciously and sometimes disastrously—as he did last February in handling the case of former Representative Tran Ngoc Chau, who was suspected of consorting with his Communist brother. Though Chau theoretically had parliamentary immunity, he was dragged by force out of the National Assembly on Thieu's orders, tried in what amounted to a military kangaroo court, and sentenced to jail. The Supreme Court of Vietnam subsequently declared both his arrest and the manner of his trial illegal, and the fact that Chau may have been legally guilty became obscured. Only two weeks ago, there was a parallel case. Representative Ngo Cong Duc, a liberal Catholic who wants peace, held a press conference in Paris at which he suggested a "fifth delegation" in Paris that would represent the policy of reconciliation he favors. Duc, who made it clear that his personal views were anti-Communist, was bitterly denounced by Thieu as a virtual traitor who would be jailed if, like Chau, he did not have parliamentary immunity. The Americans knew that Thieu was overreacting, but could do nothing about it. Obviously, this sort of thing plays right into the Communists' hands, and it is apparent that they have been more interested in humiliating the Americans than in negotiating seriously.

But although the Communists' first response to the Nixon statement described the President's way of approaching the problem as incorrect and charged him with failing to reply to the latest Communist offer, the response was less negative than might have been expected. Mme. Binh left the door open by saying she would elaborate later. My own feeling is that the Communists may be willing to



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alter their harsh manner and negotiate seriously, and that they will eventually compromise sufficiently to talk to certain members of the Saigon regime—perhaps to some new ones appointed by Thieu as members of a broader-based negotiating team. This, incidentally, is a possibility that both the Russians and the French, who have been close to the Communist Vietnamese delegations here, insist is worth pursuing. From my discussions with Hanoi and P.R.G. representatives, I have come to think that the latter are more willing than the former to be flexible on this point. At any rate, there is no doubt that something will have to be done, and soon, about moving Thieu, Ky, and Khiem out of the forefront of the negotiating picture and substituting—or at least adding—people whom the Communists will accept not only as negotiators but as potential contestants with them in a future election. This does not mean "abandoning" Thieu—something the Americans say they cannot do. The difficulty is that the Americans, having helped elect Thieu, went on to back him too enthusiastically, and the Communists then made the situation worse by insisting that the Americans must get rid of him. Finding a way out of this impasse may not be easy, but it can certainly be done.

THE issue of representation, then, will have to be surmounted, or at least finessed, before any real agreement can be reached on the modalities of a cease-fire, and before discussions on political matters and military questions can proceed. If a cease-fire is instituted, the next step will be to test the Communists' sincerity by discussing the prisoner issue immediately, rather than as part of the evolving negotiations. The sessions will then probably be broken up into two sections—one political and the other military. It could well be that meetings will have to be held not only here in Paris but also in Vietnam—especially on military matters, which would often require the presence of military representatives who have command responsibility and know the facts. It is no secret that all parties involved have contingency plans for a cease-fire—it would be ridiculous to suppose that they hadn't. If a standstill cease-fire is instituted—or at least set in motion—the regroupment and withdrawal of foreign forces will have to be dealt with. The Americans are certainly not going to be willing to take all their troops out of Vietnam without some North Vietnamese reciprocity, though Nixon was far less specific about this than he had been in the past. The fact that only two or three thousand new North Vietnamese infiltrators are now coming down the Ho Chi Minh Trail each month might be a starting point for discussion, since this figure is not high enough even to make up for the men the Communists are losing in South Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia. The total number of infiltrators in 1970 is expected to be about fifty thousand—less than half the figure for 1969 and less than a fourth of the 1968 figure. But whether this represents manpower shortages in the North or a shift in strategy, or both, is not known, so careful debate in secret is obviously required. The establishment or reëstablishment of Communist sanctuaries in Vietnam and Cambodia is another major subject. If a cease-fire is to work, the Communists must have some place to go and regroup and stay for a prescribed period, just as the Americans will regroup at their bases. The rules of procedure for all this will have to be worked out. For example, how far away will the Americans and the Communists stay from each other's bases? And what happens if the rules are broken?

Such matters are even harder to arrange when it comes to the question of Vietcong troops and the regular South Vietnamese Army (ARVN), plus Saigon's territorial units, the Regional and Popular Forces. Some rules of disengagement must eventually be worked out for these, too, but the rules are bound to be broken more easily than the rules for the American and North Vietnamese units, since it will be impossible to maintain complete control over acts of terrorism and sabotage, let alone ambushes and counter-ambushes of patrols. Nixon took proper cognizance of this. Modern guerrilla warfare is not subject to precise controls, and the best one can do is define the limits within which its sporadic continuation is acceptable when there is serious intent to go on negotiating. It would be the height of gullibility for the Americans and the South Vietnamese to suppose that the Communists will give up their plans for "re-guerrillization" of the South, or of Cambodia and Laos. No one will ever collect all the guns in Indo-China and put them in a nice, neat heap. They will be buried and hidden—as they were in 1954, when the first Geneva Conference took place, to be brought out again in 1959, when the second Indo-China War began. If the Communists worry about Vietnam-

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ization and don't want it to go any further, the Allies worry about "Sinofication" of the war in the South, at least in terms of weaponry. But if negotiations move ahead, it should be possible to work out terms under which guerrillas can return to their home villages, buy food, and perhaps even collect taxes and do some proselytizing in villages where they have been doing these things all along. Since it would be foolish to think this wouldn't happen, the best thing to do would be to accept the fact and simply try to set limits to violence.

Such questions lead naturally to what are called political modalities, which chiefly concern the method of holding elections for a new South Vietnamese Assembly or a Constitutional Convention. (The former seems preferable.) The suggestion has been made by some French experts here that each of the two sides first hold its own elections for a separate National Assembly, or some other sort of popularly chosen body, and that committees of both then work out the procedure for the election of a single Assembly, which would select a temporary President pending the election of a permanent one within a specified time. That could conceivably work, and might satisfy the Communists' insistence on a provisional coalition government. The obvious Allied objection is that it would give the Communists a larger representation than they deserve—which both Saigon and Washington insist should be no more than twenty-five per cent of the total popular vote. One way around this might be to hold elections on a provincial, or even a district, basis first—particularly since no district or province chiefs have yet been elected in South Vietnam. (Only hamlet chiefs, village councils, and provincial councils have been elected so far.) At any rate, it would seem logical that the process of local accommodation should proceed according to a timetable paralleling a compromise at the central level of the Presidency and the National Assembly. And as both processes went on, the views of the various religious elements in South Vietnam—not only the Buddhists and the Catholics but the Hoa Hao and Cao Dai sects and the Khmer and Montagnard minorities—would have to be fully taken into account. If they weren't, the whole procedure not only would be meaningless but would probably break down.

Judith Shahn

As for the problems of Laos and Cambodia—of the degree to which they might initially or subsequently be brought into the negotiations, as Nixon proposed—these two countries must be considered separately. In principle, Laos should present no problem. Though some fighting has continued there—in the northern areas around the Plain of Jars and, to a lesser degree, in the south—the situation has remained much the same for several months pending renewed discussions between representatives of the Communist front and the Vientiane government of Prince Souvanna Phouma. Efforts at re-creating the sort of coalition government that was established in 1962 under Souvanna, but with greater Communist representation, have bogged down in the last few weeks, chiefly because Souvanna is vacationing in France. Those he designated to speak for him have made little or no progress with the delegates of Prince Souphanouvong, Souvanna's half brother, who is Hanoi's spokesman for the Lao Communists. Essentially, everyone agrees that the Laos problem can be settled within the framework of earlier accords, and this is something that both Russia and China want at the moment, for separate reasons. Hanoi, too, seems eager to settle its surrogate war in that country, especially now that it is fighting on a broader front in Cambodia. Even a limited cease-fire in Laos could have an immediate impact, for it would more or less neutralize the northern Plain of Jars area and bring a bombing halt there pending a broader political settlement; then the Americans and the North Vietnamese would presumably negotiate a cessation of the bombing of the Ho Chi Minh Trail area in eastern Laos, which would become a central issue in any bombing halt for the whole of Indo-China. In this sense, a settlement in Laos could provide an important basis for a settlement in Vietnam.

Cambodia presents a more complex problem. Since the overthrow of Prince Norodom Sihanouk by Lon Nol, on March 18th, and the subsequent American and South Vietnamese invasion of

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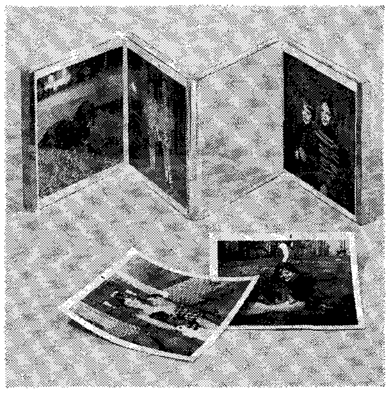

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the former sanctuary areas near the Cambodian-South Vietnamese border, the North Vietnamese and their Cambodian Communist followers, the Khmer Rouge, have overrun at least half the territory of Cambodia, and they intermittently control between two and three million of the country's population of seven million. The Communist tactics of hit-and-run harassment of villages and of half a dozen major towns have forced the Cambodian Army—made up of a hundred and forty thousand men, with only about eighty thousand weapons of various sorts—to stay on the defensive, for the most part. Now that the rainy season has begun, the Lon Nol government expects to be able for the first time to sustain offensives against the Communists. South Vietnamese strike forces and planes, and American bombers and helicopters as well, have been helping the Cambodians, and will presumably continue to help them unless there is an overall standstill cease-fire in the three countries of Indo-China—something that is not apt to occur immediately, in any event. The Americans have been concerned mainly with stopping the flow of North Vietnamese men and matériel south along a new extension of the Ho Chi Minh Trail that stretches down through northeastern and central Laos into Cambodia. Despite disavowals, the Americans have also been giving close-fire support to Cambodian Army units, particularly when those units have run into trouble in combat with the North Vietnamese, and this has happened frequently. If the North Vietnamese should cut down on their infiltration, the Americans would have no excuse to continue bombing in Cambodia. Lon Nol's forces are scarcely ready to hold their own against the experienced North Vietnamese, especially when the rains stop and new Communist offensives in Cambodia begin. Consequently, if an unenforced and unenforceable cease-fire should be extended to Cambodia, with sporadic fighting increasing as the North Vietnamese and their Khmer Rouge allies continue to build up village support, the Lon Nol government would be placed at a distinct disadvantage. It was somewhat surprising, therefore, to learn from Nixon's speech that Lon Nol agreed to a cease-fire now. Of course, he obviously had no choice if he wants some sort of American aid to continue. What it comes down to is that while Laos is politically and militarily ready for a halt in hostilities, and while South Vietnam is at least beginning to be ready to hold its own militarily, "Cambodian-

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ization" has hardly begun. The Americans have given the Cambodians nine million dollars' worth of military aid since the coup, but Phnom Penh expects forty million dollars' worth before next July—not only in weapons but in helicopters and vehicles and additional equipment of the sort that the government needs most to hold off attacks by the Communists.

It is no secret here in Paris, among the Americans, the South Vietnamese, and the Cambodians themselves, that the time is scarcely propitious for a Cambodian cease-fire, and this may be one reason the Communists are perhaps willing to consider an over-all Indo-China truce, so that they can push ahead politically in Cambodia while they still maintain their strong military position there—a position they could improve without breaking the ground rules of a cease-fire. In this sense, Nixon's offer might give Hanoi just what it would like—a chance to get the bombing stopped while guerrilla warfare of sorts continues. Another interesting factor is that a political contest is going on between Hanoi and Peking in Cambodia, although its significance is not yet clear. The North Vietnamese are supporting a Khmer who is known as Son Ngoc Minh, and the Chinese continue to support Prince Sihanouk, who is said to be living under house arrest in Peking while the Chinese issue statements in his name. A few weeks ago, having previously stated his desire to support a neutral, independent, and non-Communist Cambodia, Sihanouk made his final jump into the Communist camp by proclaiming a new Marxist-Socialist regime. He maintained that there were no longer any "Sihanoukists" but only Khmer Rouge leaders; those who constituted the new regime were working underground in Cambodia under the leadership of Khieu Samphan, a former left-wing Sihanouk deputy, who the Lon Nol government insists was murdered, on the orders of Sihanouk himself, in 1967. What appears to be shaping up is two rival exile regimes, one directed by the North Vietnamese and the other by the Chinese. Sihanouk himself will undoubtedly stay in Peking, since the Chinese wouldn't trust him back in Cambodia. He has also surely lost his chance to return to Paris, where he could have waited for the right moment to return home and make a deal with Lon Nol.

Ultimately, the Cambodians, like the South Vietnamese and the Lao, will have to determine their own political future, perhaps under the supervision,

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and with the support, of the major powers. It is already anticipated in Paris, where four Cambodian officials recently defected to the Sihanouk side, that an accommodation will take place. But the situation at present is so chaotic, and the Lon Nol government has so recently only begun to consolidate itself politically and militarily, that it is too soon to talk of bargaining for such an accommodation. Cambodia is likely to be the last place from which all foreign troops and planes, especially South and North Vietnamese forces, will willingly retire.

Taking all these complexities and imponderables into account, it is apparent that something more than the oft-repeated avowals of good faith will be needed if there is to be any real progress. "I believe that everything can be negotiated if there is serious intent," a high-ranking American diplomat here says. The heritage of bitterness and suspicion goes back very far, however, and dealing solely in nuances of intent won't resolve the basic issues. There will have to be a real demonstration of the will to move ahead quietly and secretly toward the objective that everyone professes to want—a conclusion to this long and dreadful war.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

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When summer stopped, and the last
Lit cloud blazed tawny cumulus
Above the hills, it was the bracken

Answered; its still crests
Contained an autumn's burning.
Then, on an afternoon of promised

Cold, true flames ripped
The ferns. Hurrying fire, low
And pale in the sun, ran

Glittering through them. As
Night fell, the brindle
Flambeaux, full of chattering

We were too far to hear, leapt
To the children's singing.
"Fire on the mountain," we

Chanted, who went to bed warmed
By joy. But I would know that fires
Die, that the cold sky holds

Uneasily the fronds and floating
Twigs of broken soot, letting
Them fall, fall now, soft

As darkness on this white page.

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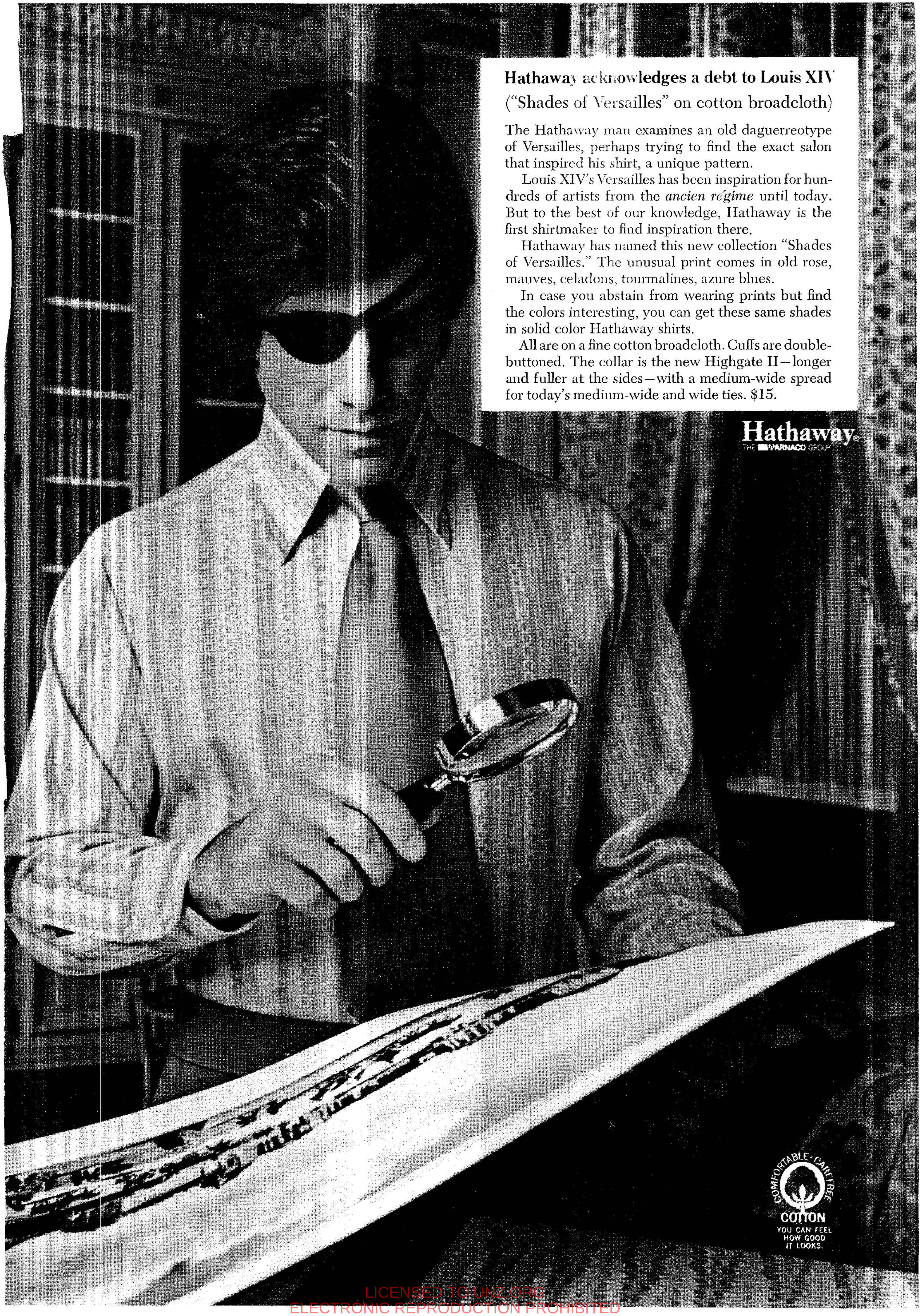

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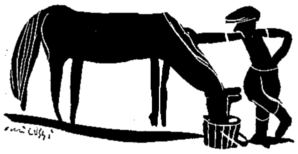
THE RACE TRACK

Nijinsky at Longchamp

THERE'S a saying among horsemen that "they all get beat if they run often enough." So it happened to Nijinsky, Charles Engelhard's and Europe's wonder horse, in his twelfth start—the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe at Longchamp in Paris—after as gallant a try as I've ever seen on a racecourse. As he passed the spot where I was watching the race, about seventy yards from the winning post, he was in front, Piggott riding him for dear life, and although he was bearing out under the whip I hoped against hope that he'd make it. Indeed, to many spectators it looked as though he had, until the photo-finish picture came down showing that Sassafras, on the rails, had won by a head. Two lengths away, Miss Dan, a sleek little filly, was third, a length ahead of Gyr.



Long before saddling time for the Arc, the crowd in the paddock was like nothing so much as Grand Central at the rush hour; American, British, Irish, and Canadian voices almost drowned out the French, and one was lucky to get even a glimpse of the fifteen runners (the fewest in years) as they went by. When Nijinsky appeared, he was nervous and very much on his toes. Winston Guest's Gyr, who has always been spooky, as the trainers call it, was in a tizzy. Nor was the composure of either improved by the press photographers, who chivvied both around the walking ring. I had a good look at Nijinsky later, for he passed the stand twice in the parade to the post. Though his nerves still had the better of him, and he tried several times to break away from the groom leading him (in France, horses do not go to the post with lead ponies), he outlooked everything else in the race. Indeed, he's the most imposing individual I have seen since Majestic Prince. Bay in color, with a white star on his forehead, he has great quality and size, good shoulders and powerful quarters, and a fine, intelligent head that reminds you of Northern Dancer's—as well it should, since Northern Dancer is his papa. Gyr, who followed Nijinsky in the parade, fretting and sweating profusely, is a huge fellow, seventeen hands high; the equivalent in a man would make a good pro basketball player.

For nearly a mile of the mile-and-a-half route, Golden Eagle, Mr. Guest's second entry, was one of the pacemakers, with Nijinsky and Gyr trailing along at least ten lengths behind. Coming to what would be the far turn at Belmont, Nijinsky began to move up, and it was easy to follow the "green, yellow sleeves" of Mr. Engelhard's colors, for Piggott kept close to the rails, where he likes to ride. He was blocked twice—the second time sharply, about two furlongs from home. Then he eased Nijinsky to the outside for that final, gruelling run. When it was all over, many observers remembered that Piggott's tactics were much the same as they had been on Park Top, England's great race mare, who finished second in the Arc a year ago. Piggott's comment to the press after the race was "Nijinsky just didn't show the fire he had in the past." Vincent O'Brien, who trains him, contented himself with saying that the horse was "given a lot to do." I'll string along with an Irish trainer I overheard remarking to a companion, "A good race, you say? It could have been a damn sight better!"

Sassafras won the Arc fair and square. He was never farther back than fourth, and was perfectly ridden by Yves Saint-Martin, who has been France's top jockey for years, but who was winning the Arc for the first time. It was, however, the third time that François Mathet, who trains Sassafras, has saddled a winner of the race. Sassafras paid roughly 20–1 in the tote, although he had won the French Derby and the French Saint-Léger. Everybody seemed to be betting on Nijinsky, who went off at 2–5. (In the London betting shops, he was 4–7). Sassafras, who is owned by Arpad Plesch, an international banker, is a well-developed medium-sized three-year-old bay colt by Sheshoon out of Ruta, and was bred in Ireland. Sheshoon, of course, is Irish; Ruta, who was bred by Maurice (Three Star) Hennessy, is French. It was the last appearance of Sassafras this season, but I was told that he will be coming back next year and that his stable hopes he'll repeat his performance in the Arc. Since his share of the prize money was $248,613, who can blame anyone for having another go at the jackpot? As this is written, no plans have been announced for Nijinsky. It

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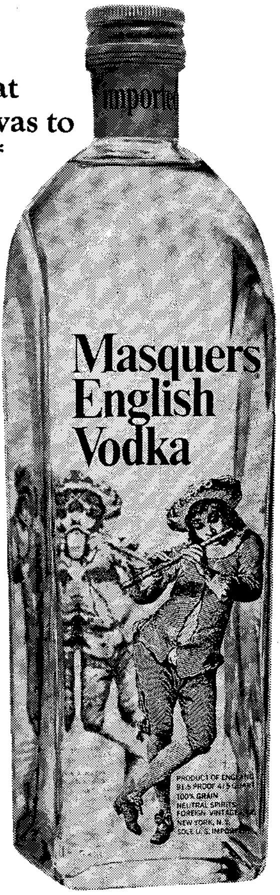

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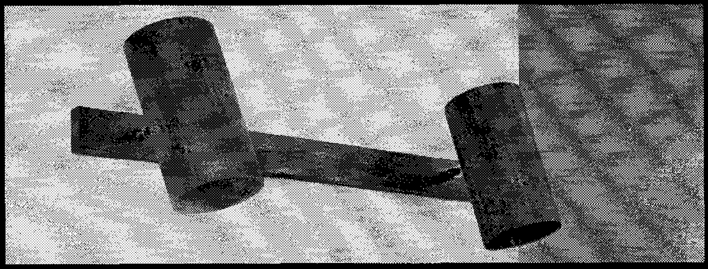

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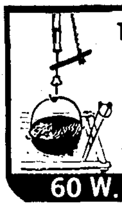

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was expected that he would run in the Man o' War at Belmont Park this weekend, but that's unlikely. Vincent O'Brien is said to favor the Champion Stakes at Newmarket the same day. Nijinsky would win either, I'm sure, but to one who has followed his progress it would be an anticlimax.

Longchamp has always been something special, and its new grandstand makes it extra-special. The big gleaming-white structure, set in a park landscaped and arranged as only the French can do it, with the green background of the Bois de Boulogne, is really a picture. It has all the amenities, too. I was reminded of Hollywood Park on Gold Cup Day. I can say no more.

TO get back to Belmont Park, last Saturday was Disqualification Day. In three of the nine races, the stewards ordered the placings changed, and one of them was the Champagne Stakes, our oldest event for two-year-olds. In this, Mrs. Stephen Clark, Jr.'s, Hoist the Flag finished first by three lengths, but on his way he roughhoused several runners, so he was placed last. It was the most expensive disqualification I can remember, first money being $145,025. That went to the Brookmeade Stable's Limit to Reason, who passed the post three lengths ahead of Arctarus, with Jim French, Sound Thinking, and eleven others behind. A claim of foul was also lodged against Limit to Reason, but it was disallowed. Hoist the Flag, a strapping bay colt, had run such a smasher in the Cowdin Stakes ten days before that he was odds-on. (I didn't see the Cowdin, but they say he was all over the place as he came down the stretch, ducking in and out, and was lucky his number wasn't taken down.) He gave a hint of things to come by raising such a to-do in the paddock before the Champagne that he had to be saddled away from the other runners. Limit to Reason, who was second in the Cowdin and, before that, second in the Futurity, is worth remembering. I can't say as much for most of the others.

The race I most regret having missed was Ta Wee's in the Interborough Handicap, at six furlongs, for fillies and mares. She carried 142 pounds, did the half mile in 0:45⅕, and won comfortably in 1:10 from Hasty Hitter, to whom she gave twenty-nine pounds, and three others. As Don Fair, my favorite co-worker, said after she carried 140 pounds and beat the boys in the Fall Highweight Handicap, "if she could cook, I'd marry her."

—AUDAX MINOR

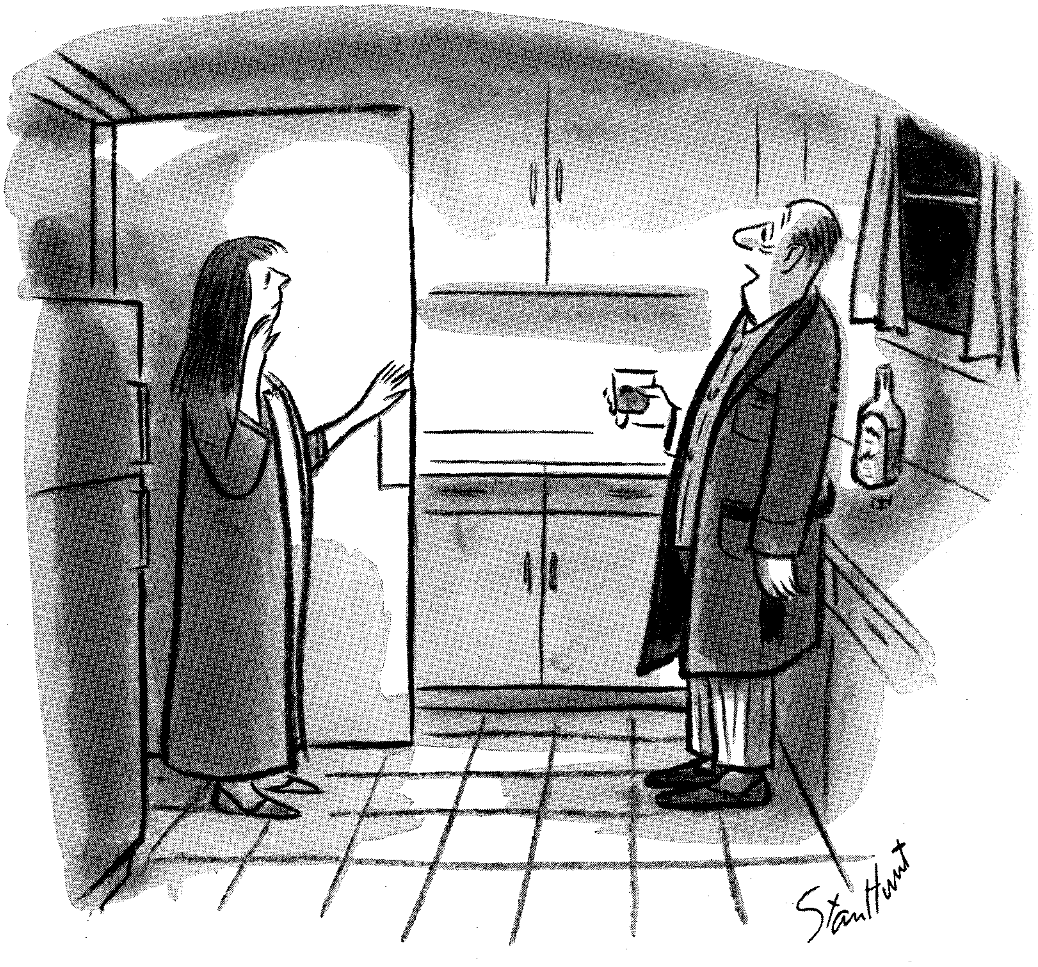
BOOKS

Human Nature Is Finer

SEVEN years ago, I was taken to a tenant farmer's cabin in Clarke County, Alabama. I was taken by a young civil-rights worker who was born in the cabin. Though his parents had died, his grandmother and an aunt and uncle still lived "on the place," and he wanted me to get to know them somewhat, which I did—somewhat. We talked. We didn't talk. We tried to make talk. We were at our most comfortable when talk wasn't expected or necessary—in church or out in the fields or walking through the woods, where I could, the grandmother said, "take in the scenery" or "sit myself down in God's house," and see and hear and not feel constrained to think up things to say or get others to say something.

At the end of a weekend, the young man and I went on to Mississippi, where he was working to get his people the right to vote and I was talking with relatives of several black children I knew. (They were the first black children to enter white schools in New Orleans, amid something less than "law and order.") As we drove, we talked about the circumstances under which blacks live in the rural South, the road ahead if changes were to take place. I had seen extremely poor people living hard and brutish lives. I had seen the illnesses, the fearfulness, the weariness. And my friend, on leave from a small, all-black college in Alabama, at twenty embittered because in the early sixties his people couldn't even vote in this richest and strongest of the world's democracies, had only one retort to my expressions of sympathy; he wanted to let me know a thing or two: "I don't recognize myself or any of the people I grew up with in those articles people write. I decided to major in sociology because I thought I'd really learn about my people that way. But you read and you read and you say to the author: Listen, man, you're lost. You're looking at the trees, and a lot of them are in bad shape, but there's a whole forest, too, and it's still around, after all the fires we've had, and all the trees they've cut down, and the drought, and everything else bad. We're standing, and we're going to keep on standing. People should come around and see *that* and explain *that* and write about *that*—just for a change."

For a change, his wishes have been realized. He probably would not agree with everything Albert Murray has written in "The Omni-Americans" (Outerbridge & Dienstfrey), but the book's argument will be welcome to the many black and white political activists who know how cleverly a government intent on foot-dragging can utilize all the reports and "findings," all the "data" from all the research projects—so many of them supported by federal money people could use for food or clothes. Mr. Murray is not primarily a political person. He commands no cadres, no followers. He speaks for himself, and he speaks as a literary critic, an essayist, and a short-story writer. But he also speaks as a man who is proud of his people and their considerable achievements. In "The Omni-Americans" his purpose is to set forth those achievements and to warn against America's "experts," especially what he calls "social-science survey technicians"—people who ask a lot of questions and tabulate the responses and proclaim without modesty or qualification lots of conclusions and prescriptions. They do not, says Mr. Murray, see the richness, the complexity of the black man's experience in America (or, for that matter, anyone's experience); they merely contribute to the caricatures that so many of us cannot get out of our heads. Mr. Murray says that social scientists are most comfortable seeing the problems people have, not the people: the fears, the tensions and hates they feel compelled to reveal, the hesitations and infirmities, the exhaustion and despair. He does not deny that millions of blacks have had the worst possible life. He was born near Mobile, he has taught literature at Tuskegee Institute and lived in Chicago and New York as well as the rural South, so he has seen



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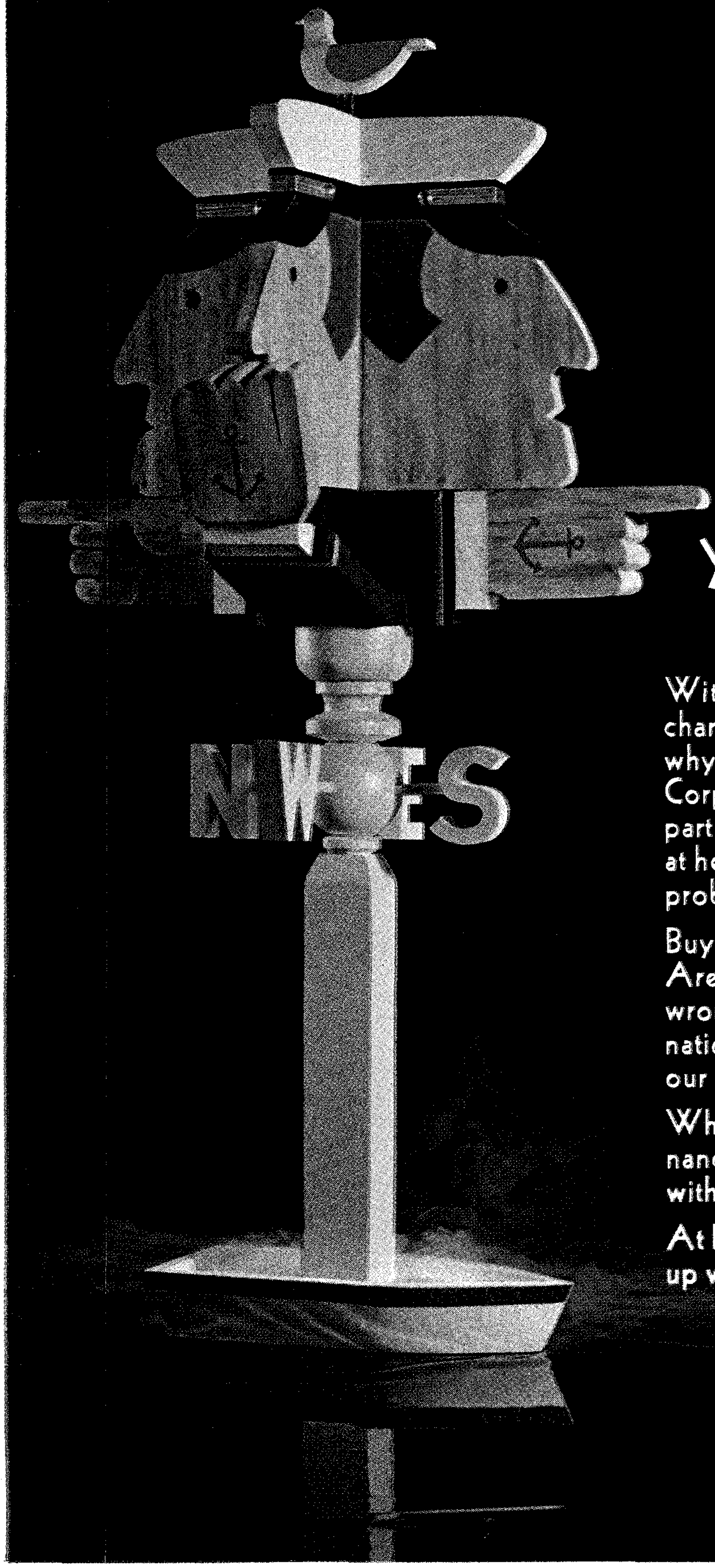
how political discrimination and economic hardship produce the mean lives that some men and women live—and hand on as an awful inheritance to their children. Nevertheless, he insists that black people have never been as used up and shattered as some of their more hysterical observers have maintained. He sees and hears in Alabama and in Harlem things quite different from what most of us are accustomed to read in newspapers and magazines and books. He sees people who have shrewdness and toughness and style and a liveliness that three centuries of American history have been unable to destroy. He sees children who can run and sing and dance and laugh. He sees youths who are thoroughly in tune with concrete realities. He sees men and women who have "soul," who do indeed have rhythm, who swing, who throb with a vitality, a responsiveness, a spirituality that will not be denied. He hears jazz and the blues and work songs and spirituals and gospel songs. He hears people who have no trouble testifying and signifying, who have no "communication block," who have long known about "dialogue" and "group support" and "emotional catharsis" and "interpersonal relationships." And from all he has seen and heard he has decided that his people can demonstrate an elegance of taste, can live intense, glowing lives, can have a gusto that certain observers and social scientists naturally *would* miss—given their limited, dreary outlook, their pretensions, their insistence upon submitting everything to a "theory" or a "conceptual system." Mr. Murray simply wants to balance things out:

> "The Omni-Americans" is based in large measure on the assumption that since the negative aspects of black experience are constantly being overpublicized (and to little purpose except to obscure the positive), justice to U. S. Negroes, not only as American citizens but also as the fascinating human beings that they so obviously are, is best served by suggesting some of the affirmative implications of their history and culture.

Those implications are spelled out forcefully. The heritage that enabled a Bessie Smith, a Coleman Hawkins, a Duke Ellington is not an "adaptation to stress" but the distillation of a particular human experience—one that has inspired people as well as discouraged them, for the black man has never been as far removed from America's "higher" world as he has seemed to be. Neither Mark Twain nor Melville nor Faulkner could escape the black man, any more than the black man could escape the white man's religion, habits, values, language. Anyone who has spent much time on a plantation manor sees (or struggles not to see) how much rich Southern whites have learned from their "help." A decade ago, when I lived in Mississippi, I was told by a lawyer in Pass Christian that his daughter was "as sassy as a nigger." Mr. Murray would have wanted me to notice that the lovely belle in question was brought up by a black woman, liked her way of preparing food, used a lot of her words, even walked a little like her, and was "sassy" like her, which means that she had the same intense and unyielding spirit. Mr. Murray would wish all of us to remember that those thousands of young white people came to the Woodstock festival so that they could talk in a certain way, sing in a certain way, respond to a particular kind of music, and that the songs and words and responses showed how close we can be to each other, how black in spirit and culture many white-skinned Americans are.

This book contests "the systematic oversimplification of black tribulations" to be found in the press and in the journals and books social scientists fill up with their special prose—a prose that certainly lacks the direct, strong, lucid words "disadvantaged" children use every day. In the eagerness to examine black parents, black youths, black families, the serious problems and flaws of white people are nearly ignored. To Albert Murray, it is as if white hypocrisy, duplicity, boredom, crime, and family instability were off-limits for those interested in "pathology" and "deprivation." Sometimes Mr. Murray states his complaints against social scientists so sweepingly and angrily that he undermines his own important argument. Blacks who live in either Alabama or Harlem *do* have serious difficulties, as do whites in the fanciest of our suburbs. Sensitive psychologists and historians like Kenneth Clark and C. Vann Woodward have to dwell upon the sad and bitter and painful moments (in the life of both individuals and a nation) even as they pay respect to the fact that, after all and through everything, those people and this country are still very much alive. The best of our social scientists—men such as Oscar Lewis and Elliot Liebow and Allison Davis—know that the people they work with (and, incidentally, feel very close to) are not the absurd caricatures that come out of many "studies." All the same, *every* American reporter and



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critic and social scientist could profit from this book. If Mr. Murray can get too outraged, too fussy, too insistent, he can also grin and enjoy himself and write provocative, intelligent, original prose. This is how he talks about the "new" effort by certain blacks to achieve "self-esteem," which is one of many questionable abstractions that this book mocks:

> If U. S. Negroes don't already have self-pride and didn't know black . . . is beautiful, why do they always sound so good, so warm, and even cuss better than everybody else? Why do they dress so jivy and look so foxy, standing like you better know it in spite of yourself? If black people haven't always known how beautiful black is, why have they always been walking, prancing like they'd rather be dancing, and dancing like everybody else is a wall-flower or something? If Louis Armstrong doesn't know he has black beauty to spare how come he can create more beauty while clowning than them other people can giving all they got? How come a hard-boiled cat like Johnny Hodges got so much tenderness and elegance left over? And what's Coleman Hawkins doing turning the blues into such finespun glass, and what were Dizzy Gillespie and Yardbird Parker doing all them acrobatic curlicue lyrics about? How come Count Basie and Lionel Hampton think they can make a hillbilly jump, stomp, and rock—and almost do it? Why does everybody take it for granted that Duke Ellington can wipe out anybody anywhere, anytime he wants to?

Though everybody acknowledges Duke Ellington's abilities, many of us are less willing to give him and Ralph Ellison and Langston Hughes and Alain Locke and Arna Bontemps and W. E. B. Du Bois and James Weldon Johnson and John Hope Franklin their place in a particular culture, which is black and yet which draws widely upon this nation's traditions and customs, its folklore, its idiosyncrasies and ceremonies and values—thus the title of the book. Albert Murray thinks that we should be mindful of that culture: built up and tested and strengthened in the rural South, then brought into the cities, where "Walkin' the Ground Hog" and "Fishing in the Dark" and "See That My Grave Is Kept Clean" gave way to "Harlem Air Shaft" and "Concerto for Cootie" and "Sepia Panorama." Himself a Southerner, Mr. Murray knows his people's muscles and nerves, knows how attentively they can listen, how closely they can look, how artfully they go about their business, how keenly they judge their blustery "betters"—who are so sure of themselves and of everything around them and yet so unaware of a whole world of sharp eyes and ears and intelligent minds and hearts, torn and saddened but capable of generosity and hope and devotion. "Scenery is fine, but human nature is finer," wrote young John Keats to a friend. Albert Murray, whose love for the poet's language, the novelist's sensibility, the essayist's clarity, the jazzman's imagination, the gospel singer's depth of feeling is so apparent, would no doubt agree with that nineteenth-century white man's strange suggestion that no matter what distracts us from each other or about each other, *we* are what really matters—each of us and all of us. —ROBERT COLES

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

GEORGE WASHINGTON AND THE NEW NATION (1783-93), by James Thomas Flexner (Little, Brown). The third volume establishes what the first two had suggested—that Flexner's Washington is about the best we have. One reason is that Flexner has no purpose beyond discovering Washington and relating his discoveries; he does not hold Washington up as a model—Washington is probably inimitable—and he is not trying to explain Washington by reducing that versatile man to one or two main talents or traits. This volume opens after the Revolution has ended, as Washington begins what he imagines will be his permanent retirement from public life. His joy is tempered by his childlessness, but he eagerly sets about restoring his land, neglected in his absence, and—what he had rarely been allowed to do—enjoying himself. He does not have the faintest idea that power is beginning to seek him by the process of one-thing-leads-to-another. First, Jefferson asked him to lend his prestige to a project to build a Potomac Canal through the mountains; the project required the coöperation of four states, and two of them, Maryland and Virginia, with Washington's encouragement, issued a call to several other states to send delegates to meet and find ways to harmonize the states' commercial regulations. This produced the Annapolis Convention, which, in turn, called for the Constitutional Convention. The Constitutional Convention made Washington its president, and once the Constitution had been ratified everybody assumed that the president of the Constitutional Convention must become the President of the United States. Flexner's account of Wash-

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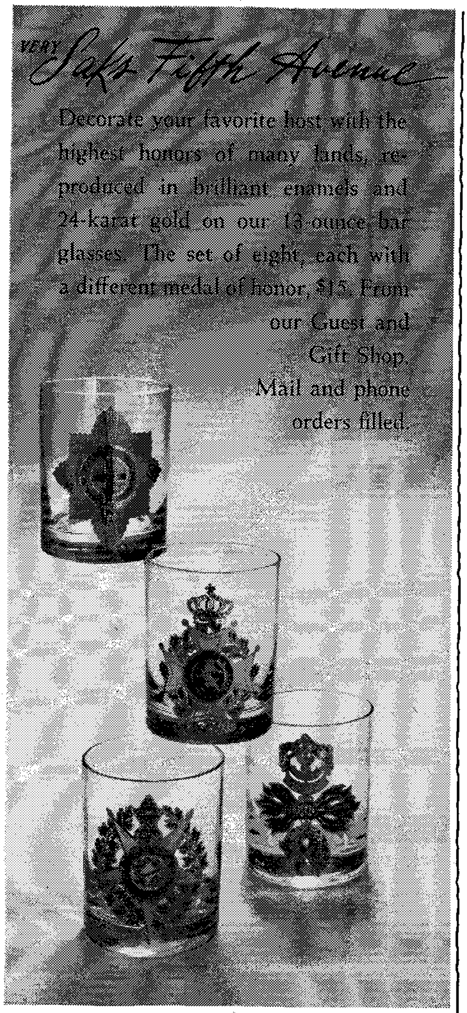
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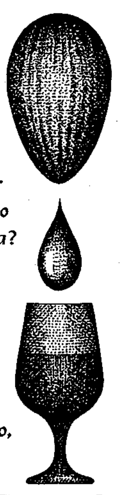

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ington's first term is especially good in its understanding of the overriding problem: the unprecedentedness of every aspect of the executive branch. Though Washington pretty well solved this and other problems, he has, nevertheless, been persuaded, as the volume ends, to serve a second term. Washington undoubtedly was as indispensable as his contemporaries thought, and Flexner's art helps us see why. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

Down There, by Jose Yglesias (World). The author, who grew up in a Hispanic enclave in Tampa, Florida, is a member of two cultures: that of the United States and that of Latin America. He explores sympathetically and at times enthusiastically the revolutionary movements in Cuba (in power), Brazil (in rebellion), Chile (before Allende's recent victory), and Peru (after the generals who seized power decided to expropriate and nationalize large holdings, and then turn them into coöperatives). Yglesias writes not as a spokesman but as a translator or interpreter, so that North Americans can appreciate the sentiments of revolutionary South Americans, who regard Che Guevara as a hemispheric hero and Cuba as the world's best hope, and who believe that the United States is to blame for everything that is—and has been—wrong with their countries. Considering how accurately Yglesias' four countries echo Spanish history, Spanish social structures, and Spanish political and economic backwardness, a reader may doubt whether Latin America's pronunciamentos by generals, political organization by caciques, guerrilla warfare, authoritarianism, and cynicism derive from the United States. Even so, he may have no disposition to quarrel with Mr. Yglesias' recommendation that we "turn our backs on Latin America and let it work out its own destiny."

These Splendored Isles: The Scenic Beauty of Japan, photographs by Yoichi Midorikawa, with an introduction by Jiro Osaragi, and text by Magoichi Kushida (Walker). Most of us are inured to albums of breathtakingly beautiful photographs of landscape, but this one is special. The photographs, most of them in color (and color that, for once, does not seem to be lying), were taken in the many national parks of Japan, and they show us the mountains under snow, the sun

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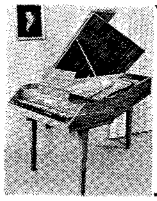
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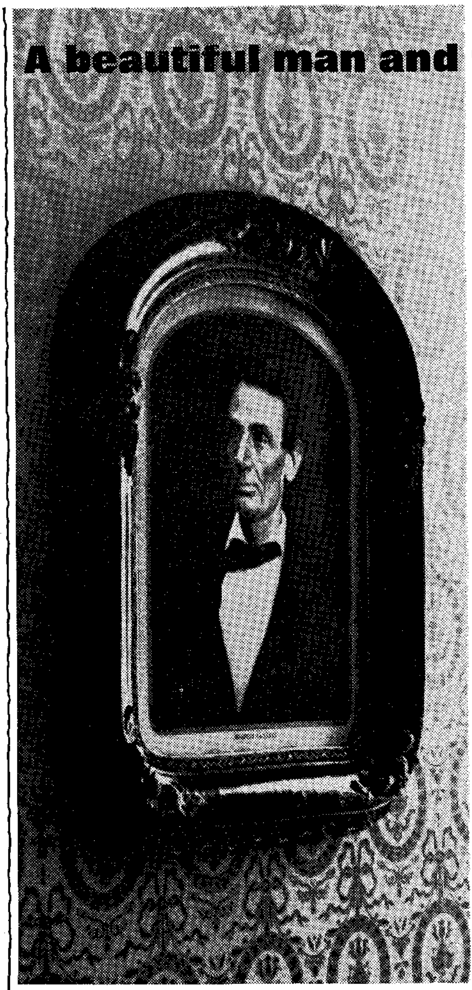
going down on the Inland Sea, the scattering of plum blossoms on a running river—the things the great Japanese painters and draftsmen saw—and, in subtle ways, these pictures evoke their works. The photographs are accompanied by snatches of Japanese poems, and the whole thing is lovely. Twenty-two dollars and fifty cents.

LIFE IN MEXICO: THE LETTERS OF FANNY CALDERÓN DE LA BARCA, edited and annotated by Howard T. Fisher and Marion Hall Fisher (Doubleday). In 1839, Angel Calderón de la Barca was sent to Mexico to serve as Spain's first representative to her former colony, and he and Fanny, his Scottish wife, stayed there two years. Her book about Mexico became a standard work on what was to North Americans and Europeans an unknown land. The Fishers have added copious, entertaining, and illuminating notes. Senora Calderón survived revolutions and earthquakes and travelled extensively, and while she did not like all she saw, she described it brilliantly. Her Mexico was, to be sure, an interim kind of place: the grand Spanish monuments were dilapidated; the Indian ruins had not yet been restored; the titled rich did not regret the passing of Spanish rule, but they were not particularly loyal to the various sets of lowborn generals who played *salujee* with the government. Nonetheless, there was a decided Mexican national style, which charmed away many of Senora Calderón's asperities and which, through her brisk writing, charms us.

LETTER AND IMAGE, by Massin, translated from the French by Caroline Hillier and Vivienne Menkes (Van Nostrand Reinhold). An anthology of pictorial symbols—functional and fanciful—gathered and described by the art director of Editions Gallimard. The range is astonishingly, and delightfully, wide: there are manuscript illuminations, Times Square billboards, traffic signs, graffiti, figured verse, calligraphic high jinks, animated music scores, self-defining words (such as "adddding, subtrcting, multimultiplying, div id ing"), collages. The only obvious omission (and an understandable one for a Frenchman) is the cattle brand. The text explains and elaborates—with curious information, such as that the symbol for the treble clef is a stylized version of the gothic "g"—and it is as succinct and



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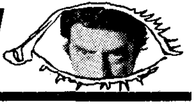

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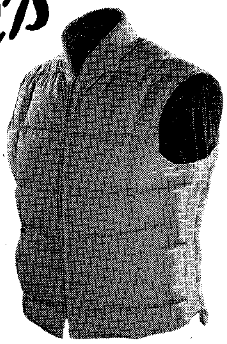

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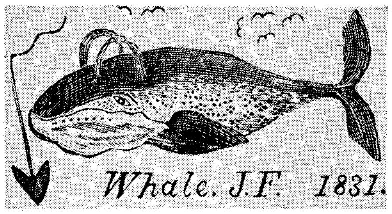
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BELLOC: A BIOGRAPHICAL ANTHOLOGY, edited by Herbert van Thal (Knopf). Hilaire Belloc produced more than a hundred books, on all kinds of subjects, and out of them the editor has distilled this sampler in celebration of the centennial of Belloc's birth. A great deal of what Belloc wrote is remarkably alive: there is a good chunk of his most famous book, "The Path to Rome;" there are wonderful prose sketches of the leading characters of the French Revolution, including a memorable portrait of Louis XVI; there is some marvellously wrongheaded writing on politics and sociology; there are letters to friends (Maurice Baring, Duff Cooper, Compton Mackenzie) and snippings from the two books of verse, "New Cautionary Tales" and "The Bad Child's Book of Beasts," that should live forever. Mr. van Thal guides the reader through all this, provides brief notes, and fills in the biographical data where they are called for. An exemplary work.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

DEADLY NIGHTSHADE, by James Fraser (Harcourt, Brace & World). Detective-Inspector Bill Aveyard is a young bachelor and a very busy member of the Birton police force. His latest adventure takes him to Bent Hall, in the village of Bent. Bent Hall would be worth a million pounds if it could be sold piecemeal, but it is entailed and is slowly falling apart, with no occupants except a half-mad lady who was once the housekeeper there. Aveyard and a lot of other policemen descend on the hall when an affectionate Labrador retriever finds a human jawbone in the grounds, and as the mystery of the bone is uncovered, so are plenty of facts about various villagers and the police and the Bent family. Like other Fraser stories, this one seems to have been carefully rotted and mildewed before being presented to us.

FADEOUT, by Joseph Hansen (Harper & Row). An unusual thriller about a late-blooming and heavily insured folk singer whose wife and family and friends—and everybody else, except an insurance investigator—presume him to be dead when his car is found demolished at the bottom of a mountain canyon. It is unusual in two respects. One is that the investigator, though ruggedly masculine, is thoroughly and contentedly homosexual, and that his homosexuality (and that of several others) is an integral part of the plot. The other is that Mr. Hansen is an excellent craftsman, a compelling writer, and a social observer (the scene is California) with something of the quality of Ross Macdonald.

MR. CROOK LIFTS THE MASK, by Anthony Gilbert (Random House). Amiable Mr. Arthur Crook, big spender of self, who became pre-eminent without having ever been even the tiniest bit eminent, is in excellent form as he plunges about a dear little English town searching for a crime he knows has been committed, although he is not sure of the nature of the crime and doesn't know the name of the victim or the identity of the malefactor, who may, indeed, be a murderer. Mr. Crook is really only following up his latest hunch, which came to him with his first sight of dumpy, dowdy, kindhearted Miss May Forbes as she sat penniless and shivering with fear at a table for one in a wayside public house (the Mettlesome Horse). Well, to make a long and expertly negotiated mystery short, Mr. Crook saves May's life, which would never have been in danger if she hadn't been out feeding stray cats on the town common after nightfall. Everything about this delightful tale is real, including the cats.

THE BIND, by Stanley Ellin (Random House). A leisurely account of violent endeavors among extra-rich and/or extra-crafty people in Miami Beach. All the twisting and turning originate in a rigidly exclusive enclave called Daystar, where a recent widow is trying to collect two hundred thousand dollars from the Guaranty Life Insurance Company of New York. The company is balking and stalling, and Jake Dekker, a free-lance investigator who is as hard as nails and as sharp as tacks, and no gentleman, worms his way into the enclave under a false name. Mr. Ellin's book is much too long, but his plot holds up, his delineation of the heady life of Miami Beach is authoritative and amusing, and his characters spring to attention every time he hits a typewriter key.

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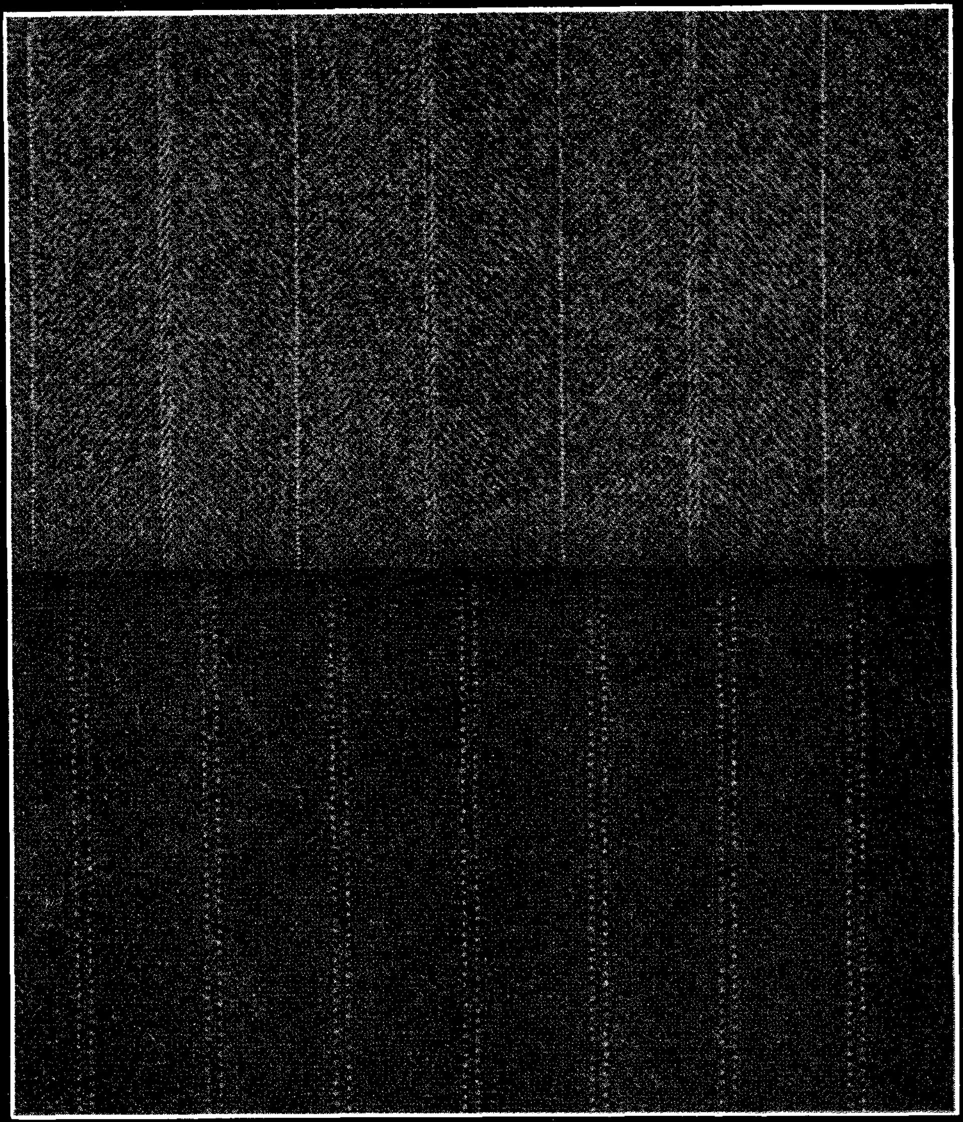

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